

English Readings



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WALTER PATER

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WALTER PATER

Edited with Introduction and Notes

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, JR., PH.D.

Professor of Rhetoric and Logic in Union College



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WITHDRAWN

PREFACE.

On first thinking of this book my main principles were merely to omit the passage on "La Gioconda" and to say nothing of Pater's style. But I soon found that however well those views would do in a negative way, there had to be something more positive to begin on. I tried, therefore, in this selection to put together essays that would be characteristic in ideas and style, and which would also illustrate the very broad range of Pater's interests, as well as the different periods of his life. Keeping close to these ideas necessitated many omissions which I regret,—one should really read all Pater. The selection will, however, give an idea of his very diverse work; there are essays in general, criticism, poetry, philosophy, painting, sculpture, architecture, as well as several of those studies in criticism which he put in the form of fiction. They all come from what may be called the regular collections; the essays from the "Guardian" are mostly ephemeral comment on books that were of interest often for the moment only, and except for those on Amiel and English literature have a negative rather than a positive interest.

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The introduction follows a course which is of the first necessity in a study of Pater, if necessary only at first; it is simply an attempt to state what Pater's ideas and opinions were without criticism or comment. Pater himself advises a different course, but something of this sort is necessary as a beginning. It may seem that there should be more attempt to correlate ideas and actions, to explain Pater's books by his life. But in this case the books are the main thing: one must know them thoroughly and one will then have the best of the man and may go farther or not.

The notes like the rest of the book omit a good deal which may be expected. They give very little information about people and facts. That sort of thing a student can generally get for himself. Pater will not be read by schoolboys. There are, however, a good many things that one cannot readily get for oneself. Thus it is important that we should have constant comparison with work of Pater's not in this book. I have not been able to do quite as much in the way of reference to other work as I should like, but the typical comparisons are generally noted. Allusions of one kind had to be explained — too fully for a good many readers, doubtless — namely those to pictures, statues, poems. Thus in the essay on Wordsworth it was necessary to indicate the source of the many quotations and allusions, for it is only by reading them in Wordsworth

that one can understand how closely that essay follows its authorities. The same may be said of the essay on Plato, although in that case explanation to the same degree was impracticable.

In speaking of these notes I must acknowledge with gratitude much friendly help from my colleagues Mr. John L. March and Mr. John I. Bennett. The former is a deeper Wordsworthian than I, and the latter a better Grecian, and the reader benefits, as I have done, by their scholarship.

E. E. H., JR.

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INTRODUCTION.

Long before Pater was generally known by his own works as a master of style and taste, he was presented to the world in a book by some one else, far more widely circulated than anything he had himself then written. This book was "The New Republic." Mr. Mallock had before that time become noteworthy for a considerable power of analysis (in "The Newdigate Prizeman"): he now disclosed remarkable constructive power which took the form of imitation. His book presented under slight disguise well-known figures in contemporary letters. He was not very strong on the scientific side, but the figures which stood for Jowett, Ruskin, and Matthew Arnold were extraordinarily good. Mr. Ruskin, it was said, declared that Mr. Mallock was the only man who understood him.

Walter Pater can hardly have had any such idea. "That, too," says Lawrence, "is another critic close by him,—the pale creature, with a large moustache looking out of the window at the sunset. He is Mr. Rose, the Pre-Raphaelite. He always speaks in an undertone, and his two topics are self-indulgence and art."

Mr. Pater was at the time "The New Republic" was published, about thirty-five years of age; he

had been for a number of years a fellow of Brasenose College; he had just begun to be known as a critic by his "Studies in the History of the Renaissance" which had appeared the year before. Whether he were pale is not recorded, but he probably did have a large moustache, at least he had one later in life, spoken of by a youthful admirer as having bristles. He might well have been called a Pre-Raphaelite, especially by those with whom that word covered a multitude of sinners. His two topics of conversation may perhaps have been loosely defined as in our quotation; some such impression might have followed not unnaturally from a knowledge of his published work alone.

But the further presentation of Pater was only half true. Mr. Rose was needlessly disagreeable: he was a man of a coarsely prurient turn of mind. There were, perhaps, Pre-Raphaelites of his stamp, but as far as Pater was concerned—and the fact was pointed out at the time—the slur was most unjust. Nowhere in his published work is there hint that he was a man of low feeling or act. On the other hand he seems to have always had a singularly keen love for the charm of pure sanity and well-being.

This matter is in itself of little importance now. Mr. Mallock burlesqued Mr. Pater, well or ill, and the world had its laugh and forgot it. It does not appear that Pater took the matter very seriously. I have read that he thought the portrait a little un-

scrupulous, which it certainly was, and that he was discomposed at the freedom of some of its details, which was not unnatural. What he did not like at all, however, was the newspaper talk that arose, in which he was presented to the world as a Hedonist.

Now a Hedonist is commonly thought of as one who makes pleasure the chief end of life, and the common opinion held of those who make pleasure the chief end of life is that they are people like Mr. Rose or worse. So the title of "Hedonist" did something to prejudice Pater's opinions at this time, in the mind of the general reader, which was a bit unfortunate, for even in the fairest presentation, those views were not such as to commend themselves wholly to the majority of earnest and right-minded people.

Aside, however, from the unjust additions fastened to Pater's ideas, "The New Republic" really does give rather a fair notion of his then philosophy. To a certain degree, perhaps, Mr. Mallock's right hand had lost its cunning, for most of the remarks of Mr. Rose quite lack the temper of Pater's writing and seem far more like the absurd tapestries of talk in the dialogues of Oscar Wilde than anything in "The Renaissance." Mr. Rose is, after all said and done, a ridiculous weakling. He is quite lacking in any vital quality. He could never have said "The service of philosophy, and of religion and culture as well, to the human spirit is to startle it

into a sharp and eager observation." Mr. Rose could never have burned with that hard gem-like flame; if he burned at all, it was with a very bland lambent, emollient, caressing flame, a sort of Charlotte Russe flame. Still, as far as the ideas, the thoughts, are concerned, we get a good deal of Pater's theory. Take these two passages:

"We have learned that the aim of life is life; and what does successful life consist in? Simply in the consciousness of exquisite living — in the making our own each highest thrill of joy that the moment offers us — be it some touch of color on the sea or the mountains, the early dew in the crimson shadows of a rose, etc."

"Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself is the end. * * * While all melts under our feet we may well catch at any exquisite passion or any contribution to knowledge that seems, by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange flowers, and curious odors, etc."

One is by Pater and one by Mr. Mallock but not a few might easily find it hard to tell which was the original and which the burlesque, unless by some external circumstance. When it comes to walking the river-side and longing for the infinity of emotions which would arise from seeing some unfortunate drown herself, or taking courage on a walk through the ugly streets of London from the shop-windows of the upholsterers and dealers in

works of art,— then, of course, we have frank caricature, but on the whole the so-called hedonism of “*Studies in the History of the Renaissance*” was a doctrine readily misconceived or misapplied and very easily burlesqued or debased. If Pater had presented no other ideas, he would now be forgotten except as a master of English prose who had written something about “*La Gioconda*.”

This seems rather trivial: it is worth noting, however, because some writers who have had their say on Pater have practically assumed that he did present no other ideas, have regarded him as an apostle of a sort of enlightened self-indulgence, as one who through too much study of the Renaissance and of Greece had become an æsthetic epicurean. We may pass by contemporary testimonies like Edward Cracroft Lefroy’s views on “*Pater Paganism and Symonds Sensuousness*,” and come to critical opinion after Pater’s death. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* also brackets John Addington Symonds and Walter Pater as “*Latter Day Pagans*” and would have his readers believe that Pater’s whole work consisted in propounding a way of life in the conclusion of “*The Renaissance*” and retracting it in the second volume of “*Marius*.” The theories of the Conclusion (thinks this writer) were wrong, harmful, of ill-effect; but Pater rejected them, and gave them up: the net result of his life work would be zero, were it not for the evil effect that his temporary errors caused the youth of his time. In like

manner, Mr. Jacobus writing in the *Fortnightly* of March, 1896, on "The Blessedness of Egoism." Pater was one of the early writers for the *Fortnightly*, and this article a year or so after his death may have been intended to do him honor. To accomplish this good aim, however, the author chose the curious expedient of linking Pater with M. Maurice Barrès and giving such an impression of him as would be drawn from the first two of his seven then-published volumes.

The æsthetic hedonism of "The Renaissance" is a theory of a certain high-mindedness and nobility, presented in a surcharged and stimulating manner. Still even with all its beauty and electric fascination, it is not such as to have given Pater a place beside Ruskin and Matthew Arnold. It is only the presentation of ideas by no means uncommon, redeemed from commonplaceness by peculiar distinction of manner and peculiar delicacy of appreciation. But it is not the theory of life and art which is the net result of Pater's work. This was the beginning, the point from which Pater, so long as he was before the public, moved. It is by the development of his ideas that Pater is of worth to the readers to-day and it is an account of this development that I shall try to give. But first we must have the point from which, and I shall begin by a word or two on the early æstheticism of Pater in order to show the developments and modifications of later years.

The word "æsthetic" is one which has had various changes of meaning. Imported from the Greek sometime ago by a German philosopher, to fill an especial need, it has since Baumgarten had a fairly definite meaning among English philosophers. But among the laity the word came in the last twenty or thirty years into great vogue and passed away again, leaving possibly only reminiscences of a very vague and general nature, made up mostly of dadoes and old china, sunflowers and velvet knickerbockers, a sort of mock yearning and the conceited imbecillity of a Bunthorne or a Maudle. Such things were the characteristics of "the æsthete" in the public mind and were therefore connoted by the word "æsthetic." Now in the Æsthetic Movement so-called Pater was a power: just what kind of power we shall best understand by looking at the history of the "movement," or rather at its origin.

The Æsthetic Movement was a continuation of Pre-Raphaelitism. The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was formed in the year 1848. It consisted of seven young men devoted to art. Five of them were painters, Rosetti, Millais, and Holman Hunt being now the best known, and it was in painting chiefly that they expressed the principles of art which bound them together. They exhibited pictures which were marked by a new way of looking at things and so were violently attacked by the lovers of art of their time. In 1850 they published a paper called "The Germ" defending their ideas.

In 1851 John Ruskin, then a weighty art critic, startled into particular examination of their work by the asperity of the attacks upon them, decided that they were merely carrying out to the letter the advice which he had himself offered in "Modern Painters" and at once became a champion. Being thus well put before the public the thing became a "movement."

Nowadays when we think of Rossetti, Millais, and Holman Hunt, we are not much struck by points in common. Sir John Everett Millais is nowadays most widely known by his picture of a little boy blowing bubbles with Pears' Soap or by his picture "Cherry Ripe," though it is also remembered that he painted "The Huguenot" and "The Princes in the Tower." Holman Hunt is best known by "Christ Among the Doctors" or by "The Shadow of the Cross" or by "The Light of the World." And as to Rossetti, so far as he is remembered by the generality as a painter, it is, in confusion with Burne Jones, as the creator of a type of wan, mystic beauty which is sometimes conventionally called morbid. It is this last conception which generally has the name Pre-Raphaelite attached to it in our minds.

It is not the later Millais, or the later Rossetti either, that best represents the early aims of the Pre-Raphaelites. It is true that the name Pre-Raphaelite became attached to Rossetti and followed all his variations of temper with a closeness

that was very annoying to him. But the early Pre-Raphaelitism was a way of looking at things as much as anything else, and it may be best studied in the paintings of Holman Hunt. He was an earnest, patient, logical, doddering Pre-Raphaelite to the very end, and as his pictures do not outwardly resemble in the slightest degree anything ever painted before Raphael, we shall best see from him what were the ideas called Pre-Raphaelite. Holman Hunt always painted under oath. He swore to himself to paint the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. In other words he put away the conventions of the schools and painted what he saw. The conventions of the schools went back to Raphael; the primitives, the painters before Raphael, had little of them. Hence the name Pre-Raphaelite. Holman Hunt and Millais worked on this theory and were Pre-Raphaelite only because they discarded the conventions of the schools. Rossetti was a Pre-Raphaelite for this reason; but he might have been so-called for another, too, namely because he unconsciously imitated the painters who came before Raphael. Hence with him the term Pre-Raphaelite had not only the meaning which he and his companions attached to it, but also the meaning which the inartistic world at large could attach to it. And the term Pre-Raphaelite came to connote in the general mind, not the simple art-principles which the inventors of the term had in mind, but other ideas, ideas naturally enough con-

nected with the name. It came to imply in the public mind a certain mediæval and renaissance character of art. In this sense Pre-Raphaelitism appeared in literature. Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" (written in 1846) was evidently mediæval. So was much of William Morris's "Defense of Guenevere" which appeared in 1858. So was much of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" which appeared in 1866. Rossetti, Morris, and Swinburne were personal friends, in the public mind they were readily classed together.

The term Pre-Raphaelite was manifestly inappropriate as applied to poetry. It is true that Rossetti was deeply read in older Italian poetry, but even that was no especial reason for calling his poems Pre-Raphaelite. As to Morris the inspiration of his first volume was rather old French than anything else, and as to Swinburne, if we search for his inspiration we are soon led to call him eclectic. Still there certainly is a common quality to the poems of these three men. There is something far deeper than some obvious superficialities. Let us say that Rossetti was Italian, Morris Old French, Swinburne Greek or anything else you like; there is beyond all that a common quality and a vital one. For this quality, which is the chief thing the three have in common, the name "Pre-Raphaelite" is not a good name. In 1868 Pater defined the quality and gave it the name "Æsthetic." He was a great admirer of the work of Burne Jones and on intimate

terms with Swinburne. In his own way he was interested in the things that interested those men. The early Italian painters he studied with interest and therefore admired Pre-Raphaelite painting. The literature of the later Middle Ages he also studied and was therefore in touch with William Morris. But he was not a painter nor a poet: hence he had nothing especial to do with the early Pre-Raphaelite principles which concerned painting pictures, nor much more with the ideas of the "æsthetic" poets, as he called them. He was a student, having views on art, it is true, whether painting or poetry, but not from the artist's stand-point. He was a student of æsthetic and something of a philosopher as well and therefore was led to consider the relation of art to life in general. His particular interests, being for the time at least in the Renaissance, gave an especial turn to his theories. But although he was called a Pre-Raphaelite he was by no means pledged to the principles of Rossetti, and although we think of him as a leader in the Æsthetic Movement, he was not necessarily the champion of the views of Swinburne. Like almost everyone else in England he was interested in medievalism or more exactly, in his case, in the Renaissance, and as what he wrote about this time dealt with Renaissance subjects, he was naturally grouped in the public mind with the poets and painters who found inspiration there. In 1868 he had written an article upon the poems of William

Morris, but the article would seem to have lain long unpublished. In the years following, however, he published in the *Fortnightly Review* results of his own interest in the Renaissance, namely the articles on Leonardo (1869), Botticelli (1870), and Michael Angelo (1871). In 1873 he published these essays with several others under the title "Studies in the History of the Renaissance." Besides the critical essays was an introduction explaining the aims of his criticism, and a conclusion in which he stated tersely the theory of art and life that seemed best to him.

It is this Conclusion which has caused all the trouble. There is not I suppose another such piece of writing in English Literature. It is but half a dozen pages long and yet it states a philosophy of life so completely, so brilliantly and to one having the slightest sympathy, so convincingly, that it seems as though nothing more need be said, or rather as though nothing more could be said.

Exactly what effect this Conclusion has had upon the life and thought of England is more than I can say. The *Quarterly* seems to think that by it not a few have been led astray. Pater thought that it was misunderstood, which seems almost impossible. At any rate when a second edition of "The Renaissance" was printed four years later, the Conclusion was omitted.

What, then, was this famous or infamous philosophy? It can hardly be made clearer than Pater

made it, still it may be useful to call attention to what in the light of after-writings seems to be its most important points.

In the first place it offers a theory of life which has no reference to any existence except that of this earth. "A counted number of pulses only is given to us": to any course of action having reference to a future life or to anything not immediately perceivable in this world, the Conclusion makes no allusion. That was the first thing that gave offence. The Conclusion as a philosophy of life was distinctly Pagan: a Christian might find its resultant ideas not incompatible with very different bases, but Pater himself had nothing to say about Christianity; he took his text from a Greek philosopher, a predecessor of Darwin.

But in the second place the Conclusion was not merely Pagan, it was Epicurean. Now Hedonistic, Cyrenaic, Antinomian, are words not exactly understood by the world at large, but everybody knows that the Epicureans were people who lived for themselves alone. They were therefore not merely non-Christian but distinctly anti-Christian. Epicureanism means in most minds sensuousness, voluptuousness, licentiousness, and these are bad things; nobody can publicly defend them or submit to any contact with them.

In fact, taken literally, the Conclusion does actually offer principles from which may be logically deduced a career of artistic libertinism, and it

offers very little direct advice to counteract the impulse to such deduction. From anything really hideous, Pater's own exquisite taste and his own sane love of the healthful would infallibly have saved him; but there may well enough have been disciples who, embarking upon a life which was to be a quest for every most refined, most delicate sensation, landed finally in a position which made them a source of offence to decent people.

All this may be, and yet it is quite true that the Conclusion may also serve as an incentive to a higher life for those who honestly and single-mindedly love the things of good report. We may believe most firmly in a future life and still be assured of our duty to get all we can out of this one. We may believe most firmly in the duty of living for others and yet we never can escape the duty of living for ourselves. The Conclusion need not be taken to refer only to a life of self-indulgence: it really leaves open the kind of sensation which shall make up our lives. Pater's preference was clear enough; the wisest, he says, spend the interval in art and song. But others, he remarks, spend it in "religious enthusiasm or the enthusiasm of humanity."

The enduring element of the Conclusion lay really in its impulse towards a real life instead of a conventional, formal, orthodox sort of existence. Pater was called a Pagan but a Christian can lead such a life as well as anyone else, and indeed better, for he

is the only one who really knows how the thing is to be done. To be a Christian does not mean to be a rigid formalist of any given pattern: it was just that sort of thing that Christ did away with. He came to supply the world an active, vitalizing spirit whereby each one, instead of merely following out the law, might enjoy eternal life. It is true that Pater's idea of life was by no means Christian: still consider some of his most brilliant sentences: they have in themselves no more than "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

The Christian, then, may convert to his own ends the inspiring counsel of the Conclusion (as Pater, afterwards, perhaps, perceived) and his life may thereby become the more eagerly and keenly vigorous in the way that he has chosen. On the other hand, the Epicurean of popular fancy, might easily work out of the Conclusion an incentive to a life less satisfying. And of this Pater, I suppose, became aware; it was this possible misunderstanding, I suppose, which led him to omit the Conclusion in the edition of 1877. As he wrote some years afterward — on another matter but perhaps with the Conclusion in mind — "How would Paolo and Francesca have read the lesson?"

The Christian and the Epicurean might each have found the Conclusion to their purpose. Pater was neither; at this time and throughout his life he might have been called a Neo-Platonist. The word

is a vague one, but by it I would convey the idea that Pater was deeply interested in the philosophy of the spirit and in those of ancient and recent times who have affirmed something of it. One of his first pieces of writing was on the philosophy of Coleridge, in this volume was the essay on Pico della Mirandola, some years later he wrote on Giordano Bruno, and the last work published in his lifetime was the volume on Plato. Pater was one who believed in the Spirit and this Conclusion if we wish to get at its author's intent must be read from the standpoint of such a one. "While all meets under our feet, we may well catch at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge *that seems by a lifted horizon, to set the spirit free for a moment*, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange flowers, and curious odors, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend." Those words italicized, although one might pass them over on a first reading, turn out on a knowledge of what came after, to have been the most important words in the book.

Before we proceed to study Pater's advance from the equivocal premises of the Conclusion, there is a word or two more to be said on the Pre-Raphaelite or Æsthetic Movement, by which latter name it came gradually to be called. I fear that most of us recollect it by its sun-flowers and peacock-feathers rather than by its real excellences; we remember it better in the person of Bunthorne or

Maudle than in anybody of real power. It is true Pater never presents himself to us as a Bunthorne or a Maudle, as lesser men did not disdain to do, but we certainly can, and that without much difficulty, trace a family likeness, or rather one can see in what he has to say some of the ideas so cleverly travestied by Du Maurier and Gilbert. Among the sketches in "Punch" in the seventies, one remembers many a hit at the æsthetes and among them, perhaps, that of a very haggard, unkempt creature in "Passionate Brompton," looking with clasped hands at a very round-faced and comfortable Jones, who is about to take her down to dinner, with the question, "Are you Intense?" As one turns over the sketches many a forgotten catch-word of the worn-out fad arises to recollection, "quite too utterly utter," and so on, but none is more characteristic of the real strength of the movement and the silly weakness of its affectations, than this one word "intense." And this quality of intensity, the quality so prized by the false æsthetes and the true alike, this quality is a dominant element in the mood which came to its best expression in the Conclusion to "The Renaissance." Intensity is not a distinguishing quality of art. There is no reason why a person who is intense should also have artistic tastes. It is true that the power of intense feeling is very apt to be accompanied by a delight in beautiful things but it is not always. Love is an intense passion, patriotism, zeal in religion or science,

in fact every passion is intense or it is not a passion. Intensity is a necessary quality in the artistic nature, but not a distinguishing one. It was a mark of Pater's breadth of view, of his catholicism of appreciation, that the idea which impressed him most lastingly in the æsthetic movement was this idea of intensity.

It is true that he was not uncontaminated by false intensity. Some sentences in his writings, are very good specimens of what may be called æsthetic prose, namely prose that has all the weakness of the æsthetic movement, prose like Swinburne's. For example:

"The English poet too has learned the secret. He has diffused through *King Arthur's Tomb* the maddening white glare of the sun, and tyranny of the moon, not tender and far off, but close down — the sorcerer's moon, large and feverish. The coloring is intricate and delirious as of 'scarlet lilies.' The influence of summer is like a poison in one's blood, with a sudden bewildering sickening of life and all things. In *Galahad: a Mystery*, the frost of Christmas night in the chapel stones acts as a strong narcotic: a sudden shrill ringing pierces through the numbness: a voice proclaims that the Grail has gone forth through the great forest."

Such passages have the æsthetic trademark upon them. There is all the self-consciousness, all the straining for effect, all the affectation which still clings to the name "æsthetic," all the whipped-up

intensity which deceives weak natures and sometimes strong ones. Such prose as that, were there much of it in Pater's work, would show that he had been influenced by the weaker elements in a movement with which he has been to some extent identified. But there are not many such sentences in Pater's work,—those particular ones occur in the essay on William Morris's "Defence of Guenevere" in a passage where the temptation to suit style to subject led the author to express himself in a way which was hardly natural to him. This sort of "æstheticism" is no considerable element in Pater's work, and yet the very fact that what we have is so perfect of its kind, goes to show by how little Pater escaped becoming what others did become.

As it was we have Pater in the year 1874, the year of "The New Republic," a man who believed in intensity of life, in a life which gained beauty and value from a strong appreciation of the lovely things of nature and art, and whose interests had for some time been with the poets and painters of the Renaissance, a time in which flourished many whose lives are not very good examples for people five centuries later who admire their works. As such Pater was doubtless a dangerous guide for the young and generous, a man to be avoided. It is somewhat curious that his next publication should have been an essay on Wordsworth. Somewhat curious, because a delight in Wordsworth seems incongruous with the idea some people have formed of the author

of "The Renaissance." This diletante hedonist, this leader-astray of the generous-hearted, this forerunner of how much foolishness and evil, this suave apostle of exquisite immorality, what is he doing now? He is reading Wordsworth.

It is true that one may read Wordsworth and yet be a person of very dangerous tendencies, as Matthew Arnold, for example, was once thought to be. And yet it is a hard point to get over; it is certainly not a moral act to like Wordsworth and yet he is not the poet whom one would suppose attractive to epicureans, sensualists, libertines.

This essay on Wordsworth, if we read it now, not as criticism but as autobiography, is a remarkably illuminating piece of work. What is there in Wordsworth to attract the Pre-Raphaelite? The preciseness and vividness with which he sees nature and the sincerity and scrupulousness with which he has rendered her sights and sounds. Why is Wordsworth of interest to the æsthete? Because he "has done so much for those who value highly the concentrated treatment of passion, who appraise men and women by their sensibility to it, and art and poetry as they afford the spectacle of it." What is there for the spiritual hedonist? The idea that "contemplation — impassioned contemplation — that is, with Wordsworth, the end in itself, the perfect end." That the end of life is being as distinct from doing, a certain disposition of mind rather than any prescribed set of actions. The essay is a more

accurate expression of Pater's own ideas than of Wordsworth's. If one study this essay instead of the Conclusion to "*The Renaissance*," one will find the same philosophy, although put in a less brilliant and therefore less immoral form.

But for a time Pater gave up the idea of offering the world a philosophy of life and betook himself to studies other than those with which his name was associated. When a new edition of "*The Renaissance*" was called for, he withdrew the Conclusion which he thought had been misunderstood. It was almost as though he were for a time disgusted with the matter; at any rate he turned his attention to other studies and, except for a few stray essays, never published anything else directly upon the Renaissance. During the next few years he seems to have studied Greek art chiefly; I suspect he found it cool and refreshing.

The revival of a knowledge of Greek literature had been one of the elements of the Renaissance, and Pater had added to the strictly Renaissance studies in his book, his essay on Winkelmann, which included some consideration of Greek sculpture. It does not appear that between 1874 and 1880, Pater looked at Greek art from the standpoint of that essay. The "*Greek Studies*," collected after his death, but written, for the most part, at this time, approach the subject in rather a different way. They are not in the tone of his first book.

Beside the Conclusion, "The Renaissance," had an introduction, in which were laid down certain principles of criticism agreeable to that philosophy of life which regarded art as the most efficient means of vitalizing the passage of existence. The office of the critic was to discriminate between the sensations aroused by one and another work of art. Each beautiful thing had its own specific virtue: the duty of the critic was rightly to appreciate it. Hence the word "appreciation," instead of "criticism," which has had a certain currency.

These Greek studies, however, are not appreciations in such a sense of the word. Pater undertook to state, not how Greek art appeared to him, but how it had appeared to the Greeks. These studies were, in intention at least, scientific. The inquiry was not, What best pleasure may we get from Greek art? but, What sort of thing was Greek art to the Greeks themselves? Therefore, Pater began with some studies of Greek religion, whence he passed to Greek tragedy and Greek sculpture.

The result of these studies, as one considers the book collected after Pater's death, is a curious one. It neglects, on the whole, the question, What may art be to us?—it discusses rather what art was once to those with whom it arose. These essays are full of human interest. They present Greek mythology to us in a way to which most of us are unaccustomed. The average schoolboy conception

of Greek mythology (and how many of us never outgrow it!) is of a great collection of stories of gods and heroes who, though constantly getting mixed up, have each quite a distinct character to be understood alike by everybody. Such a conception does not seek to explain how any one could ever have had belief in the existence of these creatures; it merely presents them.

These studies of Pater proceed from a very different point of view. His very first sentence gives a different idea. "Writers on mythology speak habitually of the *religion* of the Greeks. In thus speaking, they are really using a misleading expression, and should speak rather of *religions*; each race and class of the Greeks — the Dorians, the people of the coast, the fishers — having had a religion of its own conceived of the objects that came nearest to it and were most in its thoughts, and the resulting usages and ideas never having come to have a precisely harmonized system after the analogy of some religions." Here we have an effort to see how a people embodied their spiritual ideas in forms — Greek mythology being at the bottom of Greek art — how they gave forms to their conceptions and how these forms had part and influence in their lives.

How far these essays seemed at the time to have any connection with Pater's then just published book, I cannot say: they had really, however, a sort of connection or more exactly showed a sort

of development. In "The Rensaissance" we had work done with the prevailing idea in mind that art was a sort of leaven to give life and lightness to existence. What have we to do with art? was the question. This and that, said Pater, whereupon arose vigorous criticism. Pater's mind may then very well have returned upon itself. Instead of asking: What have we to do with art? or rather, What is art to us? he thought, What has art really been to some real people? To the Greeks, for example. How did they create and mould their art? and again, How did their art mould and modify them? Some such questions may have been more or less consciously at the bottom of these studies: questions like these may, also, have been at the bottom of another piece of work of about this time, namely "The Child in the House." This "Imaginary Portrait," as it was called, is a study of the early development of the life of one who in later years had been profoundly influenced by philosophy and art. It is true that the idea is not carried very far — we have only the beginning, only a study of how childhood is influenced by surroundings — but had it been carried farther, as it must have been carried in Pater's mind, it could not but have become a study of the way a maturer life was influenced by art.

"The Child in the House" has been called autobiographic, and doubtless there is something of autobiography in it, although no more, I fancy,

than there is apt to be in any work not rigidly objective. Florian Deleal would have been in later life a man much like Pater, a student of the arts, an amateur of life, one who had been much occupied in philosophies and speculations, but a lover of the beautiful as well, so that he was led to assign more importance to the sensible form than to the abstract thought beneath. It may be that like Florian, Pater had then "a certain design in view, the noting, namely, of some things in the story of his spirit." Under the attacks upon his theories of art and life, Pater may have turned back to think a little as to the influence of art on his own life, and so, allowing his thoughts some liberty in avoiding facts, there grew up in his mind this shadowy companion, a sort of doppelganger, as it were, one who lived a life much like Pater's own, differing, perhaps, in this or that unimportant particular, but of the same stuff throughout, of the same character.

By whatever turn of thought and interest it was reached, the product of the years following was published in 1885 in the form of "Marius the Epicurean." I suggest the connecting links of Greek religion and Imaginary Portrait: we have in "Marius" the study of a young Roman feeling his way in early life through the religions, the philosophies, the arts of the time of Marcus Aurelius.

"Marius the Epicurean" has been called an autobiography and it probably has, even more than

"The Child in the House," a strong autobiographic color. Without identifying Pater with his hero, we may certainly see in the book phases of thought and passion which must have come from experience. We may run through the book and almost everywhere point out curious analogies with something else written by Pater, either before or after. If only the first two chapters had been written, we should have had a figure closely resembling "The Child in the House." The fatherless boy growing up in the old house surrounded by beautiful trees and flowers, and by the polished observances of a cultivated life, the soul sensible to beauty and religion, supersensitive, for a boy's, and turned much upon its own thoughts and feelings,—these are the same in each: if we conceive of Florian Deleal carried through two volumes and Marius stopped after two chapters, we can see how we might still have had much the same development of ideas, though in a more modern dress, a too modern dress, Pater may have thought.

In other respects, too, we may have coincidences. The description of the old "religion of Numa" is closely allied in spirit with studies of the religions of the fisher-folk, the country people, the coast-dwellers of Greece. Flavian's ideals in letters appear in other forms in the later Essay on Style. The self-sacrifice of Marius may be compared with the story of Sebastian van Storck, which appeared only a year or two afterwards. And not only are

these main motives to be recognized, but throughout the book the reader of Pater is constantly noting the appearance of some thought or mood which also has its place elsewhere. All this shows, not how poor was Pater's imagination, but how genuinely he put himself into his work. He was not one to dash on and on, scattering brilliant flashes from his horsehoofs to glitter and go out. His thoughts matured slowly; he was constantly embodying them in new forms, and always watching intently the modifications and developments. There is one very curious example. He seems to have been early impressed by the conception of Heine's "Gods in Exile," quoting from it in his essay on Pico della Mirandola," published in 1871, and by it illustrating the Renaissance conceptions of antiquity. In 1886 he developed the idea and gave it form in the tale of Denys l'Auxerrois. In 1893 he turned to it again and made the story of "Apollo in Picardy." One might almost say that he never gave up an idea. Not that he was in any way obstinate in his opinions: quite the reverse; life, he thought, was far too short to rest on "any facile orthodoxy of Comte or Hegel." But he rarely gave up utterly an idea which had once attracted him; he tried it and tested it and turned it; he forced it to give him everything he could wring from it.

But of all the comparison and coincidence which we may think of in reading "Marius," the most

interesting is that which we may make with the conclusion to "The Renaissance." It is indeed almost a matter of course that there is in "Marius the Epicurean" another presentation of that theory of life which had been put forth twelve years before, harshly criticised and silently withdrawn. In fact we have almost exactly the same idea — some variations will be of interest later — with a single difference, a difference of great importance. In "The Renaissance" the view was placed at the end; it seemed to be for the time, at least, the last word. In "Marius" it comes early in the book; it is almost a starting point. And it is the development of thought from this point that gives "Marius" its peculiar interest in the study of Pater's philosophy. When the book was first published it was at once recognized that Pater had presented a development of that "hedonism" which the newspapers and Mr. Edward Cracroft Lefroy had reprehended, but no one perceived the exact scope of the development, and even now, in the light of much now published, written by Pater before "Marius" and afterward, one cannot rest assured that Pater's later philosophy is before us in any such sharp clearness as characterized his earlier views. For this there are several reasons, of which the chief is that Pater himself conceived his later ideas with no such definite sharpness as had distinguished his earlier thought. He makes plain enough what is needed for his story, the

development of the thought of Marius, but it is only by rather tentative conjectures that we can reconstruct for ourselves anything that shall be in harmony with what we may otherwise know. Any attempt should be offered with diffidence: it is sometimes pretty hard even to find out what one thinks oneself (if anything), and Pater's mind was a very subtle one.

In the first glow of realization of manhood, sent to philosophy for comfort which the religion of Numa failed to give, Marius became an Epicurean of the school of Aristippus of Cyrene. And, not to risk misconception by vagueness of allusion, it will be well to note the main elements of his then theory quite definitely.

The idea from which he started, the idea at that moment most definitely impressed upon his mind by the death of his first passionate friend, was that of mortality. Flavian was gone forever: of that there was no manner of doubt; and, like Flavian, Marius too would go at his appointed time — would go, or, more graphically, would go out. It was, then, not with any hope of immortality that Marius turned to the philosophers, but rather with a sort of curiosity, a feeling of half-interest arising in the very numbness or deadness of pain. And yet his mind was such that he could not long remain intellectually adrift, and whatever had been his motive in reading Heraclitus, it is not strange that the pregnant enigmas of the Ionian had a

moving effect on his mind. He read and thought, or rather began to think, began to construct for himself a sort of intellectual standing-ground. It is pointed out that in common with the greater number, he misconceived his author, or at least if he did at times arrive at true conception, he more often halted at the first step, the easiest to apprehend and remember, the step, in fact, indicated by the quotation *πάντα ρεῖ* which serves as motto for the conclusion. It was at this point, at the conception of the changing and transitory nature of all things, that Marius fell in with the doctrine of Aristippus, a "master of decorous living," who gave him the idea of accepting even the hard terms of Heraclitus, and yet aiming to "well adorn and beautify these fleeting lives into an exquisite graciousness and urbanity." Experience was the thing: truth was perhaps illusory and impossible to come at, but direct impression must be real, and to be constantly able to apprehend experience, was something which might well offer a path through life. The aim was, not pleasure as so many thought, but a "general completeness of life," a life of various and select sensations. "If he could but count upon the present, if a life brief at best could not certainly be shown to conduct one anywhere beyond itself, if men's highest curiosity was indeed so persistently baffled—then, with the Cyrenaics of all ages, he would at least fill up the measure of that present with vivid sensations, and

such intelligent apprehensions as, in strength and directness and their immediately realized values at the bar of actual experience, are most like sensations." Still even such experience, to be perfect, must not be isolated and discrete, hence the artistic enjoyment took more or less the form of culture or education, such a form of culture as, Marius conceived, might even be as though a kind of religion.

But there was yet one thing more and that something very important. What kind of experience was it to be? What kind of culture? We may, nowadays, even ask what kind of religion?

Might it not often be an experience which would run counter to ordinary conditions of morality? To an eager, wide-ranging mind, such everyday conditions might seem to be made by habit, convention: the necessary course of life might easily seem directly across them. Or might not lower natures, following vigorously the line of experience most easily conceived by them, might they not readily fall into the bog of a life given up to animal pleasures?

In these last queries we see the chief difference between the Conclusion and the eighth and ninth chapters of "Marius." The philosophy of the young Roman was the same as that philosophy which had been criticised in London: and in these last words Pater had his answer to such criticism. That it was possible that such a view of life might

not always lead one in the path of traditional morality he allowed readily enough: it was a good doctrine for the strong, but there were some who might find in it an opportunity for inherent evil tendency. As to "hedonism," however, he took pains to show that the philosophy of Marius was by no means chargeable with it, provided, that is, that by "hedonism" one meant a life which makes pleasure, in its lower conception, the great object of life. And at any rate it was not pleasure, even of a noble kind, but rather fullness of life that Marius sought. He was a youth of pure, healthy temper, given up to vigorous, even severe, studies,—one can see that he would easily keep a true line between youthful antinomianism, joyful contravention of traditional morality on the one hand and any shameful lowering of the spirit by seeking mere pleasure of a baser form. Still, in spite of Pater's caveats, it is clear that the philosophy of Marius, like that of the Conclusion, might perhaps be taken as guide by such as could not strictly follow it, or, to vary the figure, by such as desired not so much a lamp to their feet as a cloak for favorite deeds of darkness.

So much might still be urged against the early philosophy of Marius, against the new form into which Pater had put the ideas of the Conclusion. But there is still one more point to notice in our criticism, a point which will supply us with an idea of how to go forward in an inquiry as to the development of Pater's thinking.

Both the Conclusion and Marius base their theory of life upon the perpetual flux of life, the series "of impressions unstable, flickering, inconsistent, which burn and are extinguished with our consciousness of them." Both also hold in mind the inevitable end. In the Conclusion the idea is constant: "a counted number of pulses only," "this too short day of frost and sun," "we have an interval and then our place knows us no more,"—the sense of the inevitable end gives a character that at times is as oppressive as the motionless air on a summer's day. In "Marius," however, there is very little suggestion of this unescapable doom, and that the more curiously that the development of the idea came to Marius immediately after the death of Flavian. One would be inclined to say that at just such a time, if ever, would be felt the heavy pressure of the certain stop to which all must come. For to Marius at that time death was a finality. "The end of Flavian came like a final revelation of nothing less than the soul's extinction. Flavian had gone out as utterly as the fire among those still beloved ashes." Now, then, if ever, would the sense of death be bitter and imperious, and the Epicurean theory would be perhaps the only escape from the pressing recurrence of a thought too painful to be avoided. Such may have been Pater's idea, but if it were it was not a dominating element, for after the first few lines we get hardly a reminder of the thought. The whole

speculation is built up with a different view,—it is not a shelter in the face of necessary and impending death, it is rather a preparation for availing oneself to the utmost of all the possibilities of life. It came at the beginning and not at the end: it was not the final Epicureanism of Marius, it was the first philosophy of a young man, a philosophy from which he moved, or, more exactly, a philosophy which he enlarged and developed for himself under the pressure of maturer years and the illumination of new experience.

Just here it may become an open question as to how far “Marius” is autobiographic. Undoubtedly Marius developed the new Cyrenaicism so that it had little left of its original character; it may be questionable as to whether Pater himself so developed the ideas of the Conclusion. And yet when we consider that the Conclusion was written at the age of thirty, it seems foolish to think for an instant that Pater, at the age of fifty-odd, should not have modified or developed his ideas, that he should not have withdrawn from them or advanced beyond them. Still we may for the present content ourselves with tracing the development of Marius.

The young Roman at this time was planning for himself a life precisely like Pater’s life, namely, that of a critic of art, and further, a critic whose canons were precisely those presented by Pater in the Introduction to “The Renaissance,” just as his philosophy was very like its Conclusion. “To

understand the various forms of ancient art and thought, the various forms of actual human feeling (the only new thing in the world almost too opulent in what was old) to satisfy, with a kind of scrupulous entirety, the claims of these concrete and actual objects on his sympathy, his intelligence, his senses — to 'pluck out the heart of their mystery,' and in turn become the interpreter of them to others: this had now defined itself for Marius as a very narrowly practical design: it determined his choice of a vocation to live by." Such was the idea with which Marius sought the city of Rome to take a place in the imperial household.

In thus leaving the seclusion of his own thoughts for the more open world of conflicting opinions, Marius exposed himself to two influences,—one that of the Stoicism then dominant at the court of Marcus Aurelius, the other that of Christianity, which was widely permeating society. Stoicism Marius regarded openly as a rival theory, and even in the person of the philosophic Emperor and the persuasive rhetorician Fronto, he felt it to be a little mediocre, almost vulgar. Its abnegations fitted too easily into incapacity. Christianity, on the other hand, came to him without his knowledge in the person of his friend Cornelius, one to whom he was drawn by an attraction stronger even than had drawn him to Flavian, one well-fitted by his chaste and strong youth to exercise a dominating if unconscious influence.

So the Epicureanism of Marius, which, as we have seen, gave large opportunity for difference of direction, allowed him to draw to a life of which itself would have been incapable. The chief suggestions of the journey, of his early life at Rome, came from the example of Cornelius, the teaching of the young Knight giving a color, or even a direction, to the speculation and the self-conscious conduct of life of his friend.

What then was the influence of Christianity upon the philosophy of Marius, and what the influence of Stoicism?

As Marius began his journey to Rome at the summons of the Emperor, his first days were filled by a free delight of appreciation and reflection which one can readily imagine. It is noteworthy however, that after these days came a sort of reaction, in which "all journeying from the known to the unknown came suddenly to figure as a mere foolish truancy," in which he felt a vague sort of homesickness, the need of some companion or of some society which was his and to which he belonged. It was from this depression, from this distrust and loneliness, that he was rescued by the comfort of the little inn and the voice of Cornelius.

It is in its ample answer to these two simple human needs that Christianity has so often come to those who were intellectually well enough satisfied with one or another philosophy. The mind may be sufficiently convinced, but the heart often feels

vaguely that the one thing needful is not. To many lonely souls Christ and the Christian Church have given a peace and joy not to be reached by the subtlest and most accurate definition and discrimination. It was this, and no philosophical solution of questions, no satisfying development of ideas, that Christianity offered Marius. Certainly a very simple matter.

Simple as the solution was, it was brought about in the case of the young Roman by no simple means. The influence of Cornelius, foreshadowed at the moment of his coming into his friend's life, never affected any conscious adaptation in the theory which became so effectually modified. Emotional in its nature, it had to be translated into other terms, and hence it was that the conscious appreciation of what it was that he needed came to Marius, not from Christianity but from Stoicism. The discourse of Fronto left him dreaming "of that august community, to be an outlaw from which, to be foreign to the manners of which, was a loss so much greater than to be excluded unto the ends of the earth from the sovereign Roman commonwealth." And it was from Marcus Aurelius that he gained the idea of that "self not himself, beside him in his coming and going," "that living and companionable spirit at work in all things." It was certainly in no simple way, it was by very subtle, even by subconscious, processes that these ideas gained their place in his careful

philosophy, such a place that everything else had to be remodeled to harmonize with them. It was by his building upon the "golden mediocrity," the "facile optimism" of Stoicism, as well as by the companionship of Cornelius, and the church in the house of Caecilia that he finally reached the appreciation of a true theory of life. Nor was the full realization of that theory ever reached by conscious thought: Marius was made aware of it finally only when the force of circumstances gave him the opportunity for an act of self-sacrifice of which he gladly availed himself.

To follow out carefully the development of the "New Cyrenaicism" of Marius would be needless here. It was left behind: two points of destructive criticism soon appeared; first, that his theory had been in part the result of the natural antinomianism of youth; and second, that it had attempted to grasp too much without recognition of the need in a well-ordered life of a certain sacrifice. These two ideas are of more interest just here than the practical outcome of the life of Marius. So far as "Marius" throws any light on Pater's attitude toward his much-criticised theory of the place of art in life, we may say this much: he recognized that it had its faults, that it was not broad enough, and that it had been carried somewhat on its narrow way by the force of youthful joy in individuality. But when we ask ourselves further, and look to see what was substituted therefor, we find little.

The development of the thought and life of Marius toward Christianity gives us a hint, perhaps, on Pater's own ideas, but not much as to his own thinking on those matters which are to our present purpose.

Whatever may have been Pater's ideas on these matters, one thing is certain enough: namely, that he did not see fit to express them in any definite form. Turned into the direction, it may well be, by his striking success in "*Marius the Epicurean*," his imagination worked in the vein suggested by "*The Child in the House*." "*An Imaginary Portrait*" that had been called; his next volume was a collection of four such portraits. In fact, for the four years following "*Marius*" he seems to have written little beside these sketches of ideal figures. "*A Prince of Court Painters*," that is to say, Watteau, "*Sebastian van Storck*," "*Denys l'Auxerrois*," the one put into our selection, "*Duke Carl von Rosenmold*," "*Gaston de Latour*," originally planned as a companion to "*Marius*," but never finished, "*Emerald Uthwart*," and "*Hippolytus Veiled*," a realization of the tragedy of Euripides, and "*Apollo in Picardy*,"—in all these, whatever ideas on the relation of art to life were presented must be sought for in the personalities.

And in these "*Imaginary Portraits*"—written, not with a critical or didactic purpose, but for the pleasure of putting some imagined life into permanent form—we can distinguish easily what may

be regarded as Pater's typical figure, perhaps the figure which was a concrete exhibition of the ideas which he held in theory:—a youth set apart in a measure from his fellows by greater sensitiveness to surroundings and greater disposition to reflection, a little worldlet thrown off, as it were, in the revolution of the great world, continuing to revolve in the same general system, but having an individuality of its own, or more accurately a center of gravity of its own. Florian Deleal, Marius, Sebastian, Carl von Rosenmold, Gaston, Hippolytus, Emerald — the generalization includes them all except Anthony Watteau, the only historical figure among them, and the medieval avatars of Dionysus and Apollo, which were the outcome of quite a different idea. A life continually absorbing from without the material for continual evolution from within, that is the ideal presented in various forms. And it will be remarked that no one of all these gracious figures can be regarded as the embodiment of the principles of the Conclusion. Watteau comes the nearest. Of him it was at first written: "The rudeness of his home has turned his feeling for even the simpler graces of life into a physical want, like hunger or thirst which might come to greed; and methinks he perhaps overvalues those things." Later the diarist goes on: "Those worldly graces he seemed as a young lad almost to hunger and thirst for, as if truly the mere adornments of life were necessities; he takes them as if

he had been used to them. And there is something noble — shall I say? — in his half-disdainful way of serving himself with what he still, as I think, secretly values over much.” But Watteau makes an advance: he never pretended that the delicate beauty that was necessary to him was really sufficient for him; “that delicate life of Paris” painted so excellently, with so much spirit, partly because after all, he looked down upon it or despised it or knew it was but a means too often taken for an end. He was indeed “always a seeker after something in the world, that there is in no satisfying measure or not at all;” so says the diarist, but it is likely enough that what he was seeking for might really have been found by seeking in another way. With the others each enjoyment was by no means the highest satisfaction of a passing moment, which must be enjoyed or forever lost, but rather something of which the chief value was in its outcome. So it was also in the house of M. de Crozat that Watteau found so charming. The antiquities, “beautiful curiosities of all sorts . . . are arranged all around one,” — how? “so that the influence, the genius of those things may imperceptibly play upon, and enter into one, and form what one does.” In a few words, then, art is not an enjoyment merely, it is an educator. Life and character are to be moulded by it. The end of life is not experience only: it is education.

It is the view of certain philosophers on Beauty that a thing may be beautiful if we find in it immediate enjoyment, while those things which are not immediate in their happy result are rather to be called good. According to such a view æsthetics would be a matter of present values and ethics a matter of future values. If this distinction be correctly made between the two words we should say that while the Conclusion to "The Renaissance" was æsthetic in tone, Pater's later idea was largely, indeed, chiefly ethical. For the Conclusion had distinctly the appreciation of immediate experience for its own sake without view to future possibilities. In the Imaginary Portraits, however, the beauty of surrounding circumstances is almost always regarded as being an educative force.

Actually the distinction should not be pressed so far. Undoubtedly even in his earlier days Pater thought of art as a formative agent and in his later thought it is the pure enjoyment of art which works unconsciously in its ethical function. But he certainly changed the point he chose to emphasize and that was the important matter.

It is not much of an achievement, perhaps, to conceive or present the idea that beauty, and so art, is an educator. Ruskin had something of the same idea. Ruskin, however, had it with a great difference, for he held art to be not merely educative but didactic. He held that in literature, painting,

sculpture, we should actually find something, often precepts even, that should be of value in determining conduct. Some such idea, too, though not precisely the same, had Arnold. The originality of Pater's idea did not lie in the fact that he gave ethics a place in æsthetics; it lay in the way in which he conceived that æsthetic enjoyment might itself be a moral agent.

The two points of importance here would seem to be the end to which art educates and the means by which it proceeds. On the first of these matters Pater says little, for a reason that will appear: The second is of more importance because Pater's solution is very characteristic; it involves his ideas on style.

To many readers the matter of style is the great thing about Pater. With Pater himself it was probably not so,—that is, he is almost always occupied with other matters when he writes about anybody else. Had he regarded style as a matter of the importance given to it by his admirers, it seems probable that he would have said more about it in speaking of other men. Still he must have paid a great deal of attention to his own mode of expression, and certainly his style has been greatly admired. But hence arises the curious fact that some who read with great pleasure Pater's first work, find in his last much that they can only with difficulty even understand. It is curious that a man

who wrote so clearly and brilliantly in "The Renaissance" should ever have written sentences as involved as many of those in "Plato and Platonism." The fact, however, puts us on the right path.

Are we to regard style as a way of writing, perhaps a very excellent way of writing, which will be discovered early in life, it may be, and then adhered to always as the best? We may, certainly, and many men have done so. But the idea involves a curious corollary, namely, that the first idea was the best. Such seems to have been the case of Macaulay, who, in the essay on Milton, exhibited a remarkable style, which he modified, but never changed. Pater, however, was a man very different from Macaulay. He changed his opinions on some things, as we have seen: what was the chance that he would not change them on style?

Fortunately we have from Pater not only example of style, but precept as well. Rather unfortunately, however, the best known example was written fifteen years or more before the precept, and thought upon it seems to show that it had different principles at bottom. The Conclusion indicates the fluent character of life, impresses the value of a fluent character of thought. But what, save here and there, less fluent than the style? The style is brilliant, but definite and set. The Conclusion advises against a facile orthodoxy of opinion, but it offers an orthodoxy (though by no means a facile one) of expression. In "Plato and Platonism," on

the contrary, we have something quite different: there is plenty of fluency of thought, but there is also a fluidity, we might even call it, of expression. There is a diversity of structure, a particular accommodation to the very manner of the thought, a careful naturalness almost colloquial. • It is almost as though a glittering bit of ice had melted into plain water. Read the passage in the Conclusion beginning, "Or if we begin" (it is on p. 20), and then read the following from chapter I of "Plato and Platonism." The subject is very nearly the same, whereby the difference in style becomes more apparent.

"Surface we say; but was there anything beneath it? That was what to the majority of his hearers, his readers, Heraclitus, with an eye, perhaps, on practice, seemed to deny. Perpetual motion, alike in things, and in men's thoughts about them,—the sad, self-conscious, philosophy of Heraclitus, like one, knowing beyond his years, in this barely adolescent world which he is so eager to instruct, makes no pretence to be able to restrain that. Was not the very essence of thought itself also such perpetual motion? A baffling transition from the dead past, alive one moment since, to a present, itself deceased in turn ere we can say, It is here? A keen analyst of the facts of nature and mind, a master presumably of all the knowledge that then there was, a vigorous definer of thoughts, he does

but refer the superficial movement of all persons and things around him to deeper and still more masterful currents of universal change, stealthily withdrawing the apparently solid earth itself from beneath one's feet. The principle of disintegration, the incoherency of fire or flood (for Heraclitus these are but very lively instances of movements, subtler yet more wasteful still) are inherent in the primary elements alike of matter and of the soul. *Λέγει που Ἡράκλειτος*, says Socrates in the *Cratylus*, "*ὅτι πάντα χωρεῖ καί οὐδέν μένει*. But the principle of lapse, of waste, was, in fact, in one's self. No one has ever passed twice over the same stream. Nay, the passenger himself is without identity. Upon the same stream at the same moment we do, and do not embark: for we are, and are not: *εἰμὲν τε καὶ οὐκ εἴμεν*. And this rapid change, if it did not make all knowledge impossible, made it wholly relative, of a kind, that is to say, valueless in the judgment of Plato."

The difference in style will strike anybody. In the passage from the *Conclusion* we have definite statements, often conditional, it is true, and complicated, gaining a closer approximation by special example, alternative figure, or parenthetical clause, but clear cut and definite, for all that. In the extract from "*Plato and Platonism*," however, we have almost no definite statement at all: Pater reconsiders and questions, he tells us how it seems,

he tells us what the meaning is not, he queries, he quotes and explains and quotes again, only two or three times in a dozen sentences does he make any assured statement, and even then he ends with some participial addition, as we are apt to in conversation, or puts in an explanatory comment. The first passage is brilliant and clear, but the other is very different, not brilliant, possibly not wholly clear, but alive, persuasive, intimate.

Surely this is a very different kind of expression. The ice has melted, and so far it seems doubtless a loss. Yet, to be fantastic for a moment, although an iceberg is surely a very lovely thing, yet how much lovelier are all the varied forms of water,—still reflection, falling cataract, ripples, rolling or dashing surf, rain, rainbow and cloud. And whether more or less lovely—for the figure is really misleading—how much nearer the very thought itself is this vague, indefinite expression, than the clear-cut brilliancy which is, in its own way, very desirable.

It is probable that every man's way of writing would appear, if we could analyze it, to be the necessary expression, not of himself, but of his manner of thought. Thus Macaulay was a man who perceived likenesses and unlikenesses; he thought largely by contrasts and generalizations. His style, therefore, abounds in all forms of antithesis and parallel. Carlyle was a man who

thought largely by what he would himself have called "inward vision." His style, then, is made up of all forms of expression based upon the sense of sight, not only apostrophe, interrogation, and exclamation, but in all such concrete modes as personification.

So with Pater. At first he proceeded from one clearly perceived position to another; he not only knew where he was, but he knew whither he was going; he therefore expressed himself in clear-cut and definite statements. Finally, however, after years of experience, he expressed himself largely by questions, suggestions, queries, suppositions, possibilities. He ceased probably to have the definite assurance of his earlier years and became more or less of a seeker. His writings became more exactly essays. Essays, indeed, they had always been in common parlance, as much essays as the celebrated writings of Macaulay that go by that name. But they had very little of what we think of as the essay character, the character of the essays of Montaigne, of which Pater writes in "Plato and Platonism," or of the essays of Lamb. Yet we may observe, in reading what Pater says (in 1878) of the essay character, of "the Montaignesque element" of Lamb is not exactly what he says of the essay character, the Montaignesque, in writing later of the dialogues of Plato. In the first he says that "below all more superficial tendencies the real mo-

tive is the desire of self-portraiture," but in the second he thinks of the essay rather as giving Montaigne "precisely the literary form necessary to a mind for which truth itself is but a possibility, realizable not as a general conclusion, but rather as the elusive effect of a particular personal experience." That is not the same thing and the difference would show that as time went on a different feeling predominated. Not that Lamb was not subjective enough, or Pater either, even in his early writing, to some degree. But little note is taken of that conception of the essay as the means of expressing "that long dialogue with oneself, that dialectic process" which may never reach a definite and unquestioned end, but may be coextensive with life. If he wrote essays at first, it was because the essay was the normal form into which any treatment would fall that was not systematic and comprehensive, but later in life he had the other idea so fully in mind that the different parts of "Gaston de Latour" and "Plato and Platonism" were really, as a rule, essays independent of each other, though connected in subject, which, indeed, were, in some cases, published separately.

Something of this sort, although not precisely the same thing, may be found in the theory of style expressed in the well-known essay, written in the latter part of his career as a writer. Where it is said above that style is the expression of a man's

manner of thought, Pater says that art comes when we have the transcription, not of mere fact, but of the artist's sense of fact, a very accurate transcription of his sense of fact, like a tracing (to use Pater's own figure) of some very exquisite and delicate drawing.

Art gives us, Pater would say, the artist's sense of the fact, of the world. If we study art, we gain an appreciation of that sense. And if we are further influenced in our thinking and being by art, we are influenced by the sense of fact of such artists as we study. And such art is good if the sense of fact be true; and great, as well as good, if it be devoted to certain large aims, well set down in the last words of that essay.

Such is the way art educates. The sense of life, of the facts of the world, passes from certain chosen souls to us; we are ourselves, insensibly perhaps, moulded by it; we are different from what we would have been without it. It is not that culture teaches us about conduct, or that great art is didactic: it is that from art we get a certain sense of the world, a certain sense of things, which art has directly from great artists.

Shall we try to state any particular end of life which such a methodology will enable us to attain? In the Conclusion, Pater said that experience itself was the end: in the essay on Wordsworth about the same time, he looks at the matter from another

point of view and says that contemplation is the end-in-itself. In "Marius" we got to something a little different, if not quite as definite.

Nowhere again, to tell the truth, does Pater give us any definite answer. The problem was a never-failing source of interest to him. He was fairly sure of his solution in earlier years; in "Marius" a little less clear in his mind. His third attempt seems to have broken down in the unfinished "Gaston de Latour."

Five chapters of "Gaston de Latour" appeared in the year in which the essay on Style was published. Gaston was originally conceived as a sort of companion figure to Marius. Marius was a youth who stood in the midst of one of those decadent civilizations that are dissolving to give place to something new. The change from the antique world was such a time and so was the change from the medieval world to the modern. Gaston de Latour was a figure of the later Renaissance.

But however conceived, the character was never fully drawn. Born, like Marius, like Florian, like Emerald Uthwart in all the definite surroundings of an old family estate, the young Frenchman turns naturally to the cathedral school of Chartres. What was to be his course I cannot say. He was roused out of any settling down into the past by the fresh "modernity" of Ronsard. His youthful ardor received a check in the sceptic indifference of Montaigne. He stands a vague spectator of the

events and ideas represented by the massacre of St. Bartholemew and the "Lower Pantheism" of Giordano Bruno. Probably Pater never conceived the development of character with the definiteness needed even for his own indefinite manner of presentation. It is not unnatural then that the style of the fragment, and especially that of the chapter on Suspended Judgments, should be more than anything else that he wrote suggestive, tentative, approximating.

In "Gaston de Latour" we get no solution to the question. It was but a few years after "Marius," there was no reason why there should have been any serious modification of the view there presented.

Once again did Pater have a chance, perhaps deliberately made his chance, to put in unified form his theory of art and life. This time he chose the form not of a novel but of criticism, although with his old dislike of abstract expression he by no means tried to set down systematically any cold theory of æsthetic or ethic. It would be hard to say whether he looked upon "Plato and Platonism" as an attempt to deal with an objective problem, but there can be little doubt that the book will always have more interest for the student of Pater than for the student of Plato.

Pater had always, as has been said, been drawn to the Platonic philosophy as it had appeared in one or another Neo-Platonist — Pico della Miran-

dola, Giordano Bruno, Coleridge — had always been rather a Platonist than an Aristotelian in the sense in which a man must be one or the other, must be alive chiefly to the things of the spirit or to the things of actual experience, had indeed, it is said, constantly read Plato with the undergraduates of Brasenose (passmen I believe) so that his notes on Plato, if he had any, must have covered many years. A book on Plato, then, the outcome of so much varied thought and feeling, could hardly help being a document for the illustrating quite as much the life of Pater himself as that of the Greek philosopher whom he actually resembled so slightly.

Natural, or not, that is what the book is. Grecians and philosophers may read it and criticize it with a view to what it says on its subject. The general reader, even the student of literature, will be more likely to read it consciously or unconsciously as a commentary upon its author. Pater may have realized the fact or not; however it was, he could hardly have avoided putting into the book much of himself, of his own thinking as well as of his own way of thinking.

It could hardly have been by accident that the book begins with the *πάντα ῥεῖ* of Heraclitus. That had been Pater's starting-point, too, or rather his corollaries to that theorem as set down in the Conclusion had been the means of putting him before the eye of the world. And he like Heraclitus had been misunderstood: Heraclitus "we may,

understand " (he says) had meant chiefly to "reduce that world of chaotic mutation to cosmos, to the unity of a reasonable order " but men had been deaf to that harmony and had run away with the more obvious idea which had seemed to them so wicked and sceptical, they had been taken by " the paradoxical and negative tendency there, in natural collusion, as it was, with the destructiveness of undisciplined youth ; that sense of rapid dissolution, which, according to one's temperament and one's luck in things, might extinguish, or kindle all the more eagerly, an interest in the mere phenomena of existence, of one's so hasty passage through the world." Pater himself had presumably not had in mind any definite cosmos or order, when he wrote the Conclusion, but he had had in mind an idea different from that which the world had received, and because of that misconception he had withdrawn the Conclusion until he could feel sure it would be better comprehended.

Nor was the next of the pre-Socratic influences entirely strange to Pater himself. The doctrine of rest, the philosophy of Parmenides, the theory that thought and being are one,—this too in one form or another had already appeared in Pater's writings, for instance in the essay on Wordsworth (p. 42) but more notably in the Imaginary Portrait of Sebastian van Storck, that singular tale of a life so unlike the life that seems congenial to Pater, the life of Marius or of Gaston de Latour. Yet the young Dutchman

was in his own extravagant way a follower of the life of the spirit, though he followed it with "that strange passion for nonentity" which Pater notes in his comment on the doctrine of Parmenides, as appearing often in the history of human thought, Indian, Platonic, Mystic, as well as "in the hard and ambitious intellectualism of Spinoza; a doctrine of pure repellant substance — substance in vacuo, to be lost in which, however, would be the proper consummation of the transitory individual life." When he wrote that, Pater must have had in mind not only Spinoza but the figure he had himself created (drawn in a measure after Spinoza) not long before, of the cold thoughtful young aristocrat of the intellect, who though wholly unlike Marius in his thinking, had at least resembled him — it is the semi-sceptical commentary upon both doctrines — in the way his intellectual logic had finally melted into the logic of passion which had given the necessary completion to his life.

And if we find Pater in his dealings with Heraclitus and Parmenides, no less is he clearly apparent in the third chapter, that on Pythagoras and the doctrine of number, or more comprehensibly it might as well be called the doctrine of rhythm, of music, of harmony. Music he had already declared in "The School of Giorgione" to be "the typical, or ideally consummate art," the true type or measure of perfected art, because in it form and subject were so wholly one. All the other arts, he there

said, approximated to music, and we apprehend them as arts when we appreciate their musical character. But this musical character which he seeks to explain in that essay, it is the unheard music which now in studying Pythagoras as an influence on Plato, he sees as the type or intermediary of an independently existing harmony, and which becomes as the book goes on, the type of the true ideal of the soul.

And so we might go through the book almost chapter by chapter, and show how everywhere Pater was bringing to bear some old thought of his own, a thought suggested originally perhaps by Plato himself and now returning enriched by independent life to illustrate its origin. So we should see in Socrates the teacher whose mind was bent intensely upon young men whom he would have done good to chiefly by arousing them to an interest in themselves. We should see in the Sophists (those first professors of the art of style) teachers who offered some pretended set of literary rules to the student instead of giving him that consciousness of his own thought, which to follow closely, surely, was the only foundation of a true art of writing. We should see in the chapter on the Genius of Plato, (the extract in this selection: see especially p. 158,) that same theory of criticism announced in "The Renaissance" that knowledge as well as beauty inheres in the particular thing,

that it was only because he knew so well the material world that Plato conceived his world of idea. We might almost imagine that Pater's whole previous thinking had been drawn from Plato, were it not otherwise plain that much of it came to be what it was in other ways.

But with all this, with the constant reminiscence of Pater's earlier thought here and there in the book, we may still ask what it tells us that is clear and definite on this question which we have pursued so unsatisfactorily, as to the end toward which our culture should tend. Follow Pater from the beginning, or Plato either, and so far all is merely method. As soon as we left the idea that the wisest filled the moments of life with art and song, merely for the sake of experience itself, we needed some other aim, and so far at least Pater has offered us none. Art we now understand is a means, an influence whereby we may mould our souls according to the sense of fact which the select souls of the world have perpetuated in their art. We may appreciate the fleeting character of life and so make the most of experience, we may be satisfied to think rather than do, we may begin to perceive that there is harmony about us and that we have part therein, we may be sure that we have our finger on the artist's pulse where we note his style, we may live in the concrete, even, eschewing abstractions, theories, facile orthodoxies; still there is yet one thing more, in fact we may imagine it the only thing, for if we

do not know Why, what is the good of a thousand Hows? Is it merely chance that will indicate the application of so much method? What artists shall influence us? What sort of harmony is about us? What concrete things are most worthy our confidence? There are a dozen questions that spring up at once, a question for every statement.

These questions — material questions we might call them — seem to have had no place in Pater's thoughts. Nor do we find any definite answer to them as we run over his whole writing or as we see it condensed in his treatment of Plato.

In the treatment of Plato, however, we do find one idea so prominent that considering what has already been said of the book, we shall hardly go wrong in taking it as a ruling conception in Pater's own thinking, more especially as it is not contrary to what we otherwise know of him, but quite consistent and indeed readily to be developed from it. The book on Plato was possibly thought of by Pater more as a collection of essays than the systematic development of a set of ideas, but the chapters are quite closely related for all that, and all have expression of one side or another, one view or another of one of those great antinomies which is as perplexing now as it was in the days of Plato,— the question of centripetalism and centrifugalism, as Pater calls it. The opposition is not only mentioned in many places, but it is fundamental. Plato saw the

centrifugal tendencies of his day,— the general temper of the Ionians, “ the sea-people ” who have the roaming thoughts of sailors ever ready to float away anywhither amid their walls of wood, the jingo imperialism of Athens, in Plato’s youth fairly showy and successful, the fashionable diffuseness of the Sophists,— Plato saw all that but he was the friend of Socrates who told him to know himself. So against the mobile and fluid temper of the littoral Ionian people he set up the model of the inland Laconian secure without walls amid the hollows of his hills. Alcibiades and the rest were all for some great naval league or another: Plato conceived his Republic on very different bases. The Sophists saw the world of man and said it was the measure of all things; Plato by the spirit perceived absolute truth.

This centripetalism, this resolute withstanding the currents of the outer world, this was at the bottom of Platonism: it is also at the bottom of Pater’s idea, as of many more of his day and generation. Like Socrates Pater would teach young men to be interested in themselves. Florian Deleal, the first imaginary model for those imaginary portraits which all have that family likeness we noticed, how much he must have sought to know himself before he could have noted so carefully all those things in the story of his spirit that we read of in “ The Child in the House.” It was doubtless noth-

ing very new, it was not unnatural that a century which opens with Byron, should bring forth Pater at its close. Not very new, not very distinctive in itself even, and possibly needing a word of defence. It does not seem entirely in keeping with the idea that you should love your neighbor.

Modern thought, it is true, deals readily with that principle, pointing out that altruism per se is contrary to the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, or explaining plausibly that if you are to love your neighbor *as* yourself you must love yourself first or your love will be well-meaning indeed but not very effective.

It is not egoism and altruism, however, that Pater has in mind under his names centripetalism and centrifugalism. It is another one of those invariable paradoxes: it is not so much the question of living for oneself or for others; it is rather the question of living with respect to others, according to others, or according to oneself. And here there is rather more to say. We do not exactly like the words self-assured, self-absorbed, self-centered and we think we do not like the qualities that they represent. "Centripetalism" does not of necessity engender these qualities but it does not discourage them much. Take the other thing, however; consider the case, the life not for self but for the great world outside: should we prefer to be absorbed not in our own thoughts and feelings but in what

other people do or think (or more usually in what they once thought or thought they thought); to try to model our lives by what others think they ought to be, or more often according to what we wish others might think we were; to have the eye out always on those better off than ourselves or worse off or cleverer or more foolish, to measure ourselves always with them, to rate success according as we can impose our will on them, consciously or unconsciously; to be humiliated when we cannot force their admiration or subserviency, to be elated when they take us at our own valuation or what we have determined we ought to be valued at; to like only what it is the fashion to like or the fad or the vogue or the thing, to know what "they" say and do, never to eat nor drink except as other people would approve were they with us? All that sort of thing (that was the world the Sophists taught how to conquer) is surely no better than thinking of ourselves. Success in that direction has its charm and so has the struggle for success, or even defeat, — brilliancy, admiration, praise, esteem, even love, money, power, fame, all those things too depend on somebody else, on other people. You cannot be Napoleon or La Rochefoucauld or Beau Brummell, or we might add Lady Bountiful or the Good Samaritan, all by yourself. You must have a world and live in it and think of it.

Still one may ask "How about peace and charac-

ter and the quiet places of one's soul, and all the charms of simplicity?" and in practice it is really a question of balance,—in theory something deeper but in practice a question of How much to each? Pater would have us keep our attention mostly on ourselves. Culture, as with Matthew Arnold, is the main thing, though of a different kind and with a different aim.

And the principle of culture, if we may follow the discussion of Plato, is harmony. We note the idea everywhere. Even Heraclitus, so Ionian in his doctrine of motion, had in mind "some antiphonal rhythm or logic which proceeding uniformly from movement to movement, as in some intricate musical theme, might link together in one those contending infinitely diverse impulses." Parmenides tended toward the true purpose of all philosophy, the effort "to enforce a reasonable unity and order, to impress some larger likeness of reason as one knows it oneself, upon the chaotic infinitude of the impressions that reach us from every side." In the form of number, of music, it was the foundation of the doctrine of Pythagoras. And in the parts of the book devoted more precisely to Plato it is ever present, sometimes in the concrete form, "the visible presentment of it in the faultless person of the youthful Charmides" or more theoretically in the music, the architecture of the City of the Perfect which molds the characters of its citizens. Har-

mony, music as the full round of the teachings of the Muses, music as the typical art to which other arts constantly tend, indeed, perfection. Only another word for perfection perhaps (simple matter enough) but to be attained not by reaching out or by strife, but by temperance, by reserve, by discipline.

Discipline rather than experience. The idea is constantly appearing. Even in the essay on Wordsworth we have it in the sense of that severe training of the taste necessary to artistic appreciation. In the art casuistries of Flavian and in the later essay on Style it is the exclusion of surplusage, of needless exuberance. In the essay on the Greek athletes it becomes the physical training needful to develop perfection of form. In Sebastian van Storck it is the imperative refusal, demanded by the duties of the intellect, of much in everyday life. In Emerald Uthwart it is that living under constituted rule, so needful for the development of character, and so also in Plato's City of the Perfect, where the half is often more than the whole. Ascêsis, he calls it, meaning thereby not asceticism, but discipline, reasonable exercise, self-restraint, even chastisement of an over-expansive nature.

And that is the last word that Pater left. With all the curiosity, the interest, the appreciation of life, beauty, the world, with all that, yet the final note, struck over and over again, is harmony, self-control, ascêsis. Philosophy, of which the service to

the human spirit was at first said to be to startle it to eager observation, is finally at its best when it gives an insight into that so welcome fitness in the order of the world "which it is the business of the fine arts to convey into material things, of the art of discipline to enforce upon the lives of men."

Bring your impressions, your sensations, your desires into a harmonious order — and wait. Marius and Sebastian van Storck, Pater's typical thinkers, representative of the paradox that existed in Pater's own thought, Marius the all-inclusive, Sebastian the all-exclusive, each realized the final truth not only unwittingly, but in a way neither would have previously conceived.

CHRONOLOGY.

- 1839.—August 4th. Born at Shadwell, a part of London.
- 1853.—Enters King's School, Canterbury.
- 1859.—Enters Queen's Coll., Oxford.
- 1862.—Takes the degree of B. A. and begins to read with private pupils.
- 1864.—Elected Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford.
- 1866.—“Coleridge” in the Westminster Review for January: This is reprinted as the first part of the essay on Coleridge in “Appreciations.”
- 1873.—“Studies in the History of the Renaissance:” Five out of the ten essays had already been published in periodicals.
- 1885.—“Marius the Epicurean.”
- 1886.—Moves, with his sister, to London, retaining however, his college rooms.
- 1887.—“Imaginary Portraits”: four sketches which had appeared in Macmillan's Magazine in the preceding year.
- 1889.—“Appreciations”: eleven essays, all of which had been published in magazines.
- 1893.—“Plato and Platonism.”
- 1893.—Moves back to Oxford.

1894.—July 30. Dies at his own house.

1895.—“Greek Studies.”

1895.—“Miscellaneous Studies.”

1896.—“Gaston de Latour.”

These three books were published under the care of Pater's friend Charles L. Shadwell, who prefixed to the second of them “a brief chronological list of his published writings.”

Between 1886 and 1890 Pater published in *The Guardian* nine reviews. These he never collected, but they were privately printed in 1896 and have since been twice published, in 1898 and 1901.

In *The Athenaeum* June 12, 1897, eleven other articles are noted: these have not been collected.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Not very much has been written of Pater. Toward the end of his life his books were very generally noticed at length and a periodical index will disclose a considerable number of reviews. A number of articles will be found shortly after his death and about the time of publishing his three posthumous volumes. The following are the best things in their various kinds. The curious student will also read Mallock's "New Republic" for a contemporary view of Pater's earlier days.

Dyer, Louis. "Walter Pater." A letter to the "Nation," Aug. 23, 1894, written from Oxford shortly after Pater's death. It gives a statement of his work which though short has some very just remarks.

Gosse, Edmund. "Walter Pater: A Portrait." *Contemporary Review*, December, 1894. This personal sketch must be read by everybody who would add an idea of personal character to a knowledge of Pater's work.

Jacobus, Russell T. "The Blessedness of Egoism." *Fortnightly Review*, March, 1896. The article mentioned on p. xiv.

Johnson, Lionel. "The Work of Mr. Pater." *Fortnightly Review*, September, 1894. An "appreciation" and study of style.

Lee, Vernon. "Renaissance Fancies and Studies." A few pages at the end of the book are worth reading as by one of the sanest and most brilliant of those whom Pater influenced.

Saintsbury, George. "Craik's English Prose," Vol. V. A short note chiefly on Pater's style: much the same thing may be found in the same author's "Nineteenth Century Literature," pp. 398--401.

Symonds, Arthur. "Studies in Two Literatures." pp 169--185. An "appreciation."

—————"Latter Day Pagans." *The Quarterly Review*, July, 1895. The article mentioned on p. lxiii.

A Bibliography of Pater's writings as collected by himself and his literary executor Mr. C. L. Shadwell, will be found in "Miscellaneous Studies."

SELECTIONS

FROM

WALTER PATER

Preface

TO "THE RENAISSANCE."

MANY attempts have been made by writers on art and poetry to define beauty in the abstract, to express it in the most general terms, to find a universal formula for it. The value of these attempts has most often been in the suggestive and penetrating things said by the way. Such discussions help us very little to enjoy what has been well done in art or poetry, to discriminate between what is more and what is less excellent in them, or to
10 use words like beauty, excellence, art, poetry, with a more precise meaning than they would otherwise have. Beauty, like all other qualities presented to human experience, is relative; and the definition of it becomes unmeaning and useless in proportion to
15 its abstractness. To define beauty, not in the most abstract, but in the most concrete terms possible, to find, not a universal formula for it, but the formula which expresses most adequately this or that special manifestation of it, is the aim of the true
20 student of æsthetics.

"To see the object as in itself it really is," has

been justly said to be the aim of all true criticism whatever; and in æsthetic criticism the first step towards seeing one's object as it really is, is to know one's own impression as it really is, to discriminate it, to realise it distinctly. The objects with which æsthetic criticism deals — music, poetry, artistic and accomplished forms of human life — are indeed receptacles of so many powers or forces: they possess, like the products of nature, so many virtues or qualities. What is this song or picture, this engaging personality presented in life or in a book, to *me*? What effect does it really produce on me? Does it give me pleasure? and if so, what sort or degree of pleasure? How is my nature modified by its presence, and under its influence? The answers to these questions are the original facts with which the æsthetic critic has to do; and, as in the study of light, of morals, of number, one must realise such primary data for oneself, or not at all. And he who experiences these impressions strongly, and drives directly at the analysis and discrimination of them, has no need to trouble himself with the abstract question what beauty is in itself, or what its exact relation to truth or experience — metaphysical questions, as unprofitable as metaphysical questions elsewhere. He may pass them all by as being, answerable or not, of no interest to him.

The æsthetic critic, then, regards all the objects with which he has to do, all works of art, and the fairer forms of nature and human life, as powers or forces producing pleasurable sensations, each of a more or less peculiar or unique kind. This influ-

ence he feels, and wishes to explain, analysing it, and reducing it to its elements. To him, the picture, the landscape, the engaging personality in life or in a book, *La Gioconda*, the hills of Carrara, Pico of Mirandola, are valuable for their virtues, as we say, in speaking of a herb, a wine, a gem; for the property each has of affecting one with a special, a unique, impression of pleasure. Our education becomes complete in proportion as our susceptibility to these impressions increases in depth and variety. And the function of the æsthetic critic is to distinguish, analyse, and separate from its adjuncts, the virtue by which a picture, a landscape, a fair personality in life or in a book, produces this special impression of beauty or pleasure, to indicate what the source of that impression is, and under what conditions it is experienced. His end is reached when he has disengaged that virtue, and noted it, as a chemist notes some natural element, for himself and others; and the rule for those who would reach this end is stated with great exactness in the words of a recent critic of Sainte-Beuve:—*De se borner à connaître de près les belles choses, et à s'en nourrir en exquis amateurs, en humanistes accomplis.*

What is important, then, is not that the critic should possess a correct abstract definition of beauty for the intellect, but a certain kind of temperament, the power of being deeply moved by the presence of beautiful objects. He will remember always that beauty exists in many forms. To him all periods, types, schools of taste, are in themselves equal. In all ages there have been some excellent workmen, and some excellent work done. The

question he asks is always :— In whom did the stir, the genius, the sentiment of the period find itself? where was the receptacle of its refinement, its elevation, its taste? “ The ages are all equal,” says William Blake, “ but genius is always above its age.” 5

Often it will require great nicety to disengage this virtue from the commoner elements with which it may be found in combination. Few artists, not Goethe or Byron even, work quite cleanly, casting off all *débris*, and leaving us only what the heat of 10 their imagination has wholly fused and transformed. Take, for instance, the writings of Wordsworth. The heat of his genius, entering into the substance of his work, has crystallised a part, but only a part, of it; and in that great mass of verse 15 there is much which might well be forgotten. But scattered up and down it, sometimes fusing and transforming entire compositions, like the stanzas on *Resolution and Independence*, and the Ode on the *Recollections of Childhood*, sometimes, as if at ran- 20 dom, depositing a fine crystal here or there, in a matter it does not wholly search through and transform, we trace the action of his unique, incommunicable faculty, that strange, mystical sense of a life in natural things, and of man's life as a part of na- 25 ture, drawing strength and colour and character from local influences, from the hills and streams, and from natural sights and sounds. Well! that is the *virtue*, the active principle in Wordsworth's poetry; and then the function of the critic of 30 Wordsworth is to follow up that active principle, to disengage it, to mark the degree in which it penetrates his verse.

The subjects of the following studies are taken from the history of the Renaissance, and touch what I think the chief points in that complex, many-sided movement. I have explained in the first of
5 them what I understand by the word, giving it a much wider scope than was intended by those who originally used it to denote only that revival of classical antiquity in the fifteenth century which was but one of many results of a general excitement
10 and enlightening of the human mind, of which the great aim and achievements of what, as Christian art, is often falsely opposed to the Renaissance, were another result. This outbreak of the human spirit may be traced far into the Middle Age itself,
15 with its qualities already clearly pronounced, the care for physical beauty, the worship of the body, the breaking down of those limits which the religious system of the Middle Age imposed on the heart and the imagination. I have taken as an example
20 of this movement, this earlier Renaissance within the Middle Age itself, and as an expression of its qualities, two little compositions in early French; not because they constitute the best possible expression of them, but because they help the unity
25 of my series, inasmuch as the Renaissance ends also in France, in French poetry, in a phase of which the writings of Joachim du Bellay are in many ways the most perfect illustration; the Renaissance thus putting forth in France an after-
30 math, a wonderful later growth, the products of which have to the full that subtle and delicate sweetness which belongs to a refined and comely decadence; just as its earliest phases have the freshness

which belongs to all periods of growth in art, the charm of *ascêsis*, of the austere and serious girding of the loins in youth.

But it is in Italy, in the fifteenth century, that the interest of the Renaissance mainly lies,—in that solemn fifteenth century which can hardly be studied too much, not merely for its positive results in the things of the intellect and the imagination, its concrete works of art, its special and prominent personalities, with their profound æsthetic charm, but for its general spirit and character, for the ethical qualities of which it is a consummate type.

The various forms of intellectual activity which together make up the culture of an age, move for the most part from different starting-points, and by unconnected roads. As products of the same generation they partake, indeed, of a common character, and unconsciously illustrate each other; but of the producers themselves, each group is solitary, gaining what advantage or disadvantage there may be in intellectual isolation. Art and poetry, philosophy and the religious life, and that other life of refined pleasure and action in the open places of the world, are each of them confined to its own circle of ideas, and those who prosecute either of them are generally little curious of the thoughts of others. There come, however, from time to time, eras of more favourable conditions, in which the thoughts of men draw nearer together than is their wont, and the many interests of the intellectual world combine in one complete type of general culture. The fifteenth century in Italy is one of these happier

eras; and what is sometimes said of the age of Pericles is true of that of Lorenzo:—it is an age productive in personalities, many-sided, centralised, complete. Here, artists and philosophers and those
5 whom the action of the world has elevated and made keen, do not live in isolation, but breathe a common air, and catch light and heat from each other's thoughts. There is a spirit of general elevation and enlightenment in which all alike communicate.
10 It is the unity of this spirit which gives unity to all the various products of the Renaissance; and it is to this intimate alliance with mind, this participation in the best thoughts which that age produced, that the art of Italy in the fifteenth century
15 owes much of its grave dignity and influence.

I have added an essay on Winckelmann, as not incongruous with the studies which precede it, because Winckelmann, coming in the eighteenth century, really belongs in spirit to an earlier age. By
20 his enthusiasm for the things of the intellect and the imagination for their own sake, by his Hellenism, his life-long struggle to attain to the Greek spirit, he is in sympathy with the humanists of an earlier century. He is the last fruit of the Renaissance, and explains in a striking way its motive
25 and tendencies.

(From *The Renaissance*, 1873.)

Sandro Botticelli

IN Leonardo's treatise on painting only one contemporary is mentioned by name — Sandro Botticelli. This pre-eminence may be due to chance only, but to some will rather appear a result of deliberate judgment; for people have begun to find out the charm of Botticelli's work, and his name, little known in the last century, is quietly becoming important. In the middle of the fifteenth century he had already anticipated much of that meditative subtlety, which is sometimes supposed peculiar to the great imaginative workmen of its close. Leaving the simple religion which had occupied the followers of Giotto for a century, and the simple naturalism which had grown out of it, a thing of birds and flowers only, he sought inspiration in what him were works of the modern world, the writings of Dante and Boccaccio, and in new readings of his own of classical stories: or, if he painted religious incidents, painted them with an under-current of original sentiment, which touches you as the real matter of the picture through the veil of its ostensible subject. What is the peculiar sensation, what is the peculiar quality of pleasure, which his work has the property of exciting in us, and which we cannot get elsewhere? For this, especially when he has to speak of a comparatively unknown artist, is always the chief question which a critic has to answer.

In an age when the lives of artists were full of adventure, his life is almost colourless. Criticism indeed has cleared away much of the gossip which Vasari accumulated, has touched the legend of Lippo and Lucrezia, and rehabilitated the character of Andrea del Castagno; but in Botticelli's case there is no legend to dissipate. He did not even go by his true name: Sandro is a nickname, and his true name is Filipepi, Botticelli being only the name of the goldsmith who first taught him art. Only two things happened to him, two things which he shared with other artists:— he was invited to Rome to paint in the Sistine Chapel, and he fell in later life under the influence of Savonarola, passing apparently almost out of men's sight in a sort of religious melancholy, which lasted till his death in 1515, according to the received date. Vasari says that he plunged into the study of Dante, and even wrote a comment on the *Divine Comedy*. But it seems strange that he should have lived on inactive so long; and one almost wishes that some document might come to light, which, fixing the date of his death earlier, might relieve one, in thinking of him, of his dejected old age.

He is before all things a poetical painter, blending the charm of story and sentiment, the medium of the art of poetry, with the charm of line and colour, the medium of abstract painting. So he becomes the illustrator of Dante. In a few rare examples of the edition of 1481, the blank spaces, left at the beginning of every canto for the hand of the illuminator, have been filled, as far as the nineteenth canto of the *Inferno*, with impressions of engraved

plates, seemingly by way of experiment, for in the copy in the Bodleian Library, one of the three impressions it contains has been printed upside down, and much awry, in the midst of the luxurious printed page. Giotto, and the followers of Giotto, 5 with their almost childish religious aim, had not learned to put that weight of meaning into outward things, light, colour, everyday gesture, which the poetry of the *Divine Comedy* involves, and before the fifteenth century Dante could hardly have 10 found an illustrator. Botticelli's illustrations are crowded with incident, blending, with a naïve carelessness of pictorial propriety, three phases of the same scene into one plate. The grotesques, so often a stumbling-block to painters who forget that the 15 words of a poet, which only feebly present an image to the mind, must be lowered in key when translated into form, make one regret that he has not rather chosen for illustration the more subdued imagery of the *Purgatorio*. Yet in the scene of 20 those who "go down quick into hell," there is an invention about the fire taking hold on the upturned soles of the feet, which proves that the design is no mere translation of Dante's words, but a true painter's vision; while the scene of the Centaurs 25 wins one at once, for, forgetful of the actual circumstances of their appearance, Botticelli has gone off with delight on the thought of the Centaurs themselves, bright, small creatures of the woodland, with arch baby faces and mignon forms, drawing 30 tiny bows.

Botticelli lived in a generation of naturalists, and he might have been a mere naturalist among them.

There are traces enough in his work of that alert sense of outward things, which, in the pictures of that period, fills the lawns with delicate living creatures, and the hillsides with pools of water, and the pools of water with flowering reeds. But this was not enough for him; he is a visionary painter, and in his visionariness he resembles Dante. Giotto, the tried companion of Dante, Masaccio, Ghirlandajo even, do but transcribe, with more or less refining, the outward image; they are dramatic, not visionary painters; they are almost impassive spectators of the action before them. But the genius of which Botticelli is the type usurps the data before it as the exponent of ideas, moods, visions of its own; in this interest it plays fast and loose with those data, rejecting some and isolating others, and always combining them anew. To him, as to Dante, the scene, the colour, the outward image or gesture, comes with all its incisive and importunate reality; but awakes in him, moreover, by some subtle law of his own structure, a mood which it awakes in no one else, of which it is the double or repetition, and which it clothes, that all may share it, with sensuous circumstance.

But he is far enough from accepting the conventional orthodoxy of Dante which, referring all human action to the simple formula of purgatory, heaven and hell, leaves an insoluble element of prose in the depths of Dante's poetry. One picture of his, with the portrait of the donor, Matteo Palmieri, below, had the credit or discredit of attracting some shadow of ecclesiastical censure. This Matteo Palmieri — two dim figures move under that name in

contemporary history — was the reputed author of a poem, still unedited, *La Città Divina*, which represented the human race as an incarnation of those angels who, in the revolt of Lucifer, were neither for Jehovah nor for His enemies, a fantasy of that earlier Alexandrian philosophy about which the Florentine intellect in that century was so curious. Botticelli's picture may have been only one of those familiar compositions in which religious reverie has recorded its impressions of the various forms of beatified existence — *Glorias*, as they were called, like that in which Giotto painted the portrait of Dante; but somehow it was suspected of embodying in a picture the wayward dream of Palmieri, and the chapel where it hung was closed. Artists so entire as Botticelli are usually careless about philosophical theories, even when the philosopher is a Florentine of the fifteenth century, and his work a poem in *terza rima*. But Botticelli, who wrote a commentary on Dante, and became the disciple of Savonarola, may well have let such theories come and go across him. True or false, the story interprets much of the peculiar sentiment with which he infuses his profane and sacred persons, comely, and in a certain sense like angels, but with a sense of displacement or loss about them — the wistfulness of exiles, conscious of a passion and energy greater than any known issue of them explains, which runs through all his varied work with a sentiment of ineffable melancholy.

So just what Dante scorns as unworthy alike of heaven and hell, Botticelli accepts, that middle world in which men take no side in great conflicts,

and decide no great causes, and make great refusals. He thus sets for himself the limits within which art, undisturbed by any moral ambition, does its most sincere and surest work. His interest is
5 neither in the untempered goodness of Angelico's saints, nor the untempered evil of Orcagna's *Inferno*; but with men and women, in their mixed and uncertain condition, always attractive, clothed sometimes by passion with a character of loveliness
10 and energy, but saddened perpetually by the shadow upon them of the great things from which they shrink. His morality is all sympathy; and it is this sympathy, conveying into his work somewhat more than is usual of the true complexion of humanity,
15 which makes him, visionary as he is, so forcible a realist.

It is this which gives to his Madonnas their unique expression and charm. He has worked out in them a distinct and peculiar type, definite enough
20 in his own mind, for he has painted it over and over again, sometimes one might think almost mechanically, as a pastime during that dark period when his thoughts were so heavy upon him. Hardly any collection of note is without one of these circular
25 pictures, into which the attendant angels depress their heads so naïvely. Perhaps you have sometimes wondered why those pceevish-looking Madonnas, conformed to no acknowledged or obvious type of beauty, attract you more and more, and
30 often come back to you when the Sistine Madonna and the Virgins of Fra Angelico are forgotten. At first, contrasting them with those, you may have thought that there was something in them mean or

abject even, for the abstract lines of the face have little nobleness, and the colour is wan. For with Botticelli she too, though she holds in her hands the "Desire of all nations," is one of those who are neither for Jehovah nor for His enemies; and her choice is on her face. The white light on it is cast up hard and cheerless from below, as when snow lies upon the ground, and the children look up with surprise at the strange whiteness of the ceiling. Her trouble is in the very caress of the mysterious child, whose gaze is always far from her, and who has already that sweet look of devotion which men have never been able altogether to love, and which still makes the born saint an object almost of suspicion to his earthly brethren. Once, indeed, he guides her hand to transcribe in a book the words of her exaltation, the *Ave*, and the *Magnificat*, and the *Gaude Maria*, and the young angels, glad to rouse her for a moment from her dejection, are eager to hold the inkhorn and to support the book; but the pen almost drops from her hand, and the high cold words have no meaning for her, and her true children are those others, among whom, in her rude home, the intolerable honour came to her, with that look of wistful inquiry on their irregular faces which you see in startled animals — gipsy children, such as those who, in Apennine villages, still hold out their long brown arms to beg of you, but on Sundays become *enfants du cœur*, with their thick black hair nicely combed, and fair white linen on their sunburnt throats.

What is strangest is that he carries this sentiment into classical subjects, its most complete expression

being a picture in the *Uffizi*, of Venus rising from the sea, in which the grotesque emblems of the Middle Age, and a landscape full of its peculiar feeling, and even its strange draperies powdered all
5 over in the Gothic manner with a quaint conceit of daisies, frame a figure that reminds you of the faultless nude studies of Ingres. At first, perhaps, you are attracted only by a quaintness of design, which seems to recall all at once whatever you have
10 read of Florence in the fifteenth century; afterwards you may think that this quaintness must be incongruous with the subject, and that the colour is cadaverous or at least cold. And yet, the more you come to understand what imaginative colour-
15 ing really is, that all colour is no mere delightful quality of natural things, but a spirit upon them by which they become expressive to the spirit, the better you will like this peculiar quality of colour; and you will find that quaint design of Botticelli's
20 a more direct inlet into the Greek temper than the works of the Greeks themselves even of the finest period. Of the Greeks as they really were, of their difference from ourselves, of the aspects of their outward life, we know far more than Botticelli, or
25 his most learned contemporaries; but for us long familiarity has taken off the edge of the lesson, and we are hardly conscious of what we owe to the Hellenic spirit. But in pictures like this of Botticelli's you have a record of the first impression made by it
30 on minds turned back towards it, in almost painful aspiration, from a world in which it had been ignored so long; and in the passion, the energy, the industry of realisation, with which 'Botticelli

carries out his intention, is the exact measure of the legitimate influence over the human mind of the imaginative system of which this is the central myth. The light is indeed cold — mere sunless dawn; but a later painter would have cloyed you⁵ with sunshine; and you can see the better for that quietness in the morning air each long promontory, as it slopes down to the water's edge. Men go forth to their labours until the evening; but she is awake before them, and you might think that the¹⁰ sorrow in her face was at the thought of the whole long day of love yet to come. An emblematical figure of the wind blows hard across the grey water, moving forward the dainty-lipped shell on which she sails, the sea "showing his teeth" as it moves¹⁵ in thin lines of foam, and sucking in, one by one, the falling roses, each severe in outline, plucked off short at the stalk, but embrowned a little, as Botticelli's flowers always are. Botticelli meant all that imagery to be altogether pleasurable; and it²⁰ was partly an incompleteness of resources, inseparable from the art of that time, that subdued and chilled it; but his predilection for minor tones counts also; and what is unmistakable is the sadness with which he has conceived the goddess of pleas-²⁵ure, as the depositary of a great power over the lives of men.

I have said that the peculiar character of Botticelli is the result of a blending in him of a sympathy for humanity in its uncertain condition, its attract-³⁰iveness, its investiture at rarer moments in a character of loveliness and energy, with his consciousness of the shadow upon it of the great things from

which it shrinks, and that this conveys into his work somewhat more than painting usually attains of the true complexion of humanity. He paints the story of the goddess of pleasure in other episodes besides
5 that of her birth from the sea, but never without some shadow of death in the grey flesh and wan flowers. He paints Madonnas, but they shrink from the pressure of the divine child, and plead in unmistakable undertones for a warmer, lower human-
10 ity. The same figure — tradition connects it with Simonetta, the mistress of Giuliano de' Medici — appears again as Judith, returning home across the hill country, when the great deed is over, and the moment of revulsion come, when the olive branch
15 in her hand is becoming a burthen; as *Justice*, sitting on a throne, but with a fixed look of self-hatred which makes the sword in her hand seem that of a suicide; and again as *Veritas*, in the allegorical picture of *Calumnia*, where one may note
20 in passing the suggestiveness of an accident which identifies the image of Truth with the person of Venus. We might trace the same sentiment through his engravings; but his share in them is doubtful, and the object of this brief study has been
25 attained, if I have defined aright the temper in which he worked.

But, after all, it may be asked, is a painter like Botticelli, a secondary painter, a proper subject for general criticism? There are a few great paint-
25 ers, like Michelangelo or Leonardo, whose work has become a force in general culture, partly for this very reason that they have absorbed into themselves all such workmen as Sandro Botticelli; and,

over and above mere technical or antiquarian criticism, general criticism may be very well employed in that sort of interpretation which adjusts the position of these men to general culture, whereas smaller men can be the proper subjects only of technical or antiquarian treatment. But, besides those great men, there is a certain number of artists who have a distinct faculty of their own by which they convey to us a peculiar quality of pleasure which we cannot get elsewhere; and these, too, have their place in general culture, and must be interpreted to it by those who have felt their charm strongly, and are often the objects of a special diligence and a consideration wholly affectionate, just because there is not about them the stress of a great name and authority. Of this select number Botticelli is one; he has the freshness, the uncertain and diffident promise which belongs to the earlier Renaissance itself, and makes it perhaps the most interesting period in the history of the mind: in studying his work one begins to understand to how great a place in human culture the art of Italy had been called.

(From the *Fortnightly Review*, August, 1870. *The Renaissance*, 1873.)

Conclusion

Λέγει που Ἡράκλειτος ὅτι πάντα χωρεῖ καὶ οὐδὲν μένει

To regard all things and principles of things as inconstant modes or fashions has more and more become the tendency of modern thought. Let us begin with that which is without — our physical
5 life. Fix upon it in one of its more exquisite intervals, the moment, for instance, of delicious recoil from the flood of water in summer heat. What is the whole physical life in that moment but a combination of natural elements to which science gives
10 their names? But these elements, phosphorus and lime and delicate fibres, are present not in the human body alone: we detect them in places most remote from it. Our physical life is a perpetual motion of them — the passage of the blood, the wast-
15 ing and repairing of the lenses of the eye, the modification of the tissues of the brain by every ray of light and sound — processes which science reduces to simpler and more elementary forces. Like the elements of which we are composed, the action of
20 these forces extends beyond us; it rusts iron and ripens corn. Far out on every side of us those elements are broadcast, driven by many forces; and birth and gesture and death and the springing of violets from the grave are but a few out of ten thou-
25 sand resultant combinations. That clear, perpetual outline of face and limb is but an image of ours, under which we group them — a design in a web,

the actual threads of which pass out beyond it. This at least of flame-like our life has, that it is but the concurrence, renewed from moment to moment, of forces parting sooner or later on their ways.

Or if we begin with the inward world of thought⁵ and feeling, the whirlpool is still more rapid, the flame more eager and devouring. There it is no longer the gradual darkening of the eye and fading of colour from the wall,—the movement of the shore-side, where the water flows down indeed,¹⁰ though in apparent rest,—but the race of the mid-stream, a drift of momentary acts of sight and passion and thought. At first sight experience seems to bury us under a flood of external objects, pressing upon us with a sharp and importunate reality,¹⁵ calling us out of ourselves in a thousand forms of action. But when reflexion begins to act upon those objects they are dissipated under its influence; the cohesive force seems suspended like a trick of magic; each object is loosed into a group of²⁰ impressions — colour, odour, texture — in the mind of the observer. And if we continue to dwell in thought on this world, not of objects in the solidity with which language invests them, but of impressions unstable, flickering, inconsistent, which burn²⁵ and are extinguished with our consciousness of them, it contracts still further; the whole scope of observation is dwarfed to the narrow chamber of the individual mind. Experience, already reduced to a swarm of impressions, is ringed round for each³⁰ one of us by that thick wall of personality through which no real voice has ever pierced on its way to us, or from us to that which we can only conjecture

to be without. Every one of those impressions is the impression of the individual in his isolation, each mind keeping as a solitary prisoner its own dream of a world.

5 Analysis goes a step farther still, and assures us that those impressions of the individual mind to which, for each one of us, experience dwindles down, are in perpetual flight; that each of them is limited by time, and that as time is
10 infinitely divisible, each of them is infinitely divisible also; all that is actual in it being a single moment, gone while we try to apprehend it, of which it may ever be more truly said that it has ceased to be than that it is. To such a tremulous wisp
15 constantly reforming itself on the stream, to a single sharp impression, with a sense in it, a relic more or less fleeting, of such moments gone by, what is real in our life fines itself down. It is with this movement, with the passage and dissolution of im-
20 pressions, images, sensations, that analysis leaves off—that continual vanishing away, that strange, perpetual weaving and unweaving of ourselves.

Philosophiren, says Novalis, *ist dephlegmatisiren vivificiren*. The service of philosophy, of speculative culture, towards the human spirit is to rouse,
25 to startle it into sharp and eager observation. Every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or the sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion or insight or
30 intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive for us,—for that moment only. Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given to us

of a variegated, dramatic, life. How may we see in them all that is to be seen in them by the finest senses? How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?

To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life. In a sense it might even be said that our failure is to form habits: for, after all, habit is relative to a stereotyped world, and meantime it is only the roughness of the eye that makes any two persons, things, situations, seem alike. While all melts under our feet, we may well catch at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colours, and curious odours, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend. Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening. With this sense of the splendour of our experience and of its awful brevity, gathering all we are into one desperate effort to see and touch, we shall hardly have time to make theories about the things we see and touch. What we have to do is to be for ever curiously testing new opinions and courting new impressions, never acquiescing in a facile orthodoxy of Comte, or of Hegel, or of our own. Philosophical theories or ideas, as points of view, instruments of criticism, may help us to

gather up what might otherwise pass unregarded by us. "Philosophy is the microscope of thought." The theory or idea or system which requires of us the sacrifice of any part of this experience, in consideration of some interest into which we cannot enter, or some abstract theory we have not identified with ourselves, or what is only conventional, has no real claim upon us.

One of the most beautiful passages in the writings of Rousseau is that in the sixth book of the *Confessions*, where he describes the awakening in him of the literary sense. An undefinable taint of death had always clung about him, and now in early manhood he believed himself smitten by mortal disease. He asked himself how he might make as much as possible of the interval that remained; and he was not biassed by anything in his previous life when he decided that it must be by intellectual excitement, which he found just then in the clear, fresh writings of Voltaire. Well! we are all *condamnés*, as Victor Hugo says: we are all under sentence of death but with a sort of indefinite reprieve — *les hommes sont tous condamnés à mort avec des sursis indéfinis*: we have an interval, and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passions, the wisest, at least among "the children of this world," in art and song. For our one chance lies in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time. Great passions may give us this quickened sense of life, ecstasy and sorrow of love, the various forms of enthusiastic activity, disinterested or otherwise, which come naturally to

many of us. Only be sure it is passion — that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness. Of this wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for art's sake, has most; for art comes to you professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake.

(1868. From *The Renaissance*, 1873.)

Wordsworth

SOME English critics at the beginning of the present century had a great deal to say concerning a distinction, of much importance, as they thought, in the true estimate of poetry, between the *Fancy*,
5 and another more powerful faculty — the *Imagination*. This metaphysical distinction, borrowed originally from the writings of German philosophers, and perhaps not always clearly apprehended by those who talked of it, involved a far deeper and
10 more vital distinction, with which indeed all true criticism more or less directly has to do, the distinction, namely, between higher and lower degrees of intensity in the poet's perception of his subject, and in his concentration of himself upon his work.
15 Of those who dwelt upon the metaphysical distinction between the *Fancy* and the *Imagination*, it was Wordsworth who made the most of it, assuming it as the basis for the final classification of his poetical writings; and it is in these writings that the
20 deeper and more vital distinction, which, as I have said, underlies the metaphysical distinction, is most needed, and may best be illustrated.

For nowhere is there so perplexed a mixture as in Wordsworth's own poetry, of work touched with
25 intense and individual power, with work of almost no character at all. He has much conventional sentiment, and some of that insincere poetic diction, against which his most serious critical efforts were

directed: the reaction in his political ideas, consequent on the excesses of 1795, makes him, at times, a mere declaimer on moral and social topics; and he seems, sometimes, to force an unwilling pen, and write by rule. By making the most of these 5 blemishes it is possible to obscure the true æsthetic value of his work, just as his life also, a life of much quiet delicacy and independence, might easily be placed in a false focus, and made to appear a somewhat tame theme in illustration of the more obvious 10 parochial virtues. And those who wish to understand his influence, and experience his peculiar savour, must bear with patience the presence of an alien element in Wordsworth's work, which never coalesced with what is really delightful in it, nor 15 underwent his special power. Who that values his writings most has not felt the intrusion there, from time to time, of something tedious and prosaic? Of all poets equally great, he would gain most by a skilfully made anthology. Such a selection would 20 show, in truth, not so much what he was, or to himself or others seemed to be, as what, by the more energetic and fertile quality in his writings, he was ever tending to become. And the mixture in his work, as it actually stands, is so perplexed, that one 25 fears to miss the least promising composition even, lest some precious morsel should be lying hidden within—the few perfect lines, the phrase, the single word perhaps, to which he often works up mechanically through a poem, almost the whole of which 30 may be tame enough. He who thought that in all creative work the larger part was *given* passively, to the recipient mind, who waited so dutifully upon the

gift, to whom so large a measure was sometimes given, had his times also of desertion and relapse; and he has permitted the impress of these too to remain in his work. And this duality there — the
5 fitfulness with which the higher qualities manifest themselves in it, gives the effect in his poetry of a power not altogether his own, or under his control, which comes and goes when it will, lifting or lowering a matter, poor in itself; so that that old fancy
10 which made the poet's art an enthusiasm, a form of divine possession, seems almost literally true of him.

This constant suggestion of an absolute duality between higher and lower moods, and the work
15 done in them, stimulating one always to look below the surface, makes the reading of Wordsworth an excellent sort of training towards the things of art and poetry. It begets in those, who, coming across him in youth, can bear him at all, a habit of
20 reading between the lines, a faith in the effect of concentration and collectedness of mind in the right appreciation of poetry, an expectation of things, in this order, coming to one by means of a right discipline of the temper as well as of the intellect. He
25 meets us with the promise that he has much, and something very peculiar, to give us, if we will follow a certain difficult way, and seems to have the secret of a special and privileged state of mind. And those who have undergone his influence, and followed this difficult way, are like people who have
30 passed through some initiation, a *disciplina arcani*, by submitting to which they become able constantly to distinguish in art, speech, feeling, manners, that

which is organic, animated, expressive, from that which is only conventional, derivative, inexpressive.

But although the necessity of selecting these precious morsels for oneself is an opportunity for the exercise of Wordsworth's peculiar influence, and induces a kind of just criticism and true estimate of it, yet the purely literary product would have been more excellent, had the writer himself purged away that alien element. How perfect would have been the little treasury, shut between the covers of how thin a book! Let us suppose the desired separation made, the electric thread untwined, the golden pieces, great and small, lying apart together. What are the peculiarities of this residue? What special sense does Wordsworth exercise, and what instincts does he satisfy? What are the subjects and the motives which in him excite the imaginative faculty? What are the qualities in things and persons which he values, the impression and sense of which he can convey to others, in an extraordinary way?

An intimate consciousness of the expression of natural things, which weighs, listens, penetrates, where the earlier mind passed roughly by, is a large element in the complexion of modern poetry. It has been remarked as a fact in mental history again and again. It reveals itself in many forms; but is strongest and most attractive in what is strongest and most attractive in modern literature. It is exemplified, almost equally, by writers as unlike each other as Senancour and Théophile Gautier: as a singular chapter in the history of the human mind,

its growth might be traced from Rousseau to Chateaubriand, from Chateaubriand to Victor Hugo: it has doubtless some latent connexion with those pantheistic theories which locate an intelligent soul in material things, and have largely exercised men's minds in some modern systems of philosophy: it is traceable even in the graver writings of historians: it makes as much difference between ancient and modern landscape art, as there is between the rough masks of an early mosaic and a portrait by Reynolds or Gainsborough. Of this new sense, the writings of Wordsworth are the central and elementary expression: he is more simply and entirely occupied with it than any other poet, though there are fine expressions of precisely the same thing in so different a poet as Shelley. There was in his own character a certain contentment, a sort of inborn religious placidity, seldom found united with a sensibility so mobile as his, which was favourable to the quiet, habitual observation of inanimate, or imperfectly animate, existence. His life of eighty years is divided by no very profoundly felt incidents: its changes are almost wholly inward, and it falls into broad, untroubled, perhaps somewhat monotonous spaces. What it most resembles is the life of one of those early Italian or Flemish painters, who, just because their minds were full of heavenly visions, passed, some of them, the better part of sixty years in quiet, systematic industry. This placid life matured a quite unusual sensibility, really innate in him, to the sights and sounds of the natural world — the flower and its shadow on the stone, the cuckoo and its echo. The poem of

Resolution and Independence is a storehouse of such records: for its fulness of imagery it may be compared to Keats's *Saint Agnes' Eve*. To read one of his longer pastoral poems for the first time, is like a day spent in a new country: the memory is crowded for a while with its precise and vivid incidents —

"The pliant harebell swinging in the breeze
On some grey rock"; —

"The single sheep and the one blasted tree
And the bleak music from that old stone wall"; —

"And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn"; —

"And that green corn all day is rustling in thine ears."

Clear and delicate at once, as he is in the outlining of visible imagery, he is more clear and delicate still, and finely scrupulous, in the noting of sounds; so that he conceives of noble sound as even moulding the human countenance to nobler types, and as something actually "profaned" by colour, by visible form, or image. He has a power likewise of realising, and conveying to the consciousness of the reader, abstract and elementary impressions — silence, darkness, absolute motionlessness: or, again, the whole complex sentiment of a particular place, the abstract expression of desolation in the long white road, of peacefulness in a particular folding of the hills. In the airy building of the brain, a special day or hour even, comes to have for him a sort of personal identity, a spirit or angel given to it, by which, for its exceptional insight, or the happy light upon it, it has a presence in one's history, and

acts there, as a separate power or accomplishment; and he has celebrated in many of his poems the "efficacious spirit," which, as he says, resides in these "particular spots" of time.

5 It is to such a world, and to a world of congruous meditation thereon, that we see him retiring in his but lately published poem of *The Recluse* — taking leave, without much count of costs, of the world of business, of action and ambition, as also of all that
10 for the majority of mankind counts as sensuous enjoyment.

And so it came about that this sense of a life in natural objects, which in most poetry is but a rhetorical artifice, is with Wordsworth the assertion
15 of what for him is almost literal fact. To him every natural object seemed to possess more or less of a moral or spiritual life, to be capable of a companionship with man, full of expression, of inexplicable affinities and delicacies of intercourse.
20 An emanation, a particular spirit, belonged, not to the moving leaves or water only, but to the distant peak of the hills arising suddenly, by some change of perspective, above the nearer horizon, to the passing space of light across the plain, to the lich-
25 ened Druidic stone even, for a certain weird fellowship in it with the moods of men. It was like a "survival," in the peculiar intellectual temperament of a man of letters at the end of the eighteenth century, of that primitive condition, which some phi-
30 losophers have traced in the general history of human culture, wherein all outward objects alike, including even the works of men's hands, were believed to be endowed with animation, and the

world was "full of souls"—that mood in which the old Greek gods were first begotten, and which had many strange aftergrowths.

In the early ages, this belief, delightful as its effects on poetry often are, was but the result of a crude intelligence. But, in Wordsworth, such power of seeing life, such perception of a soul, in inanimate things, came of an exceptional susceptibility to the impressions of eye and ear, and was, in its essence, a kind of sensuousness. At least, it is only in a temperament exceptionally susceptible on the sensuous side, that this sense of the expressiveness of outward things comes to be so large a part of life. That he awakened "a sort of thought in sense," is Shelley's just estimate of this element in Wordsworth's poetry.

And it was through nature, thus ennobled by a semblance of passion and thought, that he approached the spectacle of human life. Human life, indeed, is for him, at first, only an additional, accidental grace on an expressive landscape. When he thought of man, it was of man as in the presence and under the influence of these effective natural objects, and linked to them by many associations. The close connexion of man with natural objects, the habitual association of his thoughts and feelings with a particular spot of earth, has sometimes seemed to degrade those who are subject to its influence, as if it did but reinforce that physical connexion of our nature with the actual lime and clay of the soil, which is always drawing us nearer to our end. But for Wordsworth, these influences tended to the dignity of human nature, because

they tended to tranquillise it. By raising nature to the level of human thought he gives it power and expression: he subdues man to the level of nature, and gives him thereby a certain breadth
5 and coolness and solemnity. The leech-gatherer on the moor, the woman "stepping westward," are for him natural objects, almost in the same sense as the aged thorn, or the lichened rock on the heath. In this sense the leader of the "Lake School," in
10 spite of an earnest preoccupation with man, his thoughts, his destiny, is the poet of nature. And of nature, after all, in its modesty. The English lake country has, of course, its grandeurs. But the peculiar function of Wordsworth's genius, as car-
15 rying in it a power to open out the soul of apparently little or familiar things, would have found its true test had he become the poet of Surrey, say! and the prophet of its life. The glories of Italy and Switzerland, though he did write a little about
20 them, had too potent a material life of their own to serve greatly his poetic purpose.

Religious sentiment, consecrating the affections and natural regrets of the human heart, above all, that pitiful awe and care for the perishing human
25 clay, of which relic-worship is but the corruption, has always had much to do with localities, with the thoughts which attach themselves to actual scenes and places. Now what is true of it everywhere, is truest of it in those secluded valleys where one
30 generation after another maintains the same abiding-place; and it was on this side, that Wordsworth apprehended religion most strongly. Consisting, as it did so much, in the recognition of local sanc-

tities, in the habit of connecting the stones and trees of a particular spot of earth with the great events of life, till the low walls, the green mounds, the half-obliterated epitaphs seemed full of voices, and a sort of natural oracles, the very religion of these people of the dales appeared but as another link between them and the earth, and was literally a religion of nature. It tranquillised them by bringing them under the placid rule of traditional and narrowly localised observances. "Grave livers," they seemed to him, under this aspect, with stately speech, and something of that natural dignity of manners, which underlies the highest courtesy. 10

And, seeing man thus as a part of nature, elevated and solemnised in proportion as his daily life and occupations brought him into companionship with permanent natural objects, his very religion forming new links for him with the narrow limits of the valley, the low vaults of his church, the rough stones of his home, made intense for him now with profound sentiment, Wordsworth was able to appreciate passion in the lowly. He chooses to depict people from humble life, because, being nearer to nature than others, they are on the whole more impassioned, certainly more direct in their expression of passion, than other men: it is for this direct expression of passion, that he values their humble words. In much that he said in exaltation of rural life, he was but pleading indirectly for that sincerity, that perfect fidelity to one's own inward presentations, to the precise features of the picture within, without which any profound poetry is impossible. It was not for their tameness, but 15 20 25 30

for this passionate sincerity, that he chose incidents and situations from common life, "related in a selection of language really used by men." He constantly endeavours to bring his language near to
5 the real language of men: to the real language of men, however, not on the dead level of their ordinary intercourse, but in select moments of vivid sensation, when this language is winnowed and ennobled by excitement. There are poets who
10 have chosen rural life as their subject, for the sake of its passionless repose, and times when Wordsworth himself extols the mere calm and dispassionate survey of things as the highest aim of poetical culture. But it was not for such passion-
15 less calm that he preferred the scenes of pastoral life; and the meditative poet, sheltering himself, as it might seem, from the agitations of the outward world, is in reality only clearing the scene for the great exhibitions of emotion, and what he values
20 most is the almost elementary expression of elementary feelings.

And so he has much for those who value highly the concentrated presentment of passion, who appraise men and women by their susceptibility to it,
25 and art and poetry as they afford the spectacle of it. Breaking from time to time into the pensive spectacle of their daily toil, their occupations near to nature, come those great elementary feelings, lifting and solemnising their language and giving it a
30 natural music. The great, distinguishing passion came to Michael by the sheepfold, to Ruth by the wayside, adding these humble children of the furrow to the true aristocracy of passionate souls. In

this respect, Wordsworth's work resembles most that of George Sand, in those of her novels which depict country life. With a penetrative pathos, which puts him in the same rank with the masters of the sentiment of pity in literature, with Meinhold⁵ and Victor Hugo, he collects all the traces of vivid excitement which were to be found in that pastoral world—the girl who rung her father's knell; the unborn infant feeling about its mother's heart; the instinctive touches of children; the sorrows of the¹⁰ wild creatures, even—their home-sickness, their strange yearnings; the tales of passionate regret that hang by a ruined farm-building, a heap of stones, a deserted sheepfold; that gay, false, adventurous, outer world, which breaks in from time to¹⁵ time to bewilder and deflower these quiet homes; not "passionate sorrow" only, for the overthrow of the soul's beauty, but the loss of, or carelessness for personal beauty even, in those whom men have wronged—their pathetic wanness; the sailor "who,²⁰ in his heart, was half a shepherd on the stormy seas"; the wild woman teaching her child to pray for her betrayer; incidents like the making of the shepherd's staff, or that of the young boy laying the first stone of the sheepfold;—all the pathetic²⁵ episodes of their humble existence, their longing, their wonder at fortune, their poor pathetic pleasures, like the pleasures of children, won so hardly in the struggle for bare existence; their yearning towards each other, in their darkened houses, or³⁰ at their early toil. A sort of biblical depth and solemnity hangs over this strange, new, passionate, pastoral world, of which he first raised the image,

and the reflection of which some of our best modern fiction has caught from him.

He pondered much over the philosophy of his
5 poetry, and reading deeply in the history of his own
mind, seems at times to have passed the borders
of a world of strange speculations, inconsistent
enough, had he cared to note such inconsistencies,
with those traditional beliefs, which were otherwise
10 the object of his devout acceptance. Thinking of
the high value he set upon customariness, upon all
that is habitual, local, rooted in the ground, in mat-
ters of religious sentiment, you might sometimes
regard him as one tethered down to a world, re-
15 fined and peaceful indeed, but with no broad out-
look, a world protected, but somewhat narrowed,
by the influence of received ideas. But he is at
times also something very different from this, and
something much bolder. A chance expression is
20 overheard and placed in a new connexion, the sud-
den memory of a thing long past occurs to him, a
distant object is relieved for a while by a random
gleam of light — accidents turning up for a mo-
ment what lies below the surface of our immediate
25 experience — and he passes from the humble graves
and lowly arches of “the little rock-like pile” of a
Westmoreland church, on bold trains of speculative
thought, and comes, from point to point, into
strange contact with thoughts which have visited,
30 from time to time, far more venturesome, perhaps
errant, spirits.

He had pondered deeply, for instance, on those
strange reminiscences and forebodings, which seem

to make our lives stretch before and behind us, beyond where we can see or touch anything, or trace the lines of connexion. Following the soul, backwards and forwards, on these endless ways, his sense of man's dim, potential powers became a pledge to him, indeed, of a future life, but carried him back also to that mysterious notion of an earlier state of existence — the fancy of the Platonists — the old heresy of Origen. It was in this mood that he conceived those oft-reiterated regrets for a half-ideal childhood, when the relics of Paradise still clung about the soul — a childhood, as it seemed, full of the fruits of old age, lost for all, in a degree, in the passing away of the youth of the world, lost for each one, over again, in the passing away of actual youth. It is this ideal childhood which he celebrates in his famous *Ode on the Recollections of Childhood*, and some other poems which may be grouped around it, such as the lines on *Tintern Abbey*, and something like what he describes was actually truer of himself than he seems to have understood; for his own most delightful poems were really the instinctive productions of earlier life, and most surely for him, "the first diviner influence of this world" passed away, more and more completely, in his contact with experience.

Sometimes as he dwelt upon those moments of profound, imaginative power, in which the outward object appears to take colour and expression, a new nature almost, from the prompting of the observant mind, the actual world would, as it were, dissolve and detach itself, flake by flake, and he himself seemed to be the creator, and when he would the

destroyer, of the world in which he lived — that old isolating thought of many a brain-sick mystic of ancient and modern times.

At other times, again, in those periods of intense
5 susceptibility, in which he appeared to himself as but the passive recipient of external influences, he was attracted by the thought of a spirit of life in outward things, a single, all-pervading mind in them, of which man, and even the poet's imaginative
10 energy, are but moments — that old dream of the *anima mundi*, the mother of all things and their grave, in which some had desired to lose themselves, and others had become indifferent to the distinctions of good and evil. It would come, some-
15 times, like the sign of the *macrocosm* to Faust in his cell: the network of man and nature was seen to be pervaded by a common, universal life: a new, bold thought lifted him above the furrow, above the green turf of the Westmoreland churchyard, to a
20 world altogether different in its vagueness and vastness, and the narrow glen was full of the brooding power of one universal spirit.

And so he has something, also, for those who feel
25 the fascination of bold speculative ideas, who are really capable of rising upon them to conditions of poetical thought. He uses them, indeed, always with a very fine apprehension of the limits within which alone philosophical imaginings have any
30 place in true poetry; and using them only for poetical purposes, is not too careful even to make them consistent with each other. To him, theories which for other men bring a world of technical dic-

tion, brought perfect form and expression, as in those two lofty books of the *Prélude*, which describe the decay and the restoration of Imagination and Taste. Skirting the borders of this world of bewildering heights and depths, he got but the first exciting influence of it, that joyful enthusiasm which great imaginative theories prompt, when the mind first comes to have an understanding of them; and it is not under the influence of these thoughts that his poetry becomes tedious or loses its blitheness. He keeps them, too, always within certain ethical bounds, so that no word of his could offend the simplest of those simple souls which are always the largest portion of mankind. But it is, nevertheless, the contact of these thoughts, the speculative boldness in them, which constitutes, at least for some minds, the secret attraction of much of his best poetry — the sudden passage from lowly thoughts and places to the majestic forms of philosophical imagination, the play of these forms over a world so different, enlarging so strangely the bounds of its humble churchyards, and breaking such a wild light on the graves of christened children.

And these moods always brought with them faultless expression. In regard to expression, as with feeling and thought, the duality of the higher and lower moods was absolute. It belonged to the higher, the imaginative mood, and was the pledge of its reality, to bring the appropriate language with it. In him, when the really poetical motive worked at all, it united, with absolute justice, the word and the idea; each, in the imaginative flame, becoming inseparably one with the other, by that fusion of

matter and form, which is the characteristic of the highest poetical expression. His words are themselves thought and feeling; not eloquent, or musical words merely, but that sort of creative language which carries the reality of what it depicts, directly, to the consciousness.

The music of mere metre performs but a limited, yet a very peculiar and subtly ascertained function, in Wordsworth's poetry. With him, metre is but an additional grace, accessory to that deeper music of words and sounds, that moving power, which they exercise in the nobler prose no less than in formal poetry. It is a sedative to that excitement, an excitement sometimes almost painful, under which the language, alike of poetry and prose, attains a rhythmical power, independent of metrical combination, and dependent rather on some subtle adjustment of the elementary sounds of words themselves to the image or feeling they convey. Yet some of his pieces, pieces prompted by a sort of half-playful mysticism, like the *Daffodils* and *The Two April Mornings*, are distinguished by a certain quaint gaiety of metre, and rival by their perfect execution, in this respect, similar pieces among our own Elizabethan, or contemporary French poetry. And those who take up these poems after an interval of months, or years perhaps, may be surprised at finding how well old favourites wear, how their strange, inventive turns of diction or thought still send through them the old feeling of surprise. Those who lived about Wordsworth were all great lovers of the older English literature, and oftentimes there came out in him a noticeable likeness

to our earlier poets. He quotes unconsciously, but with new power of meaning, a clause from one of Shakespeare's sonnets; and, as with some other men's most famous work, the *Ode on the Recollections of Childhood* had its anticipator. He drew something too from the unconscious mysticism of the old English language itself, drawing out the inward significance of its racy idiom, and the not wholly unconscious poetry of the language used by the simplest people under strong excitement — language, therefore, at its origin. 10

The office of the poet is not that of the moralist, and the first aim of Wordsworth's poetry is to give the reader a peculiar kind of pleasure. But through his poetry, and through this pleasure in it, he does actually convey to the reader an extraordinary wisdom in the things of practice. One lesson, if men must have lessons, he conveys more clearly than all, the supreme importance of contemplation in the conduct of life. 15 20

Contemplation — impassioned contemplation — that, is with Wordsworth the end-in-itself, the perfect end. We see the majority of mankind going most often to definite ends, lower or higher ends, as their own instincts may determine; but the end may never be attained, and the means not be quite the right means, great ends and little ones alike being, for the most part, distant, and the ways to them, in this dim world, somewhat vague. Meantime, to higher or lower ends, they move too often with something of a sad countenance, with hurried and ignoble gait, becoming, unconsciously, some- 25 30

thing like thorns, in their anxiety to bear grapes; it being possible for people, in the pursuit of even great ends, to become themselves thin and impoverished in spirit and temper, thus diminishing the
5 sum of perfection in the world, at its very sources.

We understand this when it is a question of mean, or of intensely selfish ends — of Grandet, or Javert. We think it bad morality to say that the end justifies the means, and we know how false to all
10 higher conceptions of the religious life is the type of one who is ready to do evil that good may come. We contrast with such dark, mistaken eagerness, a type like that of Saint Catherine of Siena, who made the means to her ends so attractive, that she
15 has won for herself an undying place in the *House Beautiful*, not by her rectitude of soul only, but by its “fairness” — by those quite different qualities which commend themselves to the poet and the artist.

20 Yet, for most of us, the conception of means and ends covers the whole of life, and is the exclusive type or figure under which we represent our lives to ourselves. Such a figure, reducing all things to machinery, though it has on its side the authority
25 of that old Greek moralist who has fixed for succeeding generations the outline of the theory of right living, is too like a mere picture or description of men's lives as we actually find them, to be the basis of the higher ethics. It covers the mean-
30 ness of men's daily lives, and much of the dexterity and the vigour with which they pursue what may seem to them the good of themselves or of others; but not the intangible perfection of those whose

ideal is rather in *being* than in *doing* — not those *manners* which are, in the deepest as in the simplest sense, *morals*, and without which one cannot so much as offer a cup of water to a poor man without offence — not the part of “ antique Rachel,” sitting ⁵ in the company of Beatrice; and even the moralist might well endeavour rather to withdraw men from the too exclusive consideration of means and ends, in life.

Against this predominance of machinery in our ¹⁰ existence, Wordsworth’s poetry, like all great art and poetry, is a continual protest. Justify rather the end by the means, it seems to say: whatever may become of the fruit, make sure of the flowers and the leaves. It was justly said, therefore, by ¹⁵ one who had meditated very profoundly on the true relation of means to ends in life, and on the distinction between what is desirable in itself and what is desirable only as machinery, that when the battle which he and his friends were waging had been ²⁰ won, the world would need more than ever those qualities which Wordsworth was keeping alive and nourishing.

That the end of life is not action but contemplation — *being* as distinct from *doing* — a certain ²⁵ disposition of the mind: is, in some shape or other, the principle of all the higher morality. In poetry, in art, if you enter into their true spirit at all, you touch this principle, in a measure: these, by their very sterility, are a type of beholding for the mere ³⁰ joy of beholding. To treat life in the spirit of art, is to make life a thing in which means and ends are identified: to encourage such treatment, the true

moral significance of art and poetry. Wordsworth, and other poets who have been like him in ancient or more recent times, are the masters, the experts, in this art of impassioned contemplation. Their work is, not to teach lessons, or enforce rules, or even to stimulate us to noble ends; but to withdraw the thoughts for a little while from the mere machinery of life, to fix them, with appropriate emotions, on the spectacle of those great facts in man's existence which no machinery affects, "on the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature," — on "the operations of the elements and the appearances of the visible universe, on storm and sunshine, on the revolutions of the seasons, on cold and heat, on loss of friends and kindred, on injuries and resentments, on gratitude and hope, on fear and sorrow." To witness this spectacle with appropriate emotions is the aim of all culture; and of these emotions poetry like Wordsworth's is a great nourisher and stimulant. He sees nature full of sentiment and excitement; he sees men and women as parts of nature, passionate, excited, in strange grouping and connexion with the grandeur and beauty of the natural world: — images, in his own words, "of man suffering, amid awful forms and powers."

Such is the figure of the more powerful and original poet, hidden away, in part, under those weaker elements in Wordsworth's poetry, which for some minds determine their entire character; a poet somewhat bolder and more passionate than might

at first sight be supposed, but not too bold for true poetical taste; an unimpassioned writer, you might sometimes fancy, yet thinking the chief aim, in life and art alike, to be a certain deep emotion; seeking most often the great elementary passions in lowly places; having at least this condition of all impassioned work, that he aims always at an absolute sincerity of feeling and diction, so that he is the true forerunner of the deepest and most passionate poetry of our own day; yet going back also, with something of a protest against the conventional fervour of much of the poetry popular in his own time, to those older English poets, whose unconscious likeness often comes out in him.

(From the *Fortnightly Review*, April, 1874. *Appreciations*, 1889.)

The Child in the House

As Florian Deleal walked, one hot afternoon, he overtook by the wayside a poor aged man, and, as he seemed weary with the road, helped him on with the burden which he carried, a certain distance. And as the man told his story, it chanced that he named the place, a little place in the neighbourhood of a great city, where Florian had passed his earliest years, but which he had never since seen, and, the story told, went forward on his journey comforted. And that night, like a reward for his pity, a dream of that place came to Florian, a dream which did for him the office of the finer sort of memory, bringing its object to mind with a great clearness, yet, as sometimes happens in dreams, raised a little above itself, and above ordinary retrospect. The true aspect of the place, especially of the house there in which he had lived as a child, the fashion of its doors, its hearths, its windows, the very scent upon the air of it, was with him in sleep for a season; only, with tints more musically blent on wall and floor, and some finer light and shadow running in and out along its curves and angles, and with all its little carvings daintier. He awoke with a sigh at the thought of almost thirty years which lay between him and that place, yet with a flutter of pleasure still within him at the fair light, as if it were a smile, upon it. And it happened that this accident of his dream was just the thing needed for the be-

ginning of a certain design he then had in view, the noting, namely, of some things in the story of his spirit—in that process of brain-building by which we are, each one of us, what we are. With the image of the place so clear and favourable⁵ upon him, he fell to thinking of himself therein, and how his thoughts had grown up to him. In that half-spiritualised house he could watch the better, over again, the gradual expansion of the soul which had come to be there—of which indeed,¹⁰ through the law which makes the material objects about them so large an element in children's lives, it had actually become a part; inward and outward being woven through and through each other into one inextricable texture—half, tint and trace and¹⁵ accident of homely colour and form, from the wood and the bricks; half, mere soul-stuff, floated thither from who knows how far. In the house and garden of his dream he saw a child moving, and could divide the main streams at least of the winds that had²⁰ played on him, and study so the first stage in that mental journey.

The *old house*, as when Florian talked of it afterwards he always called it, (as all children do, who can recollect a change of home, soon enough but²⁵ not too soon to mark a period in their lives) really was an old house; and an element of French descent in its inmates—descent from Watteau, the old court-painter, one of whose gallant pieces still hung in one of the rooms—might explain, together³⁰ with some other things, a noticeable trimness and comely whiteness about everything there—the curtains, the couches, the paint on the walls with

which the light and shadow played so delicately; might explain also the tolerance of the great poplar in the garden, a tree most often despised by English people, but which French people love, having observed a certain fresh way its leaves have of dealing with the wind, making it sound, in never so slight a stirring of the air, like running water.

The old-fashioned, low wainscoting went round the rooms, and up the staircase with carved balusters and shadowy angles, landing half-way up at a broad window, with a swallow's nest below the sill, and the blossom of an old pear-tree showing across it in late April, against the blue, below which the perfumed juice of the find of fallen fruit in autumn was so fresh. At the next turning came the closet which held on its deep shelves the best china. Little angel faces and reedy flutings stood out round the fireplace of the children's room. And on the top of the house, above the large attic, where the white mice ran in the twilight — an infinite, unexplored wonderland of childish treasures, glass beads, empty scent-bottles still sweet, thrum of coloured silks, among its lumber — a flat space of roof, railed round, gave a view of the neighbouring steeples; for the house, as I said, stood near a great city, which sent up heavenwards, over the twisting weather-vanes, not seldom, its beds of rolling cloud and smoke, touched with storm or sunshine. But the child of whom I am writing did not hate the fog because of the crimson lights which fell from it sometimes upon the chimneys, and the whites which gleamed through its openings, on summer mornings, on turret or pavement. For it

is false to suppose that a child's sense of beauty is dependent on any choiceness or special fineness, in the objects which present themselves to it, though this indeed comes to be the rule with most of us in later life; earlier, in some degree, we see inwardly; and the child finds for itself, and with unstinted delight, a difference for the sense, in those whites and reds through the smoke on very homely buildings, and in the gold of the dandelions at the road-side, just beyond the houses, where not a handful of earth is virgin and untouched, in the lack of better ministries to its desire of beauty.

This house then stood not far beyond the gloom and rumours of the town, among high garden-walls, bright all summer-time with Golden-rod, and brown-15 and-golden Wall-flower — *Flos Parietis*, as the children's Latin-reading father taught them to call it, while he was with them. Tracing back the threads of his complex spiritual habit, as he was used in after years to do, Florian found that he owed to 20 the place many tones of sentiment afterwards customary with him, certain inward lights under which things most naturally presented themselves to him. The coming and going of travellers to the town along the way, the shadow of the streets, the sudden 25 breath of the neighbouring gardens, the singular brightness of bright weather there, its singular darknesses which linked themselves in his mind to certain engraved illustrations in the old big Bible at home, the coolness of the dark, cavernous shops 30 round the great church, with its giddy winding stair up to the pigeons and the bells — a citadel of peace in the heart of the trouble — all this acted on his

childish fancy, so that ever afterwards the like aspects and incidents never failed to throw him into a well-recognised imaginative mood, seeming actually to have become a part of the texture of his mind. Also, Florian could trace home to this point a pervading preference in himself for a kind of comeliness and dignity, an *urbanity* literally, in modes of life, which he connected with the pale people of towns, and which made him susceptible to a kind of exquisite satisfaction in the trimness and well-considered grace of certain things and persons he afterwards met with, here and there, in his way through the world.

So the child of whom I am writing lived on there quietly; things without thus ministering to him, as he sat daily at the window with the birdcage hanging below it, and his mother taught him to read, wondering at the ease with which he learned, and at the quickness of his memory. The perfume of the little flowers of the lime-tree fell through the air upon them like rain; while time seemed to move ever more slowly to the murmur of the bees in it, till it almost stood still on June afternoons. How insignificant, at the moment, seem the influences of the sensible things which are tossed and fall and lie about us, so, or so, in the environment of early childhood. How indelibly, as we afterwards discover, they affect us; with what capricious attractions and associations they figure themselves on the white paper, the smooth wax, of our ingenuous souls, as "with lead in the rock for ever," giving form and feature, and as it were assigned house-room in our memory, to early experiences of

feeling and thought, which abide with us ever afterwards, thus, and not otherwise. The realities and passions, the rumours of the greater world without, steal in upon us, each by its own special little passage-way, through the wall of custom about us; 5 and never afterwards quite detach themselves from this or that accident, or trick, in the mode of their first entrance to us. Our susceptibilities, the discovery of our powers, manifold experiences — our various experiences of the coming and going of 15 bodily pain, for instance — belong to this or the other well-remembered place in the material habitation — that little white room with the window across which the heavy blossoms could beat so peevishly in the wind, with just that particular catch 15 or throb, such a sense of teasing in it, on gusty mornings; and the early habitation thus gradually becomes a sort of material shrine or sanctuary of sentiment; a system of visible symbolism interweaves itself through all our thoughts and passions; 20 and irresistibly, little shapes, voices, accidents — the angle at which the sun in the morning fell on the pillow — become parts of the great chain wherewith we are bound.

Thus far, for Florian, what all this had determined 25 was a peculiarly strong sense of home — so forcible a motive with all of us — prompting to us our customary love of the earth, and the larger part of our fear of death, that revulsion we have from it, as from something strange, untried, unfriendly; though life- 30 long imprisonment, they tell you, and final banishment from home is a thing bitterer still; the looking forward to but a short space, a mere childish *goûter*

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and dessert of it, before the end, being so great a resource of effort to pilgrims and wayfarers, and the soldier in distant quarters, and lending, in lack of that, some power of solace to the thought of sleep in the home churchyard, at least — dead cheek by dead cheek, and with the rain soaking in upon one from above.

So powerful is this instinct, and yet accidents like those I have been speaking of so mechanically determine it; its essence being indeed the early familiar, as constituting our ideal, or typical conception, of rest and security. Out of so many possible conditions, just this for you and that for me, brings ever the unmistakable realisation of the delightful *chez soi*; this for the Englishman, for me and you, with the closely-drawn white curtain and the shaded lamp; that, quite other, for the wandering Arab, who folds his tent every morning, and makes his sleeping-place among haunted ruins, or in old tombs.

With Florian then the sense of home became singularly intense, his good fortune being that the special character of his home was in itself so essentially home-like. As after many wanderings I have come to fancy that some parts of Surrey and Kent are, for Englishmen, the true landscape, true home-counties, by right, partly, of a certain earthy warmth in the yellow of the sand below their gorse-bushes, and of a certain gray-blue mist after rain, in the hollows of the hills there, welcome to fatigued eyes, and never seen farther south; so I think that the sort of house I have described, with precisely those proportions of red-brick and green, and with a just

perceptible monotony in the subdued order of it, for its distinguishing note, is for Englishmen at least typically home-like. And so for Florian that general human instinct was reinforced by this special home-likeness in the place his wanderings⁵ soul had happened to light on, as, in the second degree, its body and earthly tabernacle; the sense of harmony between his soul and its physical environment became, for a time at least, like perfectly played music, and the life led there singularly tran-¹⁰quil and filled with a curious sense of self-possession. The love of security, of an habitually undisputed standing-ground or sleeping-place, came to count for much in the generation and correcting of his thoughts, and afterwards as a salutary prin-¹⁵ciple of restraint in all his wanderings of spirit. The wistful yearning towards home, in absence from it, as the shadows of evening deepened, and he followed in thought what was doing there from hour to hour, interpreted to him much of a yearn-²⁰ing and regret he experienced afterwards, towards he knew not what, out of strange ways of feeling and thought in which, from time to time, his spirit found itself alone; and in the tears shed in such absences there seemed always to be some soul-sub-²⁵duing foretaste of what his last tears might be.

And the sense of security could hardly have been deeper, the quiet of the child's soul being one with the quiet of its home, a place "inclosed" and "sealed." But upon this assured place, upon the³⁰ child's assured soul which resembled it, there came floating in from the larger world without, as at windows left ajar unknowingly, or over the high

garden walls, two streams of impressions, the sentiments of beauty and pain — recognitions of the visible, tangible, audible loveliness of things, as a very real and somewhat tyrannous element in them
5 — and of the sorrow of the world, of grown people and children and animals, as a thing not to be put by in them. From this point he could trace two predominant processes of mental change in him — the growth of an almost diseased sensibility to the
10 spectacle of suffering, and, parallel with this, the rapid growth of a certain capacity of fascination by bright colour and choice form — the sweet curvings, for instance, of the lips of those who seemed to him comely persons, modulated in such delicate
15 unison to the things they said or sang, — marking early the activity in him of a more than customary sensuousness, “the lust of the eye,” as the Preacher says, which might lead him, one day, how far! Could he have foreseen the weariness of the way!
20 In music sometimes the two sorts of impressions came together, and he would weep, to the surprise of older people. Tears of joy too the child knew, also to older people’s surprise; real tears, once, of relief from long-strung, childish expectation, when
25 he found returned at evening, with new roses in her cheeks, the little sister who had been to a place where there was a wood, and brought back for him a treasure of fallen acorns, and black crow’s feathers, and his peace at finding her again near him
30 mingled all night with some intimate sense of the distant forest, the rumour of its breezes, with the glossy blackbirds aslant and the branches lifted in them, and of the perfect nicety of the little cups

that fell. So those two elementary apprehensions of the tenderness and of the colour in things grew apace in him, and were seen by him afterwards to send their roots back into the beginnings of life.

Let me note first some of the occasions of his recognition of the element of pain in things — incidents, now and again, which seemed suddenly to awake in him the whole force of that sentiment which Goethe has called the *Weltschmerz*, and in which the concentrated sorrow of the world seemed suddenly to lie heavy upon him. A book lay in an old book-case, of which he cared to remember one picture — a woman sitting, with hands bound behind her, the dress, the cap, the hair, folded with a simplicity which touched him strangely, as if not by her own hands, but with some ambiguous care at the hands of others — Queen Marie Antoinette, on her way to execution—we all remember David's drawing, meant merely to make her ridiculous. The face that had been so high had learned to be mute and resistless; but out of its very resistlessness, seemed now to call on men to have pity, and forbear; and he took note of that, as he closed the book, as a thing to look at again, if he should at any time find himself tempted to be cruel. Again he would never quite forget the appeal in the small sister's face, in the garden under the lilacs, terrified at a spider lighted on her sleeve. He could trace back to the look then noted a certain mercy he conceived always for people in fear, even of little things, which seemed to make him, though but for a moment, capable of almost any sacrifice of himself. Impressible, susceptible persons, indeed,

who had had their sorrows, lived about him; and this sensibility was due in part to the tacit influence of their presence, enforcing upon him habitually the fact that there are those who pass their
5 days, as a matter of course, in a sort of "going quietly." Most poignantly of all he could recall, in unfading minutest circumstance, the cry on the stair, sounding bitterly through the house, and struck into his soul for ever, of an aged woman,
10 his father's sister, come now to announce his death in distant India; how it seemed to make the aged woman like a child again; and, he knew not why, but this fancy was full of pity to him. There were the little sorrows of the dumb animals too — of
15 the white angora, with a dark tail like an ermine's, and a face like a flower, who fell into a lingering sickness, and became quite delicately human in its valetudinarianism, and came to have a hundred different expressions of voice — how it grew worse
20 and worse, till it began to feel the light too much for it, and at last, after one wild morning of pain, the little soul flickered away from the body, quite worn to death already, and now but feebly retaining it.

25 So he wanted another pet; and as there were starlings about the place, which could be taught to speak, one of them was caught, and he meant to treat it kindly; but in the night its young ones could be heard crying after it, and the responsive cry
30 of the mother-bird towards them; and at last, with the first light, though not till after some debate with himself, he went down and opened the cage, and saw a sharp bound of the prisoner up to her

nestlings ; and therewith came the sense of remorse, — that he too was become an accomplice in moving, to the limit of his small power, the springs and handles of that great machine in things, constructed so ingeniously to play pain-fugues on the delicate nerve-work of living creatures.

I have remarked how, in the process of our brain-building, as the house of thought in which we live gets itself together, like some airy bird's-nest of floating thistle-down and chance straws, compact, at last, little accidents have their consequence ; and thus it happened that, as he walked one evening, a garden gate, usually closed, stood open ; and lo ! within, a great red hawthorn in full flower, embossing heavily the bleached and twisted trunk and branches, so aged that there were but few green leaves thereon — a plumage of tender, crimson fire out of the heart of the dry wood. The perfume of the tree had now and again reached him, in the currents of the wind, over the wall, and he had wondered what might be behind it, and was now allowed to fill his arms with the flowers — flowers enough for all the old blue-china pots along the chimney-piece, making *fête* in the children's room. Was it some periodic moment in the expansion of soul within him, or mere trick of heat in the heavily-laden summer air ? But the beauty of the thing struck home to him feverishly ; and in dreams all night he loitered along a magic roadway of crimson flowers, which seemed to open ruddily in thick, fresh masses about his feet, and fill softly all the little hollows in the banks on either side. Always afterwards, summer by summer, as the flowers came

on, the blossom of the red hawthorn still seemed to him absolutely the reddest of all things; and the goodly crimson, still alive in the works of old Venetian masters or old Flemish tapestries, called out always from afar the recollection of the flame in those perishing little petals, as it pulsed gradually out of them, kept long in the drawers of an old cabinet. Also then, for the first time, he seemed to experience a passionateness in his relation to fair outward objects, an inexplicable excitement in their presence, which disturbed him, and from which he half longed to be free. A touch of regret or desire mingled all night with the remembered presence of the red flowers, and their perfume in the darkness about him; and the longing for some undivined, entire possession of them was the beginning of a revelation to him, growing ever clearer, with the coming of the gracious summer guise of fields and trees and persons in each succeeding year, of a certain, at times seemingly exclusive, predominance in his interests, of beautiful physical things, a kind of tyranny of the senses over him.

In later years he came upon philosophies which occupied him much in the estimate of the proportion of the sensuous and the ideal elements in human knowledge, the relative parts they bear in it; and, in his intellectual scheme, was led to assign very little to the abstract thought, and much to its sensible vehicle or occasion. Such metaphysical speculation did but reinforce what was instinctive in his way of receiving the world, and for him, everywhere, that sensible vehicle or occasion be-

came, perhaps only too surely, the necessary concomitant of any perception of things, real enough to be of any weight or reckoning, in his house of thought. There were times when he could think of the necessity he was under of associating all thoughts to touch and sight, as a sympathetic link between himself and actual, feeling, living objects; a protest in favour of real men and women against mere gray, unreal abstractions; and he remembered gratefully how the Christian religion, hardly less than the religion of the ancient Greeks, translating so much of its spiritual verity into things that may be seen, condescends in part to sanction this infirmity, if so it be, of our human existence, wherein the world of sense is so much with us, and welcomed this thought as a kind of keeper and sentinel over his soul therein. But certainly, he came more and more to be unable to care for, or think of soul but as in an actual body, or of any world but that wherein are water and trees, and where men and women look, so or so, and press actual hands. It was the trick even his pity learned, fastening those who suffered in anywise to his affections by a kind of sensible attachments. He would think of Julian, fallen into incurable sickness, as spoiled in the sweet blossom of his skin like pale amber, and his honey-like hair; of Cecil, early dead, as cut off from the lilies, from golden summer days, from women's voices; and then what comforted him a little was the thought of the turning of the child's flesh to violets in the turf above him. And thinking of the very poor, it was not the things which most men care most for that he yearned to give

them; but fairer roses, perhaps, and power to taste quite as they will, at their ease and not task-burdened, a certain desirable, clear light in the new morning, through which sometimes he had noticed
5 them, quite unconscious of it, on their way to their early toil.

So he yielded himself to these things, to be played upon by them like a musical instrument, and began to note with deepening watchfulness, but always
10 with some puzzled, unutterable longing in his enjoyment, the phases of the seasons and of the growing or waning day, down even to the shadowy changes wrought on bare wall or ceiling — the light cast up from the snow, bringing out their darkest
15 angles; the brown light in the cloud, which meant rain; that almost too austere clearness, in the protracted light of the lengthening day, before warm weather began, as if it lingered but to make a severer workday, with the school-books opened
20 earlier and later; that beam of June sunshine, at last, as he lay awake before the time, a way of gold-dust across the darkness; all the humming, the freshness, the perfume of the garden seemed to lie upon it — and coming in one afternoon in September,
25 along the red gravel walk, to look for a basket of yellow crab-apples left in the cool, old parlour, he remembered it the more, and how the colours struck upon him, because a wasp on one bitten apple stung him, and he felt the passion of sudden,
30 severe pain. For this too brought its curious reflexions; and, in relief from it, he would wonder over it — how it had then been with him — puzzled at the depth of the charm or spell over him, which

lay, for a little while at least, in the mere absence of pain; once, especially, when an older boy taught him to make flowers of sealing-wax, and he had burnt his hand badly at the lighted taper, and been unable to sleep. He remembered that also afterwards, as a sort of typical thing — a white vision of heat about him, clinging closely, through the languid scent of the ointments put upon the place to make it well.

Also, as he felt this pressure upon him of the ¹⁰ sensible world, then, as often afterwards, there would come another sort of curious questioning how the last impressions of eye and ear might happen to him, how they would find him — the scent of the last flower, the soft yellowness of the last ¹⁵ morning, the last recognition of some object of affection, hand or voice; it could not be but that the latest look of the eyes, before their final closing, would be strangely vivid; one would go with the hot tears, the cry, the touch of the wistful bystander, ²⁰ impressed how deeply on one! or would it be, perhaps, a mere frail retiring of all things, great or little, away from one, into a level distance?

For with this desire of physical beauty mingled itself early the fear of death — the fear of death in- ²⁵ tensified by the desire of beauty. Hitherto he had never gazed upon dead faces, as sometimes, afterwards, at the *Morgue* in Paris, or in that fair cemetery at Munich, where all the dead must go and lie in state before burial, behind glass windows, ³⁰ among the flowers and incense and holy candles — the aged clergy with their sacred ornaments, the young men in their dancing-shoes and spotless

white linen — after which visits, those waxen, resistless faces would always live with him for many days, making the broadest sunshine sickly. The child had heard indeed of the death of his father, and how, in the Indian station, a fever had taken him, so that though not in action he had yet died as a soldier; and hearing of the “resurrection of the just,” he could think of him as still abroad in the world, somehow, for his protection — a grand, though perhaps rather terrible figure, in beautiful soldier’s things, like the figure in the picture of Joshua’s Vision in the Bible — and of that, round which the mourners moved so softly, and afterwards with such solemn singing, as but a worn-out garment left at a deserted lodging. So it was, until on a summer day he walked with his mother through a fair churchyard. In a bright dress he rambled among the graves, in the gay weather, and so came, in one corner, upon an open grave for a child — a dark space on the brilliant grass — the black mould lying heaped up round it, weighing down the little jewelled branches of the dwarf rose-bushes in flower. And therewith came, full-grown, never wholly to leave him, with the certainty that even children do sometimes die, the physical horror of death, with its wholly selfish recoil from the association of lower forms of life, and the suffocating weight above. No benign, grave figure in beautiful soldier’s things any longer abroad in the world for his protection! only a few poor, piteous bones; and above them, possibly, a certain sort of figure he hoped not to see. For sitting one day in the garden below an open window, he heard people

talking, and could not but listen, how, in a sleepless hour, a sick woman had seen one of the dead sitting beside her, come to call her hence; and from the broken talk evolved with much clearness the notion that not all those dead people had really departed to the churchyard, nor were quite so motionless as they looked, but led a secret, half-fugitive life in their old homes, quite free by night, though sometimes visible in the day, dodging from room to room, with no great goodwill towards those who shared the place with them. All night the figure sat beside him in the reveries of his broken sleep, and was not quite gone in the morning — an odd, irreconcilable new member of the household, making the sweet familiar chambers unfriendly and suspect by its uncertain presence. He could have hated the dead he had pitied so, for being thus. Afterwards he came to think of those poor, home-returning ghosts, which all men have fancied to themselves — the *revenants* — pathetically, as crying, or beating with vain hands at the doors, as the wind came, their cries distinguishable in it as a wilder inner note. But, always making death more unfamiliar still, that old experience would ever, from time to time, return to him; even in the living he sometimes caught its likeness; at any time or place, in a moment, the faint atmosphere of the chamber of death would be breathed around him, and the image with the bound chin, the quaint smile, the straight, stiff feet, shed itself across the air upon the bright carpet, amid the gayest company, or happiest communing with himself.

To most children the sombre questionings to

which impressions like these attach themselves, if they come at all, are actually suggested by religious books, which therefore they often regard with much secret distaste, and dismiss, as far as possible, from their habitual thoughts as a too depressing element in life. To Florian such impressions, these misgivings as to the ultimate tendency of the years, of the relationship between life and death, had been suggested spontaneously in the natural course of his mental growth by a strong innate sense for the soberer tones in things, further strengthened by actual circumstances; and religious sentiment, that system of biblical ideas in which he had been brought up, presented itself to him as a thing that might soften and dignify, and light up as with a "lively hope," a melancholy already deeply settled in him. So he yielded himself easily to religious impressions, and with a kind of mystical appetite for sacred things; the more as they came to him through a saintly person who loved him tenderly, and believed that this early pre-occupation with them already marked the child out for a saint. He began to love, for their own sakes, church lights, holy days, all that belonged to the comely order of the sanctuary, the secrets of its white linen, and holy vessels, and fonts of pure water; and its hieratic purity and simplicity became the type of something he desired always to have about him in actual life. He pored over the pictures in religious books, and knew by heart the exact mode in which the wrestling angel grasped Jacob, how Jacob looked in his mysterious sleep, how the bells and pomegranates were attached to the hem of Aaron's

vestment, sounding sweetly as he glided over the turf of the holy place. His way of conceiving religion came then to be in effect what it ever afterwards remained — a sacred history indeed, but still more a sacred ideal, a transcendent version or representation, under intenser and more expressive light and shade, of human life and its familiar or exceptional incidents, birth, death, marriage, youth, age, tears, joy, rest, sleep, waking — a mirror, towards which men might turn away their eyes¹⁰ from vanity and dullness, and see themselves therein as angels, with their daily meat and drink, even, become a kind of sacred transaction — a complementary strain or burden, applied to our everyday existence, whereby the stray snatches of music¹⁵ in it re-set themselves, and fall into the scheme of some higher and more consistent harmony. A place adumbrated itself in his thoughts, wherein those sacred personalities, which are at once the reflex and the pattern of our nobler phases of life,²⁰ housed themselves; and this region in his intellectual scheme all subsequent experience did but tend still further to realise and define. Some ideal, hieratic persons he would always need to occupy it and keep a warmth there. And he could hardly²⁵ understand those who felt no such need at all, finding themselves quite happy without such heavenly companionship, and sacred double of their life, beside them.

Thus a constant substitution of the typical for³⁰ the actual took place in his thoughts. Angels might be met by the way, under English elm or beach-tree; mere messengers seemed like angels,

bound on celestial errands; a deep mysticity brooded over real meetings and partings; marriages were made in heaven; and deaths also, with hands of angels thereupon, to bear soul and body
5 quietly asunder, each to its appointed rest. All the acts and accidents of daily life borrowed a sacred colour and significance; the very colours of things became themselves weighty with meanings like the sacred stuffs of Moses' tabernacle, full of
10 penitence or peace. Sentiment, congruous in the first instance only with those divine transactions, the deep, effusive unction of the House of Bethany, was assumed as the due attitude for the reception of our every-day existence; and for a time he
15 walked through the world in a sustained, not unpleasurable awe, generated by the habitual recognition, beside every circumstance and event of life, of its celestial correspondent.

Sensibility — the desire of physical beauty — a
20 strange biblical awe, which made any reference to the unseen act on him like solemn music — these qualities the child took away with him, when, at about the age of twelve years, he left the old house, and was taken to live in another
25 place. He had never left home before, and, anticipating much from this change, had long dreamed over it, jealously counting the days till the time fixed for departure should come; had been a little careless about others even, in
30 his strong desire for it — when Lewis fell sick, for instance, and they must wait still two days longer. At last the morning came, very fine; and all things — the very pavement with its dust, at the

roadside — seemed to have a white, pearl-like lustre in them. They were to travel by a favourite road on which he had often walked a certain distance, and on one of those two prisoner days, when Lewis was sick, had walked farther than ever before, in his great desire to reach the new place. They had started and gone a little way when a pet bird was found to have been left behind, and must even now — so it presented itself to him — have already all the appealing fierceness and wild self-pity at heart of one left by others to perish of hunger in a closed house; and he returned to fetch it, himself in hardly less stormy distress. But as he passed in search of it from room to room, lying so pale, with a look of meekness in their denudation, and at last through that little, stripped white room, the aspect of the place touched him like the face of one dead; and a clinging back towards it came over him, so intense that he knew it would last long, and spoiling all his pleasure in the realisation of a thing so eagerly anticipated. And so, with the bird found, but himself in an agony of home-sickness, thus capriciously sprung up within him, he was driven quickly away, far into the rural distance, so fondly speculated on, of that favourite country-road.

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Euphuism

So the famous story composed itself in the memory of Marius, with an expression changed in some ways from the original and on the whole graver. The petulant, boyish Cupid of Apuleius was become
5 more like that "Lord, of terrible aspect," who stood at Dante's bedside and wept, or had at least grown to the manly earnestness of the *Erôs* of Praxiteles. Set in relief amid the coarser matter of the book, this episode of Cupid and Psyche served to combine
10 many lines of meditation, already familiar to Marius, into the ideal of a perfect imaginative love, centered upon a type of beauty entirely flawless and clean — an ideal which never wholly faded from his thoughts, though he valued it at various times
15 in different degrees. The human body in its beauty, as the highest potency of all the beauty of material objects, seemed to him just then to be matter no longer, but, having taken celestial fire, to assert itself as indeed the true, though visible, soul or spirit
20 in things. In contrast with that ideal, in all the pure brilliancy, and as it were in the happy light, of youth and morning and the springtide, men's actual loves, with which at many points the book brings one into close contact, might appear to him,
25 like the general tenor of their lives, to be somewhat mean and sordid. The *hiddenness* of perfect things: a shrinking mysticism, a sentiment of diffidence like that expressed in Psyche's so tremulous hope

concerning the child to be born of the husband she has never yet seen — “in the face of this little child, at the least, shall I apprehend thine” — *in hoc saltem parvulo cognoscam faciem tuam*: the fatality which seems to haunt any signal beauty, whether moral or physical, as if it were in itself something illicit and isolating: the suspicion and hatred it so often excites in the vulgar: — these were some of the impressions, forming, as they do, a constant tradition of somewhat cynical pagan experience,¹⁰ from Medusa and Helen downwards, which the old story enforced on him. A book, like a person, has its fortunes with one; is lucky or unlucky in the precise moment of its falling in our way, and often by some happy accident counts with us for some-¹⁵ thing more than its independent value. The *Metamorphoses* of Apuleius, coming to Marius just then, figured for him as indeed *The Golden Book*: he felt a sort of personal gratitude to its writer, and saw in it doubtless far more than was really there for²⁰ any other reader. It occupied always a peculiar place in his remembrance, never quite losing its power in frequent return to it for the revival of that first glowing impression.

Its effect upon the elder youth was a more prac-²⁵ tical one: it stimulated the literary ambition, already so strong a motive with him, by a signal example of success, and made him more than ever an ardent, indefatigable student of words, of the means or instrument of the literary art. The secrets of utter-³⁰ ance, of expression itself, of that through which alone any intellectual or spiritual power within one can actually take effect upon others, to over-awe

or charm them to one's side, presented themselves to this ambitious lad in immediate connexion with that desire for predominance, for the satisfaction of which another might have relied on the acquisition and display of brilliant military qualities. In him, a fine instinctive sentiment of the exact value and power of words was connate with the eager longing for sway over his fellows. He saw himself already a gallant and effective leader, innovating or conservative as occasion might require, in the rehabilitation of the mother tongue, then fallen so tarnished and languid; yet the sole object, as he mused within himself, of the only sort of patriotic feeling proper, or possible, for one born of slaves.

The popular speech was gradually departing from the form and rule of literary language, a language always and increasingly artificial. While the learned dialect was yearly becoming more and more barbarously pedantic, the colloquial idiom, on the other hand, offered a thousand chance-tost gems of racy or picturesque expression, rejected or at least ungathered by what claimed to be classical Latin. The time was coming when neither the pedants nor the people would really understand Cicero; though there were some indeed, like this new writer, Apuleius, who, departing from the custom of writing in Greek, which had been a fashionable affectation among the sprightlier wits since the days of Hadrian, had written in the vernacular.

The literary programme which Flavian had already designed for himself would be a work, then, partly conservative or reactionary, in its dealing with the instrument of the literary art; partly popu-

lar and revolutionary, asserting, so to term them, the rights of the *proletariate* of speech. More than fifty years before, the younger Pliny, himself an effective witness for the delicate power of the Latin tongue, had said, "I am one of those who admire the ancients, yet I do not, like some others, under-rate certain instances of genius which our own times afford. For it is not true that nature, as if weary and effete, no longer produces what is admirable." And he, Flavian, would prove himself the true master of the opportunity thus indicated. In his eagerness for a not too distant fame, he dreamed over all that, as the young Cæsar may have dreamed of campaigns. Others might brutalise or neglect the native speech, that true "open field" for charm and sway over men. He would make of it a serious study, weighing the precise power of every phrase and word, as though it were precious metal, disentangling the later associations and going back to the original and native sense of each,—restoring to full significance all its wealth of latent figurative expression, reviving or replacing its outworn or tarnished images. Latin literature and the Latin tongue were dying of routine and languor; and what was necessary, first of all, was to re-establish the natural and direct relationship between thought and expression, between the sensation and the term, and restore to words their primitive power.

For words, after all, words manipulated with all his delicate force, were to be the apparatus of a war for himself. To be forcibly impressed, in the first place; and in the next, to find the means of making visible to others that which was vividly appa-

rent, delightful, of lively interest to himself, to the exclusion of all that was but middling, tame, or only half-true even to him — this scrupulousness of literary art actually awoke in Flavian, for the first
 5 time, a sort of chivalrous conscience. What care for style! what patience of execution! what research for the significant tones of ancient idiom — *sonantia verba et antiqua!* What stately and regular word-building — *gravis et decora constructio!* He
 10 felt the whole meaning of the sceptical Pliny's somewhat melancholy advice to one of his friends, that he should seek in literature deliverance from mortality — *ut studiis se literarum a mortalitate vindicet.* And there was everything in the nature and
 15 the training of Marius to make him a full participator in the hopes of such a new literary school, with Flavian for its leader. In the refinements of that curious spirit, in its horror of profanities, its fastidious sense of a correctness in external form,
 20 there was something which ministered to the old ritual interest, still surviving in him; as if here indeed were involved a kind of sacred service to the mother-tongue.

Here, then, was the theory of Euphuism, as mani-
 25 fested in every age in which the literary conscience has been awakened to forgotten duties towards language, towards the instrument of expression: in fact it does but modify a little the principles of all effective expression at all times. 'Tis art's function
 30 to conceal itself: *ars est celare artem.* — is a saying, which, exaggerated by inexact quotation, has perhaps been oftenest and most confidently quoted by those who have had little literary or other art to

conceal; and from the very beginning of professional literature, the "labour of the file" — a labour in the case of Plato, for instance, or Virgil, like that of the oldest of goldsmiths as described by Apuleius, enriching the work by far more than the weight of precious metal it removed — has always had its function. Sometimes, doubtless, as in later examples of it, this Roman Euphuism, determined at any cost to attain beauty in writing — ἐς κάλλος γράφειν — might lapse into its characteristic fopp-
eries or mannerisms, into the "defects of its qualities," in truth, not wholly unpleasing perhaps, or at least excusable, when looked at as but the toys (so Cicero calls them) the strictly congenial and appropriate toys, of an assiduously cultivated age,
which could not help being polite, critical, self-conscious. The mere love of novelty also had, of course, its part there: as with the Euphuism of the Elizabethan age, and of the modern French romanticists, its *neologies* were the ground of one of the
favourite charges against it; though indeed, as regards these tricks of taste also, there is nothing new, but a quaint family likeness rather, between the Euphuists of successive ages. Here, as elsewhere, the power of "fashion," as it is called, is but
one minor form, slight enough, it may be, yet distinctly symptomatic, of that deeper yearning of human nature towards ideal perfection, which is a
continuous force in it; and since in this direction too human nature is limited, such fashions must
necessarily reproduce themselves. Among other resemblances to later growths of Euphuism, its archaisms on the one hand, and its neologies on the

other, the Euphuism of the days of Marcus Aurelius had, in the composition of verse, its fancy for the *refrain*. It was a snatch from a popular chorus, something he had heard sounding all over
5 the town of Pisa one April night, one of the first bland and summer-like nights of the year, that Flavian had chosen for the refrain of a poem he was then pondering — the *Pervigilium Veneris* — the vigil, or “nocturn,” of Venus.

- 10 Certain elderly counsellors, filling what may be thought a constant part in the little tragi-comedy which literature and its votaries are playing in all ages, would ask, suspecting some affectation or unreality in that minute culture of *form*: — Cannot
15 those who have a thing to say, say it directly? Why not be simple and broad, like the old writers of Greece? And this challenge had at least the effect of setting his thoughts at work on the intellectual situation as it lay between the children of the
20 present and those earliest masters. Certainly, the most wonderful, the unique, point, about the Greek genius, in literature as in everything else, was the entire absence of imitation in its productions. How had the burden of precedent, laid upon every artist,
25 increased since then! It was all around one: — that smoothly built world of old classical taste, an accomplished fact, with overwhelming authority on every detail of the conduct of one's work. With no fardel on its own back, yet so imperious towards
30 those who came labouring after it, *Hellas*, in its early freshness, looked as distant from him even then as it does from ourselves. There might seem to be no place left for novelty or originality,—

place only for a patient, an infinite, faultlessness. On this question too Flavian passed through a world of curious art-casuistries, of self-tormenting, at the threshold of his work. Was poetic beauty a thing ever one and the same, a type absolute; or, 5 changing always with the soul of time itself, did it depend upon the taste, the peculiar trick of apprehension, the fashion, as we say, of each successive age? Might one recover that old, earlier sense of it, that earlier manner, in a masterly effort to recall 10 all the complexities of the life, moral and intellectual, of the earlier age to which it had belonged? Had there been really bad ages in art or literature? Were all ages, even those earliest, adventurous, matutinal days, in themselves equally poetical or 15 unpoetical; and poetry, the literary beauty, the poetic ideal, always but a borrowed light upon men's actual life?

Homer had said —

*Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ λιμένος πολυβενθέος ἐντὸς ἴκοντο,
 Ἰστία μὲν στείλαντο, θέσαν δ' ἐν νυκτὶ μελαίνῃ . . .
 Ἐξ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ βαῖνον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης.*

And how poetic the simple incident seemed, told 20 just thus! Homer was always telling things after this manner. And one might think there had been no effort in it: that here was but the almost-mechanical transcript of a time, naturally, intrinsically; poetic, a time in which one could hardly have 25 spoken at all without ideal effect, or the sailors pulled down their boat without making a picture in "the great style," against a sky charged with marvels. Must not the mere prose of an age, itself

thus ideal, have counted for more than half of Homer's poetry? Or might the closer student discover even here, even in Homer, the really mediatorial function of the poet, as between the reader
5 and the actual matter of his experience; the poet waiting, so to speak, in an age which had felt itself trite and common-place enough, on his opportunity for the touch of "golden alchemy," or at least for the pleasantly-lighted side of things themselves?
10 Might not another, in one's own prosaic and used-up time, so uneventful as it had been through the long reign of these quiet Antonines, in like manner, discover his ideal, by a due waiting upon it? Would not a future generation, looking back upon
15 this, under the power of the enchanted-distance fallacy, find it ideal to view, in contrast with its own languor — the languor that for some reason (concerning which Augustine will one day have his view) seemed to haunt men always? Had Homer,
20 even, appeared unreal and affected in his poetic flight, to some of the people of his own age, as seemed to happen with every new literature in turn? In any case, the intellectual conditions of early Greece had been — how different from these!
25 And a true literary tact would accept that difference in forming the primary conception of the literary function at a later time. Perhaps the utmost one could get by conscious effort, in the way of a reaction or return to the conditions of an earlier and
30 fresher age, would be but *novitas*, artificial artlessness, *naïveté*; and this quality too might have its measure of euphuistic charm, direct and sensible enough, though it must count, in comparison with

that genuine early Greek newness at the beginning, not as the freshness of the open fields, but only of a bunch of field-flowers in a heated room.

There was, meantime, all this: — on one side, the old pagan culture, for us but a fragment, for him an accomplished yet present fact, still a living united, organic whole, in the entirety of its art, its thought, its religions, its sagacious forms of polity, that so weighty authority it exercised on every point, being in reality only the measure of its charm for every one: on the other side, the actual world in all its eager self-assertion, with Flavian himself, in his boundless animation, there, at the centre of the situation. From the natural defects, from the pettiness, of his euphuism, his assiduous cultivation of manner, he was saved by the consciousness that he had a matter to present, very real, at least to him. That preoccupation of the *dilettante* with what might seem mere details of form, after all, did but serve the purpose of bringing to the surface, sincerely and in their integrity, certain strong personal intuitions, a certain vision or apprehension of things as really being, with important results, thus, rather than thus,—intuitions which the artistic or literary faculty was called upon to follow, with the exactness of wax or clay, clothing the model within. Flavian too, with his fine clear mastery of the practically effective, had early laid hold of the principle, as axiomatic in literature: that to know when one's self is interested, is the first condition of interesting other people. It was a principle, the forcible apprehension of which made him jealous and fastidious in the se-

lection of his intellectual food; often listless while others read or gazed diligently; never pretending to be moved out of mere complaisance to other people's emotions: it served to foster in him a very
5 scrupulous literary sincerity with himself. And it was this uncompromising demand for a matter, in all art, derived immediately from lively personal intuition, this constant appeal to individual judgment, which saved his euphuism, even at its weakest, from
10 lapsing into mere artifice.

Was the magnificent *exordium* of Lucretius, addressed to the Goddess Venus, the work of his earlier manhood, and designed originally to open an argument less persistently sombre than that pro-
15 test against the whole pagan heaven which actually follows it? It is certainly the most typical expression of a mood, still incident to the young poet, as a thing peculiar to his youth, when he feels the sentimental current setting forcibly along his veins,
20 and so much as a matter of purely physical excitement, that he can hardly distinguish it from the animation of external nature, the upswelling of the seed in the earth, and of the sap through the trees. Flavian, to whom, again, as to his later euphuistic
25 kinsmen, old mythology seemed as full of untried, unexpressed motives and interest as human life itself, had long been occupied with a kind of mystic hymn to the vernal principle of life in things; a composition shaping itself, little by little, out of a
30 thousand dim perceptions, into singularly definite form (definite and firm as fine-art in metal, thought Marius) for which, as I said, he had caught his

“refrain,” from the lips of the young men, singing because they could not help it, in the streets of Pisa. And as oftenest happens also, with natures of genuinely poetic quality, those piecemeal beginnings came suddenly to harmonious completeness among the fortunate incidents, the physical heat and light, of one singularly happy day.

It was one of the first hot days of March — “the sacred day” — on which, from Pisa, as from many another harbour on the Mediterranean, the *Ship of Isis* went to sea, and every one walked down to the shore-side to witness the freighting of the vessel, its launching and final abandonment among the waves, as an object really devoted to the Great Goddess, that new rival, or “double,” of ancient Venus, and like her a favourite patroness of sailors. On the evening next before, all the world had been abroad to view the illumination of the river; the stately lines of building being wreathed with hundreds of many-coloured lamps. The young men had poured forth their chorus —

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit,
Quique amavit cras amet —

as they bore their torches through the yielding crowd, or rowed their lanterned boats up and down the stream, till far into the night, when heavy rain-drops had driven the last lingerers home. Morning broke, however, smiling and serene; and the long procession started betimes. The river, curving slightly, with the smoothly paved streets on either side, between its low marble parapet and the fair dwelling-houses, formed the main highway of

the city; and the pageant, accompanied throughout by innumerable lanterns and wax tapers, took its course up one of these streets, crossing the water by a bridge up-stream, and down the other, 5 to the haven, every possible standing-place, out of doors and within, being crowded with sight-seers, of whom Marius was one of the most eager, deeply interested in finding the spectacle much as Apuleius had described it in his famous book.

10 At the head of the procession, the master of ceremonies, quietly waving back the assistants, made way for a number of women, scattering perfumes. They were succeeded by a company of musicians, piping and twanging, on instruments the strangest 15 Marius had ever beheld, the notes of a hymn, narrating the first origin of this votive rite to a choir of youths, who marched behind them singing it. The tire-women and other personal attendants of the great goddess came next, bearing the instru- 20 ments of their ministry, and various articles from the sacred wardrobe, wrought of the most precious material; some of them with long ivory combs, plying their hands in wild yet graceful concert of movement as they went, in devout mimicry of the 25 toilet. Placed in their rear were the mirror-bearers of the goddess, carrying large mirrors of beaten brass or silver, turned in such a way as to reflect to the great body of worshippers who followed, the face of the mysterious image, as it moved on its 30 way, and their faces to it, as though they were in fact advancing to meet the heavenly visitor. They comprehended a multitude of both sexes and of all ages, already initiated into the divine secret, clad

in fair linen, the females veiled, the males with shining tonsures, and every one carrying a *sistrum* — the richer sort of silver, a few very dainty persons of fine gold — rattling the reeds, with a noise like the jargon of innumerable birds and insects, awakened from torpor and abroad in the spring sun. Then, borne upon a kind of platform, came the goddess herself, undulating above the heads of the multitude as the bearers walked, in mystic robe embroidered with the moon and stars, bordered gracefully with a fringe of real fruit and flowers, and with a glittering crown upon the head. The train of the procession consisted of the priests in long white vestments, close from head to foot, distributed into various groups, each bearing, exposed aloft, one of the sacred symbols of Isis — the corn-fan, the golden asp, the ivory hand of equity, and among them the votive ship itself, carved and gilt, and adorned bravely with flags flying. Last of all walked the high priest; the people kneeling as he passed to kiss his hand, in which were those well-remembered roses.

Marius followed with the rest to the harbour, where the mystic ship, lowered from the shoulders of the priests, was loaded with as much as it could carry of the rich spices and other costly gifts, offered in great profusion by the worshippers, and thus, launched at last upon the water, left the shore, crossing the harbour-bar in the wake of a much stouter vessel than itself with a crew of white-robed mariners, whose function it was, at the appointed moment, finally to desert it on the open sea. The remainder of the day was spent by most in

parties on the water. Flavian and Marius sailed further than they had ever done before to a wild spot on the bay, the traditional site of a little Greek colony, which, having had its eager, stirring life at the time when Etruria was still a power in Italy, had perished in the age of the civil wars. In the absolute transparency of the air on this gracious day, an infinitude of detail from sea and shore reached the eye with sparkling clearness, as the two lads sped rapidly over the waves — Flavian at work suddenly, from time to time, with his tablets. They reached land at last. The coral-fishers had spread their nets on the sands, with a tumble-down of quaint, many-hued treasures, below a little shrine of Venus, fluttering and gay with the scarves and napkins and gilded shells which these people had offered to the image. Flavian and Marius sat down under the shadow of a mass of gray rock or ruin, where the sea-gate of the Greek town had been, and talked of life in those old Greek colonies. Of this place, all that remained, besides those rude stones, was — a handful of silver coins, each with a head of pure and archaic beauty, though a little cruel perhaps, supposed to represent the Siren Ligeia, whose tomb was formerly shown here — only these, and an ancient song, the very strain which Flavian had recovered in those last months. They were records which spoke, certainly, of the charm of life within those walls. How strong must have been the tide of men's existence in that little republican town, so small that this circle of gray stones, of service now only by the moisture they gathered for the blue-flowering gentians

among them, had been the line of its rampart! An epitome of all that was liveliest, most animated and adventurous, in the old Greek people of which it was an offshoot, it had enhanced the effect of these gifts by concentration within narrow limits. The band of "devoted youth," *ἐσπὴ νεότης* — of the younger brothers, devoted to the gods and whatever luck the gods might afford, because there was no room for them at home — went forth, bearing the sacred flame from the mother-hearth; itself a flame, of power to consume the whole material of existence in clear light and heat, with no smouldering residue. The life of those vanished townsmen, so brilliant and revolutionary, applying so abundantly the personal qualities which alone just then Marius seemed to value, associated itself with the actual figure of his companion, standing there before him, his face enthusiastic with the sudden thought of all that; and struck him vividly as precisely the fitting opportunity for a nature like his, so hungry for control, for ascendancy over men.

Marius noticed also, however, as high spirits flagged at last, on the way home through the heavy dew of the evening, more than physical fatigue in Flavian, who seemed to find no refreshment in the coolness. There had been something feverish, perhaps, and like the beginning of sickness, about his almost forced gaiety, in this sudden spasm of spring; and by the evening of the next day he was lying with a burning spot on his forehead, stricken, as was thought from the first, by the terrible new disease.

(From *Marius the Epicurean*, chapter vi, 1885.)

Divine Service

"Wisdom hath builded herself a house: she hath mingled her wine: she hath also prepared for herself a table."

THE more highly favoured ages of imaginative art present instances of the summing up of an entire world of complex associations under some single form, like the *Zeus* of Olympia, or the series of frescoes which commemorate *The Acts of Saint Francis*, at Assisi, or like the play of *Hamlet* or *Faust*. It was not in an image, or series of images, yet still in a sort of dramatic action, and with the unity of a single appeal to eye and ear, that Marius
10 about this time found all his new impressions set forth, regarding what he had already recognised, intellectually, as for him at least the most beautiful thing in the world.

To understand the influence upon him of what
15 follows the reader must remember that it was an experience which came amid a deep sense of vacuity in life. The fairest products of the earth seemed to be dropping to pieces, as if in men's very hands, around him. How real was their sorrow, and his!
20 "His observation of life" had come to be like the constant telling of a sorrowful rosary, day after day; till, as if taking infection from the cloudy sorrow of the mind, the eye also, the very senses, were grown faint and sick. And now it happened as
25 with the actual morning on which he found himself a spectator of this new thing. The long win-

ter had been a season of unvarying sullenness. At last, on this day he awoke with a sharp flash of lightning in the earliest twilight: in a little while the heavy rain had filtered the air: the clear light was abroad; and, as though the spring had set in with a sudden leap in the heart of things, the whole scene around him lay like some untarnished picture beneath a sky of delicate blue. Under the spell of his late depression, Marius had suddenly determined to leave Rome for awhile. But desiring first to advertise Cornelius of his movements, and failing to find him in his lodgings, he had ventured, still early in the day, to seek him in the Cecilian villa. Passing through its silent and empty court-yard he loitered for a moment, to admire. Under the clear but immature light of winter morning after a storm, all the details of form and colour in the old marbles were distinctly visible, and with a kind of severity or sadness — so it struck him — amid their beauty: in them, and in all other details of the scene — the cypresses, the bunches of pale daffodils in the grass, the curves of the purple hills of Tusculum, with the drifts of virgin snow still lying in their hollows.

The little open door, through which he passed from the court-yard, admitted him into what was plainly the vast *Lararium*, or domestic sanctuary, of the Cecilian family, transformed in many particulars, but still richly decorated, and retaining much of its ancient furniture in metal-work and costly stone. The peculiar half-light of dawn seemed to be lingering beyond its hour upon the solemn marble walls; and here, though at that moment in absolute silence, a great company of people

was assembled. In that brief period of peace, during which the church emerged for awhile from her jealously-guarded subterranean life, the rigour of an earlier rule of exclusion had been relaxed. And
5 so it came to pass that, on this morning Marius saw for the first time the wonderful spectacle — wonderful, especially, in its evidential power over himself, over his own thoughts — of those who believe.

There were noticeable, among those present,
10 great varieties of rank, of age, of personal type. The Roman *ingenuus*, with the white toga and gold ring, stood side by side with his slave; and the air of the whole company was, above all, a grave one, an air of recollection. Coming thus unexpectedly
15 upon this large assembly, so entirely united, in a silence so profound, for purposes unknown to him, Marius felt for a moment as if he had stumbled by chance upon some great conspiracy. Yet that could scarcely be, for the people here collected might
20 have figured as the earliest handsel, or pattern, of a new world, from the very face of which discontent had passed away. Corresponding to the variety of human type there present, was the various expression of every form of human sorrow as-
25 suaged. What desire, what fulfilment of desire, had wrought so pathetically on the features of these ranks of aged men and women of humble condition? Those young men, bent down so discreetly on the details of their sacred service, had faced life
30 and were glad, by some science, or light of knowledge they had, to which there had certainly been no parallel in the older world. Was some credible message from beyond “ the flaming rampart of the

world" — a message of hope, regarding the place of men's souls and their interest in the sum of things — already moulding anew their very bodies, and looks, and voices, now and here? At least, there was a cleansing and kindling flame at work ⁵ in them, which seemed to make everything else Marius had ever known look comparatively vulgar and mean. There were the children, above all — troops of children — reminding him of those pathetic children's graves, like cradles or garden-beds, ¹⁰ he had noticed in his first visit to these places; and they more than satisfied the odd curiosity he had then conceived about them, wondering in what quaintly expressive forms they might come forth into the daylight, if awakened from sleep. Children ¹⁵ of the Catacombs, some but "a span long," with features not so much beautiful as heroic (that world of new, refining sentiment having set its seal even on childhood), they retained certainly no stain or trace of anything subterranean this morning, in the ²⁰ alacrity of their worship — as ready as if they had been at play — stretching forth their hands, crying, chanting in a resonant voice, and with boldly upturned faces, *Christe Eleison!*

For the silence — silence, amid those lights of ²⁵ early morning to which Marius had always been constitutionally impressible, as having in them a certain reproachful austerity — was broken suddenly by resounding cries of *Kyrie Eleison! Christe Eleison!* repeated alternately, again and again, until ³⁰ the bishop, rising from his chair, made sign that this prayer should cease. But the voices burst out once more presently, in richer and more varied mel-

ody, though still of an antiphonal character; the men, the women and children, the deacons, the people, answering one another, somewhat after the manner of a Greek chorus. But again with what
5 a novelty of poetic accent; what a genuine expansion of heart; what profound intimations for the intellect, as the meaning of the words grew upon him! *Cum grandi affectu et compunctione dicatur* — says an ancient eucharistic order; and certainly, the
10 mystic tone of this praying and singing was one with the expression of deliverance, of grateful assurance and sincerity, upon the faces of those assembled. As if some searching correction, a regeneration of the body by the spirit, had begun, and
15 was already gone a great way, the countenances of men, women, and children alike had a brightness on them which he could fancy reflected upon himself — an amenity, a mystic amiability and unction, which found its way most readily of all to the hearts
20 of children themselves. The religious poetry of those Hebrew psalms — *Benedixisti Domine terram tuam: Dixit Dominus Domino meo, sede a dextris meis* — was certainly in marvellous accord with the lyrical instinct of his own character. Those august
25 hymns, he thought, must thereafter ever remain by him as among the well-tested powers in things to soothe and fortify the soul. One could never grow tired of them!

In the old pagan worship there had been little
30 to call the understanding into play. Here, on the other hand, the utterance, the eloquence, the music of worship conveyed, as Marius readily understood, a fact or series of facts, for intellectual reception.

That became evident, more especially, in those lessons, or sacred readings, which, like the singing, in broken vernacular Latin, occurred at certain intervals, amid the silence of the assembly. There were readings, again with bursts of chanted invocation between for fuller light on a difficult path, in which many a vagrant voice of human philosophy, haunting men's minds from of old, recurred with clearer accent than had ever belonged to it before, as if lifted, above its first intention, into the harmonies of some supreme system of knowledge or doctrine, at length complete. And last of all came a narrative which, with a thousand tender memories, every one appeared to know by heart, displaying, in all the vividness of a picture for the eye, the mournful figure of him towards whom this whole act of worship still consistently turned — a figure which seemed to have absorbed, like some rich tincture in his garment, all that was deep-felt and impassioned in the experiences of the past. 20

It was the anniversary of his birth as a little child they celebrated to-day. *Astiterunt reges terræ*: so the Gradual, the "Song of Degrees," proceeded, the young men on the steps of the altar responding in deep, clear, antiphon or chorus — 25

Astiterunt reges terræ—

Adversus sanctum puerum tuum, Jesum:

Nunc, Domine, da servis tuis loqui verbum tuum —

Et signa fieri, per nomen sancti pueri Jesu.

And the proper action of the rite itself, like a half-opened book to be read by the duly initiated mind, took up those suggestions, and carried them forward into the present, as having reference to a power still

efficacious, still after some mystic sense even now in action among the people there assembled. The entire office, indeed, with its interchange of lessons, hymns, prayer, silence, was itself like a single piece of highly composite, dramatic music; a "song of degrees," rising steadily to a climax. Notwithstanding the absence of any central image visible to the eye, the entire ceremonial process, like the place in which it was enacted, was weighty with symbolic significance, seemed to express a single leading motive. The mystery, if such in fact it was, centered indeed in the actions of one visible person, distinguished among the assistants, who stood ranged in semi-circle around him, by the extreme fineness of his white vestments, and the pointed cap with the golden ornaments upon his head.

Nor had Marius ever seen the pontifical character, as he conceived it — *sicut unguentum in capite, descendens in oram vestimenti* — so fully realised, as in the expression, the manner and voice, of this novel pontiff, as he took his seat on the white chair placed for him by the young men, and received his long staff into his hand, or moved his hands — hands which seemed endowed in very deed with some mysterious power — at the *Lavabo*, or at the various benedictions, or to bless certain objects on the table before him, chanting in cadence of a grave sweetness the leading parts of the rite. What profound unction and mysticity! The solemn character of the singing was at its height when he opened his lips. Like some new sort of *rhapsôdos*, it was for the moment as if he alone possessed the words of the office, and they flowed anew from

some permanent source of inspiration within him. The table or altar at which he presided, below a canopy on delicate spiral columns, was in fact the tomb of a youthful "witness," of the family of the Cecillii, who had shed his blood not many years 5 before, and whose relics were still in this place. It was for his sake the bishop put his lips so often to the surface before him; the regretful memory of that death entwining itself, though not without certain notes of triumph, as a matter of special inward 10 significance, throughout a service, which was, before all else, from first to last, a commemoration of the dead.

A sacrifice also,—a sacrifice, it might seem, like the most primitive, the most natural and enduringly 15 significant of old pagan sacrifices, of the simplest fruits of the earth. And in connexion with this circumstance again, as in the actual stones of the building so in the rite itself, what Marius observed was not so much new matter as a new spirit, mould- 20 ing, informing, with a new intention, many observances not witnessed for the first time to-day. Men and women came to the altar successively, in perfect order, and deposited below the lattice-work of pierced white marble, their baskets of wheat and 25 grapes, incense, oil for the sanctuary lamps; bread and wine especially — pure wheaten bread, the pure white wine of the Tusculan vineyards. There was here a veritable consecration, hopeful and animating, of the earth's gifts, of old dead and dark mat- 30 ter itself, now in some way redeemed at last, of all that we can touch or see, in the midst of a jaded world that had lost the true sense of such things;

and in strong contrast to the wise emperor's renunciant and impassive attitude towards them. Certain portions of that bread and wine were taken into the bishop's hands; and thereafter, with an increasing mysticity and effusion the rite proceeded. Still in a strain of inspired supplication, the antiphonal singing developed, from this point, into a kind of dialogue between the chief minister and the whole assisting company —

SURSUM CORDA!

HABEMUS AD DOMINUM.

GRATIAS AGAMUS DOMINO DEO NOSTRO! —

- 10 It might have been thought the business, the duty or service of young men more particularly, as they stood there in long ranks, and in severe and simple vesture of the purest white—a service in which they would seem to be flying for refuge, as with their
- 15 precious, their treacherous and critical youth in their hands, to one — Yes! one like themselves, who yet claimed their worship, a worship, above all, in the way of Aurelius, in the way of imitation. *Adoramus te Christe, quia per crucem tuam redemisti mun-*
- 20 *dum!* — they cry together. So deep is the emotion that at moments it seems to Marius as if some there present apprehend that prayer prevails, that the very object of this pathetic crying himself draws near. From the first there had been the sense, an
- 25 increasing assurance, of one coming:—actually with them now, according to the oft-repeated affirmation or petition, *Dominus vobiscum!* Some at least were quite sure of it; and the confidence of this remnant fired the hearts, and gave meaning to

the bold, ecstatic worship, of all the rest about them.

Prompted especially by the suggestions of that mysterious old Jewish psalmody, so new to him — lesson and hymn — and catching therewith a por- 5 tion of the enthusiasm of those beside him, Marius could discern dimly, behind the solemn recitation which now followed, at once, a narrative and a prayer, the most touching image truly that had ever come within the scope of his mental or physi- 10 cal gaze. It was the image of a young man giving up voluntarily, one by one, for the greatest of ends, the greatest gifts; actually parting with himself, above all, with the serenity, the divine serenity, of his own soul: yet from the midst of his desolation 15 crying out upon the greatness of his success, as if foreseeing this very worship. As centre of the supposed facts which for these people were become so constraining a motive of hopefulness, of activity, that image seemed to display itself with an over- 20 whelming claim on human gratitude. What Saint Louis of France discerned, and found so irresistibly touching, across the dimness of many centuries, as a painful thing done for love of him by one he had never seen, was to them almost as a thing 25 of yesterday; and their hearts were whole with it. It had the force, among their interests, of an almost recent event in the career of one whom their fathers' fathers might have known. From memories so sublime, yet so close at hand, had the narra- 30 tive descended in which these acts of worship centered; though again the names of some more recently dead were mingled in it. And it seemed as

if the very dead were aware; to be stirring beneath the slabs of the sepulchres which lay so near, that they might associate themselves to this enthusiasm — to this exalted worship of Jesus.

5 One by one, at last, the faithful approach to receive from the chief minister morsels of the great, white, wheaten cake, he had taken into his hands — *Perducat vos ad vitam æternam!* he prays, half-silently, as they depart again, after discreet embraces. The Eucharist of those early days was,
10 even more entirely than at any later or happier time, an act of thanksgiving; and while the remnants of the feast are borne away for the reception of the sick, the sustained gladness of the rite reaches
15 its highest point in the singing of a hymn: a hymn like the spontaneous product of two opposed militant companies, contending accordantly together, heightening, accumulating, their witness, provoking one another's worship, in a kind of sacred rivalry.
20 *Ite! Missa est!* — cried the young deacons: and Marius departed from that strange scene along with the rest. What was it? — Was it this made the way of Cornelius so pleasant through the world? As for Marius himself, — the natural soul of wor-
25 ship in him had at last been satisfied as never before. He felt, as he left that place, that he must hereafter experience often a longing memory, a kind of thirst, for all this, over again. And it seemed moreover to define what he must require of the
30 powers, whatsoever they might be, that had brought him into the world at all, to make him not unhappy in it.

(From *Marius the Epicurean*, chapter xxiii, 1885.)

Denys L'Auxerrois

ALMOST every people, as we know, has had its legend of a "golden age" and of its return — legends which will hardly be forgotten, however prosaic the world may become, while man himself remains the aspiring, never quite contented being he is. And yet in truth, since we are no longer children, we might well question the advantage of the return to us of a condition of life in which, by the nature of the case, the values of things would, so to speak, lie wholly on their surfaces, unless we could regain also the childish consciousness, or rather unconsciousness, in ourselves, to take all that adroitly and with the appropriate lightness of heart. The dream, however, has been left for the most part in the usual vagueness of dreams: in their waking hours people have been too busy to furnish it forth with details. What follows is a quaint legend, with detail enough, of such a return of a golden or poetically-gilded age (a denizen of old Greece itself actually finding his way back again among men) as it happened in an ancient town of mediæval France.

Of the French town, properly so called, in which the products of successive ages, not without lively touches of the present, are blended together harmoniously, with a beauty *specific* — a beauty cisalpine and northern, yet at the same time quite distinct from the massive German picturesque of Ulm,

or Freiburg, or Augsburg, and of which Turner has found the ideal in certain of his studies of the rivers of France, a perfectly happy conjunction of river and town being of the essence of its physiog-
5 nomy—the town of Auxerre is perhaps the most complete realisation to be found by the actual wanderer. Certainly, for picturesque expression it is the most memorable of a distinguished group of three in these parts,—Auxerre, Sens, Troyes,—
10 each gathered, as if with deliberate aim at such effect, about the central mass of a huge gray cathedral.

Around Troyes the natural picturesque is to be sought only in the rich, almost coarse, summer col-
15 ouring of the Champagne country, of which the very tiles, the plaster and brickwork of its tiny villages and great, straggling, village-like farms have caught the warmth. The cathedral, visible far and wide over the fields seemingly of loose wild-flow-
20 ers, itself a rich mixture of all the varieties of the Pointed style down to the latest *Flamboyant*, may be noticed among the greater French churches for breadth of proportions internally, and is famous for its almost unrivalled treasure of stained glass,
25 chiefly of a florid, elaborate, later type, with much highly conscious artistic contrivance in design as well as in colour. In one of the richest of its windows, for instance, certain lines of pearly white run hither and thither, with delightful distant effect,
30 upon ruby and dark blue. Approaching nearer you find it to be a Travellers' window, and those odd lines of white the long walking-staves in the hands of Abraham, Raphael, the Magi, and the

other saintly patrons of journeys. The appropriate provincial character of the *bourgeoisie* of Champagne is still to be seen, it would appear, among the citizens of Troyes. Its streets, for the most part in timber and pargeting, present more than one unaltered specimen of the ancient *hôtel* or town-house, with forecourt and garden in the rear; and its more devout citizens would seem even in their church-building to have sought chiefly to please the eyes of those occupied with mundane affairs and out of doors, for they have finished, with abundant outlay, only the vast, useless portals of their parish churches, of surprising height and lightness, in a kind of wildly elegant Gothic-onstilts, giving to the streets of Troyes a peculiar air of the grotesque, as if in some quaint nightmare of the Middle Age.

At Sens, thirty miles away to the west, a place of far graver aspect, the name of Jean Cousin denotes a more chastened temper, even in these sumptuous decorations. Here all is cool and composed, with an almost English austerity. The first growth of the Pointed style in England — the hard "early English" of Canterbury — is indeed the creation of William, a master reared in the architectural school of Sens; and the severity of his taste might seem to have acted as a restraining power on all the subsequent changes of manner in this place — changes in themselves for the most part towards luxuriance. In harmony with the atmosphere of its great church is the cleanly quiet of the town, kept fresh by little channels of clear water circulating through its streets, derivatives of the rapid

Vanne which falls just below into the Yonne. The Yonne, bending gracefully, link after link, through a never-ending rustle of poplar trees, beneath lowly vine-clad hills, with relics of delicate woodland here and there, sometimes close at hand, sometimes leaving an interval of broad meadow, has all the lightsome characteristics of French river-side scenery on a smaller scale than usual, and might pass for the child's fancy of a river, like the rivers of the old miniature-painters, blue, and full to a fair green margin. One notices along its course a greater proportion than elsewhere of still untouched old seignorial residences, larger or smaller. The range of old gibbous towns along its banks, expanding their gay quays upon the water-side, have a common character — Joigny, Villeneuve, Saint Julien-du-Sault — yet tempt us to tarry at each and examine its relics, old glass and the like, of the Renaissance or the Middle Age, for the acquisition of real though minor lessons on the various arts which have left themselves a central monument at Auxerre. — Auxerre! A slight ascent in the winding road! and you have before you the prettiest town in France — the broad framework of vineyard sloping upwards gently to the horizon, with distant white cottages inviting one to walk: the quiet curve of river below, with all the river-side details: the three great purple-tiled masses of Saint Germain, Saint Pierre, and the cathedral of Saint Etienne, rising out of the crowded houses with more than the usual abruptness and irregularity of French building. Here, that rare artist, the susceptible painter of architecture, if he under-

stands the value alike of line and mass, of broad masses and delicate lines, has "a subject made to his hand."

A veritable country of the vine, it presents nevertheless an expression peaceful rather than radiant. Perfect type of that happy mean between northern earnestness and the luxury of the south, for which we prize midland France, its physiognomy is not quite happy — attractive in part for its melancholy. Its most characteristic atmosphere is to be seen when the tide of light and distant cloud is travelling quickly over it, when rain is not far off, and every touch of art or of time on its old building is defined in clear gray. A fine summer ripens its grapes into a valuable wine; but in spite of that it seems always longing for a larger and more continuous allowance of the sunshine that is so much to its taste. You might fancy something querulous or plaintive in that rustling movement of the vine-leaves, as blue-frocked Jacques Bonhomme finishes his day's labour among them.

To beguile one such afternoon when the rain set in early and walking was impossible, I found my way to the shop of an old dealer in *bric-à-brac*. It was not a monotonous display, after the manner of the Parisian dealer, of a stock-in-trade the like of which one has seen many times over, but a discriminate collection of real curiosities. One seemed to recognise a provincial school of taste in various relics of the housekeeping of the last century, with many a gem of earlier times from the old churches and religious houses of the neighbourhood. Among them was a large and brilliant fragment of stained

glass which might have come from the cathedral itself. Of the very finest quality in colour and design, it presented a figure not exactly conformable to any recognised ecclesiastical type; and it was
5 clearly part of a series. On my eager inquiry for the remainder, the old man replied that no more of it was known, but added that the priest of a neighbouring village was the possessor of an entire set of tapestries, apparently intended for suspension in church, and designed to portray the
10 whole subject of which the figure in the stained glass was a portion.

Next afternoon accordingly I repaired to the priest's house, in reality a little Gothic building,
15 part perhaps of an ancient manor-house, close to the village church. In the front garden, flower-garden and *potager* in one, the bees were busy among the autumn growths—many-coloured asters, big-nonias, scarlet-beans, and the old-fashioned par-
20 sonage flowers. The courteous owner readily showed me his tapestries, some of which hung on the walls of his parlour and staircase by way of a background for the display of the other curiosities of which he was a collector. Certainly, those tapes-
25 tries and the stained glass dealt with the same theme. In both were the same musical instruments—pipes, cymbals, long reed-like trumpets. The story, indeed, included the building of an organ, just such an instrument, only on a larger scale, as
30 was standing in the old priest's library, though almost soundless now; whereas in certain of the woven pictures the hearers appear as if transported, some of them shouting rapturously to the organ

music. A sort of mad vehemence prevails, indeed, throughout the delicate bewilderments of the whole series — giddy dances, wild animals leaping, above all perpetual wreathings of the vine, connecting, like some mazy arabesque, the various presenta-⁵tions of one oft-repeated figure, translated here out of the clear-coloured glass into the sadder, somewhat opaque and earthen hues of the silken threads. The figure was that of the organ-builder himself, a flaxen and flowery creature, sometimes ¹⁰well-nigh naked among the vine-leaves, sometimes muffled in skins against the cold, sometimes in the dress of a monk, but always with a strong impress of real character and incident from the veritable streets of Auxerre. What is it? Certainly, not-¹⁵withstanding its grace, and wealth of graceful accessories, a suffering, tortured figure. With all the regular beauty of a pagan god, he has suffered after a manner of which we must suppose pagan gods incapable. It was as if one of those fair, triumph-²⁰ant beings had cast in his lot with the creatures of an age later than his own, people of larger spiritual capacity and assuredly of a larger capacity for melancholy. With this fancy in my mind, by the help of certain notes which lay in the priest's curious ²⁵library upon the history of the works at the cathedral during the period of its finishing, and in repeated examination of the old tapestried designs, the story shaped itself at last.

Towards the middle of the thirteenth century ³⁰the cathedral of Saint Étienne was complete in its main outlines: what remained was the building of the great tower, and all that various labour of final

decoration which it would take more than one generation to accomplish. Certain circumstances, however, not wholly explained, led to a somewhat rapid finishing, as it were out of hand, yet with a marvellous fulness at once and grace. Of the result much has perished, or been transferred elsewhere; a portion is still visible in sumptuous relics of stained windows, and, above all, in the reliefs which adorn the western portals, very delicately carved in a fine, firm stone from Tonnerre, of which time has only browned the surface, and which, for early mastery in art, may be compared to the contemporary work of Italy. They come nearer than the art of that age was used to do to the expression of life; with a feeling for reality, in no ignoble form, caught, it might seem, from the ardent and full-veined existence then current in these actual streets and houses. Just then Auxerre had its turn in that political movement which broke out sympathetically, first in one, then in another of the towns of France, turning their narrow, feudal institutions into a free communistic life—a movement of which those great centres of popular devotion, the French cathedrals, are in many instances the monument. Closely connected always with the assertion of individual freedom, alike in mind and manners, at Auxerre this political stir was associated also, as cause or effect, with the figure and character of a particular personage, long remembered. He was the very genius, it would appear, of that new, free, generous manner in art, active and potent as a living creature.

As the most skilful of the band of carvers worked

there one day, with a labour he could never quite make equal to the vision within him, a finely-sculptured Greek coffin of stone, which had been made to serve for some later Roman funeral, was unearthed by the masons, with the thing done, and art achieved, as far as regards those final graces and harmonies of execution, which were precisely what lay beyond the hand of the mediæval workman, who for his part had largely at command a seriousness of conception lacking in the old Greek. Within the coffin lay an object of a fresh and brilliant clearness among the ashes of the dead — a flask of lively green glass, like a great emerald. It might have been “the wondrous vessel of the Grail.” Only this object seemed to bring back ineffable purity, but rather the riotous and earthy heat of old paganism itself. Coated within, and, as some were persuaded, still redolent with the tawny sediment of the Roman wine it had held so long ago, it was set aside for use at the supper which was shortly to celebrate the completion of the masons’ work. Amid much talk of the great age of gold, and some random expressions of hope that it might return again, fine old wine of Auxerre was sipped in small glasses from the precious flask as supper ended. And, whether or not the opening of the buried vessel had anything to do with it, from that time a sort of golden age seemed indeed to be reigning there for a while, and the triumphant completion of the great church was contemporary with a series of remarkable wine seasons. The vintage of those years was long remembered. Fine and abundant wine was to be found stored up even in

poor men's cottages ; while a new beauty, a gaiety, was abroad, as all the conjoint arts branched out exuberantly in a reign of quiet, delighted labour, at the prompting, as it seemed, of the singular being who came suddenly and oddly to Auxerre to be the centre of so pleasant a period, though in truth he made but a sad ending.

A singular usage long perpetuated itself at Auxerre. On Easter Day the canons, in the very centre of the great church, played solemnly at ball. Vespers being sung, instead of conducting the bishop to his palace, they proceeded in order into the nave, the people standing in two long rows to watch. Girding up their skirts a little way, the whole body of clerics awaited their turn in silence, while the captain of the singing-boys cast the ball into the air, as high as he might, along the vaulted roof of the central aisle to be caught by any boy who could, and tossed again with hand or foot till it passed on to the portly chanters, the chaplains, the canons themselves, who finally played out the game with all the decorum of an ecclesiastical ceremony. It was just then, just as the canons took the ball to themselves so gravely, that Denys — Denys l'Auxerrois, as he was afterwards called — appeared for the first time. Leaping in among the timid children, he made the thing really a game. The boys played like boys, the men almost like madmen, and all with a delightful glee which became contagious, first in the clerical body, and then among the spectators. The aged Dean of the Chapter, Protonotary of his Holiness, held up his purple skirt a little higher, and stepping from the

ranks with an amazing levity, as if suddenly relieved of his burden of eighty years, tossed the ball with his foot to the venerable capitular Homilist, equal to the occasion. And then, unable to stand inactive any longer, the laity carried on the game among themselves, with shouts of not too boisterous amusement; the sport continuing till the flight of the ball could no longer be traced along the dusky aisles.

Though the home of his childhood was but a humble one—one of those little cliff-houses cut out in the low chalky hillside, such as are still to be found with inhabitants in certain districts of France—there were some who connected his birth with the story of a beautiful country girl, who, about eighteen years before, had been taken from her own people, not unwillingly, for the pleasure of the Count of Auxerre. She had wished indeed to see the great lord, who had sought her privately, in the glory of his own house; but, terrified by the strange splendours of her new abode and manner of life, and the anger of the true wife, she had fled suddenly from the place during the confusion of a violent storm, and in her flight given birth prematurely to a child. The child, a singularly fair one, was found alive, but the mother dead, by lightning-stroke as it seemed, not far from her lord's chamber-door, under the shelter of a ruined ivy-clad tower. Denys himself certainly was a joyous lad enough. At the cliff-side cottage, nestling actually beneath the vineyards, he grew to be an unrivalled gardener, and, grown to manhood, brought his produce to market, keeping a stall in the great

cathedral square for the sale of melons and pomegranates, all manner of seeds and flowers, (*omnia speciosa camporum*,) honey also, wax tapers, sweetmeats hot from the frying-pan, rough home-made
5 pots and pans from the little pottery in the wood, loaves baked by the aged woman in whose house he lived. On that Easter Day he had entered the great church for the first time, for the purpose of seeing the game.

10 And from the very first, the women who saw him at his business, or watering his plants in the cool of the evening, idled for him. The men who noticed the crowd of women at his stall, and how even fresh young girls from the country, seeing
15 him for the first time, always loitered there, suspected — who could tell what kind of powers? hidden under the white veil of that youthful form; and pausing to ponder the matter, found themselves also fallen into the snare. The sight of him made old
20 people feel young again. Even the sage monk Hermes, devoted to study and experiment, was unable to keep the fruit-seller out of his mind, and would fain have discovered the secret of his charm, partly for the friendly purpose of explaining to the
25 lad himself his perhaps more than natural gifts with a view to their profitable cultivation.

It was a period, as older men took note, of young men and their influence. They took fire, no one could quite explain how, as if at his presence, and asserted a wonderful amount of volition,
30 of insolence, yet as if with the consent of their elders, who would themselves sometimes lose their balance, a little comically. That revolution in the

temper and manner of individuals concurred with the movement then on foot at Auxerre, as in other French towns, for the liberation of the *commune* from its old feudal superiors. Denys they called *Frank*, among many other nicknames. Young lords prided themselves on saying that labour should have its ease, and were almost prepared to take freedom, plebeian freedom (of course duly decorated, at least with wild-flowers) for a bride. For in truth Denys at his stall was turning the grave, slow movement of politic heads into a wild social license, which for a while made life like a stage-play. He first led those long processions, through which by and by "the little people," the discontented, the despairing, would utter their minds. One man engaged with another in talk in the market-place; a new influence came forth at the contact; another and then another adhered; at last a new spirit was abroad everywhere. The hot nights were noisy with swarming troops of dishevelled women and youths with red-stained limbs and faces, carrying their lighted torches over the vine-clad hills, or rushing down the streets, to the horror of timid watchers, towards the cool spaces by the river. A shrill music, a laughter at all things, was everywhere. And the new spirit repaired even to church to take part in the novel offices of the Feast of Fools. Heads flung back in ecstasy—the morning sleep among the vines, when the fatigue of the night was over—dew-drenched garments—the serf lying at his ease at last:—the artists, then so numerous at the place, caught what they could, something, at least, of the

richness, the flexibility of the visible aspects of life, from all this. With them the life of seeming idleness, to which Denys was conducting the youth of Auxerre so pleasantly, counted but as the cultivation, for their due service to man, of delightful natural things. And the powers of nature concurred. It seemed there would be winter no more. The planet Mars drew nearer to the earth than usual, hanging in the low sky like a fiery red lamp. A massive but well-nigh lifeless vine on the wall of the cloister, allowed to remain there only as a curiosity on account of its immense age, in that *great* season, as it was long after called, clothed itself with fruit once more. The culture of the grape greatly increased. The sunlight fell for the first time on many a spot of deep woodland cleared for vine-growing; though Denys, a lover of trees, was careful to leave a stately specimen of forest growth here and there.

When his troubles came, one characteristic that had seemed most amiable in his prosperity was turned against him,—a fondness for oddly grown or even misshapen, yet potentially happy, children; for odd animals also; he sympathised with them all, was skilful in healing their maladies, saved the hare in the chase, and sold his mantle to redeem a lamb from the butcher. He taught the people not to be afraid of the strange, ugly creatures which the light of the moving torches drew from their hiding-places, nor think it a bad omen that they approached. He tamed a veritable wolf to keep him company like a dog. It was the first of many ambiguous circumstances about him, from which,

in the minds of an increasing number of people, a deep suspicion and hatred began to define itself. The rich *bestiary*, then compiling in the library of the great church, became, through his assistance, nothing less than a garden of Eden — the gardens of Eden grown wild. The owl alone he abhorred. A little later, partly as if in revenge, alone of all animals it clung to him, haunting him persistently among the dusky stone towers; when grown gentler than ever he dared not kill it. He moved unhurt in the famous *ménagerie* of the castle, of which the common people were so much afraid, and let out the lions, themselves timid prisoners enough, through the streets during the fair. The incident suggested to the somewhat barren pen-men of the day a “morality” adapted from the old pagan books,—a stage-play in which the God of Wine should return in triumph from the East. In the cathedral square the pageant was presented, amid an intolerable noise of every kind of pipe-music, with Denys in the chief part, upon a gaily-painted chariot, in soft silken raiment and, for headdress, a strange elephant scalp with gilded tusks.

And that unrivalled fairness and freshness of aspect — how did he alone preserve it untouched, through the wind and heat? In truth, it was not by magic, as some said, but by a natural simplicity in his living. When that dark season of his troubles arrived he was heard begging querulously one wintry night, “Give me wine, meat; dark wine and brown meat!” — come back to the rude door of his old home in the cliff-side. Till that time the great vine-dresser himself drank only water; he had

lived on spring-water and fruit. A lover of fertility in all its forms, in what did but suggest it, he was curious and penetrative concerning the habits of water, and had the secret of the divining-rod. 5 Long before it came he could detect the scent of rain from afar, and would climb with delight to the great scaffolding on the unfinished tower to watch its coming over the thirsty vine-land, till it rattled on the great tiled roof of the church below; 10 and then, throwing off his mantle, allow it to bathe his limbs freely, clinging firmly against the tempestuous wind among the carved imageries of dark stone.

It was on his sudden return after a long journey, 15 (one of many inexplicable disappearances,) coming back changed somewhat, that he ate flesh for the first time, tearing the hot, red morsels with his delicate fingers in a kind of wild greed. He had fled to the south from the first forbidding days of 20 a hard winter which came at last. At the great seaport of Marseilles he had trafficked with sailors from all parts of the world, from Arabia and India, and bought their wares, exposed now for sale, to the wonder of all, at the Easter fair — richer wines 25 and incense than had been known in Auxerre, seeds of marvellous new flowers, creatures wild and tame, new pottery painted in raw gaudy tints, the skins of animals, meats fried with unheard-of condiments. His stall formed a strange, unwonted patch 30 of colour, found suddenly displayed in the hot morning.

The artists were more delighted than ever, and frequented his company in the little manorial habi-

tation, deserted long since by its owners and haunted, so that the eyes of many looked evil upon it, where he had taken up his abode, attracted, in the first instance, by its rich though neglected garden, a tangle of every kind of creeping, vine-like plant. Here, surrounded in abundance by the pleasant materials of his trade, the vine-dresser as it were turned pedant and kept school for the various artists, who learned here an art supplementary to their own,—that gay magic, namely, (art or trick,) of his existence, till they found themselves grown into a kind of aristocracy, like veritable *gens fleur-de-lis*s, as they worked together for the decoration of the great church and a hundred other places beside. And yet a darkness had grown upon him. The kind creature had lost something of his gentleness. Strange motiveless misdeeds had happened; and, at a loss for other causes, not the envious only would fain have traced the blame to Denys. He was making the younger world mad. Would he make himself Count of Auxerre? The lady Ariane, deserted by her former lover, had looked kindly upon him; was ready to make him son-in-law to the old count her father, old and not long for this world. The wise monk Hermes bethought him of certain old readings in which the Wine-god, whose part Denys had played so well, had his contrast, his dark or antipathetic side; was like a double creature of two natures, difficult or impossible to harmonise. And in truth the much-prized wine of Auxerre has itself but a fugitive charm, being apt to sicken and turn gross long before the bottle is empty, however carefully

sealed; as it goes indeed, at its best, by hard names, among those who grow it, such as *Chainette* and *Migraine*.

A kind of degeneration, of coarseness — the
5 coarseness of satiety and shapeless, battered-out appetite — with an almost savage taste for carnivorous diet, had come over the company. A rumour went abroad of certain women who had drowned, in mere wantonness, their new-born babes. A girl
10 with child was found hanged by her own act in a dark cellar. Ah! if Denys also had not felt himself mad! But when the guilt of a murder, committed with a great vine-axe far out among the vineyards, was attributed vaguely to him, he could
15 but wonder whether it had been indeed thus, and the shadow of a fancied crime abode with him. People turned against their favourite, whose former charms must now be counted only as the fascinations of witchcraft. It was as if the wine poured
20 out for them had soured in the cup. The golden age had indeed come back for a while: — golden was it, or gilded only, after all? and they were too sick, or at least too serious, to carry through their parts in it. The monk Hermes was whimsically re-
25 minded of that *after-thought* in pagan poetry, of a Wine-god who had been in hell. Denys certainly, with all his flaxen fairness about him, was manifestly a sufferer. At first he thought of departing secretly to some other place. Alas! his
30 wits were too far gone for certainty of success in the attempt. He feared to be brought back a prisoner. Those fat years were over. It was a time of scarcity. The working people might not eat

and drink of the good things they had helped to store away. Tears rose in the eyes of needy children, of old or weak people like children, as they woke up again and again to sunless, frost-bound, ruinous mornings; and the little hungry creatures went prowling after scattered hedge-nuts or dried vine-tendrils. Mysterious, dark rains prevailed throughout the summer. The great offices of Saint John were fumbled through in a sudden darkness of unseasonable storm, which greatly damaged the carved ornaments of the church, the bishop reading his midday Mass by the light of the little candle at his book. And then, one night, the night which seemed literally to have swallowed up the shortest day in the year, a plot was contrived by certain persons to take Denys as he went and kill him privately for a sorcerer. He could hardly tell how he escaped, and found himself safe in his earliest home, the cottage in the cliff-side, with such a big fire as he delighted in burning upon the hearth. They made a little feast as well as they could for the beautiful hunted creature, with abundance of waxlights.

And at last the clergy bethought themselves of a remedy for this evil time. The body of one of the patron saints had lain neglected somewhere under the flagstones of the sanctuary. This must be piously exhumed, and provided with a shrine worthy of it. The goldsmiths, the jewellers and lapidaries, set diligently to work, and no long time after, the shrine, like a little cathedral with portals and tower complete, stood ready, its chiselled gold framing panels of rock crystal, on the great altar.

Many bishops arrived with King Louis the Saint himself, accompanied by his mother, to assist at the search for and disinterment of the sacred relics. In their presence, the Bishop of Auxerre, in vestments of deep red in honour of the relics, blessed the new shrine, according to the office *De benedictione capsarum pro reliquiis*. The pavement of the choir, removed amid a surging sea of lugubrious chants, all persons fasting, discovered as if it had been a battlefield of mouldering human remains. Their odour rose plainly above the plentiful clouds of incense, such as was used in the king's private chapel. The search for the Saint himself continued in vain all day and far into the night. At last from a little narrow chest, into which the remains had been almost crushed together, the bishop's red-gloved hands drew the dwindled body, shrunken inconceivably, but still with every feature of the face traceable in a sudden oblique ray of ghastly dawn.

That shocking sight, after a sharp fit as if a demon were going out of him, as he rolled on the turf of the cloister, to which he had fled alone from the suffocating church where the crowd still awaited the Procession of the relics and the Mass *De reliquiis quæ continentur in Ecclesiis*, seemed indeed to have cured the madness of Denys, but certainly did not restore his gaiety. He was left a subdued, silent, melancholy creature. Turning now, with an odd revulsion of feeling, to gloomy objects, he picked out a ghastly shred from the common bones on the pavement to wear about his neck, and in a little while found his way to the

monks of Saint Germain, who gladly received him into their workshop, though secretly, in fear of his foes.

The busy tribe of variously gifted artists, labouring rapidly at the many works on hand for the final embellishment of the cathedral of St. Étienne, made those conventual buildings just then cheerful enough to lighten a melancholy, heavy even as that of our friend Denys. He took his place among the workmen, a conventual novice; a novice also as to whatever concerns any actual handicraft. He could but compound sweet incense for the sanctuary. And yet, again by merely visible presence, he made himself felt in all the varied exercise around him of those arts which address themselves first of all to sight. He defined unconsciously a manner, alike of feeling and expression, to those skilful hands at work day by day with the chisel, the pencil, or the needle, in many an enduring form of exquisite fancy. In three successive phases or fashions might be traced, especially in the carved work, the humours he had determined. There was first wild gaiety, exuberant in a wreathing of life-like imageries, from which nothing really present in nature was excluded. That, as the soul of Denys darkened, had passed into obscure regions of the satiric, the grotesque and coarse. But from this time there was manifest, with no loss of power or effect, a well-assured seriousness, somewhat jealous and exclusive, not so much in the selection of the material on which the arts were to work, as in the precise sort of expression that should be induced upon it. It was as if the gay old pagan

world had been *blessed* in some way; with effects to be seen most clearly in the rich miniature work of the manuscripts of the capitular library,—a marvellous Ovid especially, upon the pages of
5 which those old loves and sorrows seemed to come to life again in mediæval costume, as Denys, in cowl now and with tonsured head, leaned over the painter, and by a kind of visible sympathy, often unspoken, led his work, rather than by any formal
10 comment.

Above all, there was a desire abroad to attain the instruments of a freer and more various sacred music than had been in use hitherto—a music that might express the whole compass of souls now
15 grown to manhood. Auxerre, indeed, then as afterwards, was famous for its liturgical music. It was Denys, at last, to whom the thought occurred of combining in a fuller tide of music all the instruments then in use. Like the Wine-god of old, he
20 had been a lover and patron especially of the music of the pipe, in all its varieties. Here, too, there had been evident those three fashions or “modes” :—first, the simple and pastoral, the homely note of the pipe, like the piping of the wind itself from
25 off the distant fields; then, the wild, savage din, that had cost so much to quiet people, and driven excitable people mad. Now he would compose all this to sweeter purposes; and the building of the first organ became like the book of his life; it ex-
30 panded to the full compass of his nature, in its sorrow and delight. In long, enjoyable days of wind and sun by the river-side, the seemingly half-witted “brother” sought and found the needful

varieties of reed. The carpenters, under his instruction, set up the great wooden passages for the thunder; while the little pipes of pasteboard simulated the sound of the human voice singing to the victorious notes of the long metal trumpets.⁵ At times this also, as people heard night after night those wandering sounds, seemed like the work of a madman, though they awoke sometimes in wonder at snatches of a new, an unmistakable new music. It was the triumph of all the various modes¹⁰ of the power of the pipe, tamed, ruled, united. Only, on the painted shutters of the organ-case Apollo with his lyre in his hand, as lord of the strings, seemed to look askance on the music of the reed, in all the jealousy with which he put Mar-¹⁵ syas to death so cruelly.

Meantime, the people, even his enemies, seemed to have forgotten him. Enemies, in truth, they still were, ready to take his life should the opportunity come; as he perceived when at last he ven-²⁰ tured forth on a day of public ceremony. The bishop was to pronounce a blessing upon the foundations of a new bridge, designed to take the place of the ancient Roman bridge which, repaired in a thousand places, had hitherto served for the chief²⁵ passage of the Yonne. It was as if the disturbing of that time-worn masonry let out the dark spectres of departed times. Deep down, at the core of the central pile, a painful object was exposed—the skeleton of a child, placed there alive, it was rightly³⁰ surmised, in the superstitious belief that, by way of vicarious substitution, its death would secure the safety of all who should pass over. There were

some who found themselves, with a little surprise, looking round as if for a similar pledge of security in their new undertaking. It was just then that Denys was seen plainly, standing, in all essential
5 features precisely as of old, upon one of the great stones prepared for the foundation of the new building. For a moment he felt the eyes of the people upon him full of this strange humour, and with characteristic alertness, after a rapid gaze over the
10 gray city in its broad green frame of vineyards, best seen from this spot, flung himself down into the water and disappeared from view where the stream flowed most swiftly below a row of flour-mills. Some indeed fancied they had seen him emerge
15 again safely on the deck of one of the great boats, loaded with grapes and wreathed triumphantly with flowers like a floating garden, which were then bringing down the vintage from the country; but generally the people believed their strange enemy
20 now at last departed for ever. Denys in truth was at work again in peace at the cloister, upon his house of reeds and pipes. At times his fits came upon him again; and when they came, for his cure he would dig eagerly, turned sexton now, digging,
25 by choice, graves for the dead in the various churchyards of the town. There were those who had seen him thus employed (that form seeming still to carry the sunlight upon it) peering into the darkness, while his tears fell sometimes among the grim relics
30 his mattock had disturbed.

In fact, from the day of the exhumation of the body of the Saint in the great church, he had had a wonderful curiosity for such objects, and one win-

try day bethought him of removing the body of his mother from the unconsecrated ground in which it lay, that he might bury it in the cloister near the spot where he now worked. At twilight he came over the frozen snow. As he passed through the stony barriers of the place the world around seemed curdled to the centre—all but himself, fighting his way across it, turning now and then right-about from the persistent wind, which dealt so roughly with his blonde hair and the purple mantle whirled about him. The bones, hastily gathered, he placed, awfully but without ceremony, in a hollow space prepared secretly within the grave of another.

Meantime the winds of his organ were ready to blow; and with difficulty he obtained grace from the Chapter for a trial of its powers on a notable public occasion, as follows. A singular guest was expected at Auxerre. In recompense for some service rendered to the Chapter in times gone by, the Sire de Chastellux had the hereditary dignity of a canon of the church. On the day of his reception he presented himself at the entrance of the choir in surplice and amice, worn over the military habit. The old count of Chastellux was lately dead, and the heir had announced his coming, according to custom, to claim his ecclesiastical privilege. There had been long feud between the houses of Chastellux and Auxerre; but on this happy occasion an offer of peace came with a proposal for the hand of the Lady Ariane.

The goodly young man arrived, and, duly arrayed, was received into his stall at vespers, the

bishop assisting. It was then that the people heard the music of the organ, rolling over them for the first time, with various feelings of delight. But the performer on and author of the instrument was forgotten in his work, and there was no reinstatement of the former favourite. The religious ceremony was followed by a civic festival, in which Auxerre welcomed its future lord. The festival would end at nightfall with a somewhat rude, popular pageant, in which the person of Winter would be hunted blindfold through the streets. It was the sequel to that old stage-play of the *Return from the East* in which Denys had been the central figure. The old forgotten player saw his part before him, and, as if mechanically, fell again into the chief place, monk's dress and all. It might restore his popularity: who could tell? Hastily he donned the ashen-gray mantle, the rough haircloth about the throat, and went through the preliminary play. And it happened that a point of the haircloth scratched his lip deeply, with a long trickling of blood upon the chin. It was as if the sight of blood transported the spectators with a kind of mad rage, and suddenly revealed to them the truth. The pretended hunting of the unholy creature became a real one, which brought out, in rapid increase, men's evil passions. The soul of Denys was already at rest, as his body, now borne along in front of the crowd, was tossed hither and thither, torn at last limb from limb. The men stuck little shreds of his flesh, or, failing that, of his torn raiment, into their caps; the women lending their long hairpins for the purpose. The monk Hermes

sought in vain next day for any remains of the body of his friend. Only, at nightfall, the heart of Denys was brought to him by a stranger, still entire. It must long since have mouldered into dust under the stone, marked with a cross, where he^s buried it in a dark corner of the cathedral aisle.

So the figure in the stained glass explained itself. To me, Denys seemed to have been a real resident at Auxerre. On days of a certain atmosphere, when the trace of the Middle Age comes out, like¹⁰ old marks in the stones in rainy weather, I seemed actually to have seen the tortured figure there — to have met Denys l'Auxerrois in the streets.

(From *Macmillan's Magazine*, May, 1886. *Imaginary Portraits*, 1887.)

Style

SINCE all progress of mind consists for the most part in differentiation, in the resolution of an obscure and complex object into its component aspects, it is surely the stupidest of losses to confuse things which right reason has put asunder, to lose the sense of achieved distinctions, the distinction between poetry and prose, for instance, or, to speak more exactly, between the laws and characteristic excellences of verse and prose composition. On the other hand, those who have dwelt most emphatically on the distinction between prose and verse, prose and poetry, may sometimes have been tempted to limit the proper functions of prose too narrowly; and this again is at least false economy, as being, in effect, the renunciation of a certain means or faculty, in a world where after all we must needs make the most of things. Critical efforts to limit art *a priori*, by anticipations regarding the natural incapacity of the material with which this or that artist works, as the sculptor with solid form, or the prose-writer with the ordinary language of men, are always liable to be discredited by the facts of artistic production; and while prose is actually found to be a coloured thing with Bacon, picturesque with Livy and Carlyle, musical with Cicero and Newman, mystical and intimate with Plato and Michelet and Sir Thomas Browne, exalted or florid, it may be, with Milton and Taylor, it will be useless to protest that it can be nothing

at all, except something very tamely and narrowly confined to mainly practical ends—a kind of “good round-hand;” as useless as the protest that poetry might not touch prosaic subjects as with Wordsworth, or an abstruse matter as with Brown-5 ing, or treat contemporary life nobly as with Tennyson. In subordination to one essential beauty in all good literary style, in all literature as a fine art, as there are many beauties of poetry so the beauties of prose are many, and it is the business of criti-10 cism to estimate them as such; as it is good in the criticism of verse to look for those hard, logical, and quasi-prosaic excellences which that too has, or needs. To find in the poem, amid the flowers, the allusions, the mixed perspectives, of *Lycidas* for 15 instance, the thought, the logical structure:—how wholesome! how delightful! as to identify in prose what we call the poetry, the imaginative power, not treating it as out of place and a kind of vagrant intruder, but by way of an estimate of its rights, 20 that is, of its achieved powers, there.

Dryden, with the characteristic instinct of his age, loved to emphasise the distinction between poetry and prose, the protest against their confusion with each other, coming with somewhat diminished ef-25 fect from one whose poetry was so prosaic. In truth, his sense of prosaic excellence affected his verse rather than his prose, which is not only fervid, richly figured, poetic, as we say, but vitiated, all unconsciously, by many a scanning line. Set-30 ting up correctness, that humble merit of prose, as the central literary excellence, he is really a less correct writer than he may seem, still with an im-

perfect mastery of the relative pronoun. It might have been foreseen that, in the rotations of mind, the province of poetry in prose would find its assertor; and, a century after Dryden, amid very different intellectual needs, and with the need therefore of great modifications in literary form, the range of the poetic force in literature was effectively enlarged by Wordsworth. The true distinction between prose and poetry he regarded as the almost technical or accidental one of the absence or presence of metrical beauty, or, say! metrical restraint; and for him the opposition came to be between verse and prose of course; but, as the essential dichotomy in this matter, between imaginative and unimaginative writing, parallel to De Quincey's distinction between "the literature of power and the literature of knowledge," in the former of which the composer gives us not fact, but his peculiar sense of fact, whether past or present.

Dismissing then, under sanction of Wordsworth, that harsher opposition of poetry to prose, as savouring in fact of the arbitrary psychology of the last century, and with it the prejudice that there can be but one only beauty of prose style, I propose here to point out certain qualities of all literature as a fine art, which, if they apply to the literature of fact, apply still more to the literature of the imaginative sense of fact, while they apply indifferently to verse and prose, so far as either is really imaginative — certain conditions of true art in both alike, which conditions may also contain in them the secret of the proper discrimination and guardianship of the peculiar excellences of either.

The line between fact and something quite different from external fact is, indeed, hard to draw. In Pascal, for instance, in the persuasive writers generally, how difficult to define the point where, from time to time, argument which, if it is to be worth anything at all, must consist of facts or groups of facts, becomes a pleading — a theorem no longer, but essentially an appeal to the reader to catch the writer's spirit, to think with him, if one can or will — an expression no longer of fact but of his sense of it, his peculiar intuition of a world, prospective, or discerned below the faulty conditions of the present, in either case changed somewhat from the actual world. In science, on the other hand, in history so far as it conforms to scientific rule, we have a literary domain where the imagination may be thought to be always an intruder. And as, in all science, the functions of literature reduce themselves eventually to the transcribing of fact, so all the excellences of literary form in regard to science are reducible to various kinds of painstaking; this good quality being involved in all "skilled work" whatever, in the drafting of an act of parliament, as in sewing. Yet here again, the writer's sense of fact, in history especially, and in all those complex subjects which do but lie on the borders of science, will still take the place of fact, in various degrees. Your historian, for instance, with absolutely truthful intention, amid the multitude of facts presented to him must needs select, and in selecting assert something of his own humour, something that comes not of the world without but of a vision within. So Gibbon

moulds his unwieldy material to a preconceived view. Livy, Tacitus, Michelet, moving full of poignant sensibility amid the records of the past, each, after his own sense, modifies — who can tell
5 where and to what degree? — and becomes something else than a transcriber; each, as he thus modifies, passing into the domain of art proper. For just in proportion as the writer's aim, consciously or unconsciously, comes to be the transcribing, not
10 of the world, not of mere fact, but of his sense of it, he becomes an artist, his work *fine* art; and good art (as I hope ultimately to show) in proportion to the truth of his presentment of that sense; as in those humbler or plainer functions of literature also,
15 truth — truth to bare fact, there — is the essence of such artistic quality as they may have. Truth! there can be no merit, no craft at all, without that. And further, all beauty is in the long run only *fineness* of truth, or what we call expression, the finer
20 accommodation of speech to that vision within.

— The transcript of his sense of fact rather than the fact, as being preferable, pleasanter, more beautiful to the writer himself. In literature, as in every other product of human skill, in the mould-
25 ing of a bell or a platter for instance, wherever this sense asserts itself, wherever the producer so modifies his work as, over and above its primary use or intention, to make it pleasing (to himself, of course, in the first instance) there, “fine” as op-
30 posed to merely serviceable art, exists. Literary art, that is, like all art which is in any way imitative or reproductive of fact — form, or colour, or incident — is the representation of such fact as con-

nected with soul, of a specific personality, in its preferences, its volition and power.

Such is the matter of imaginative or artistic literature — this transcript, not of mere fact, but of fact in its infinite variety, as modified by human preference in all its infinitely varied forms. It will be good literary art not because it is brilliant or sober, or rich, or impulsive, or severe, but just in proportion as its representation of that sense, that soul-fact, is true, verse being only one department of such literature, and imaginative prose, it may be thought, being the special art of the modern world. That imaginative prose should be the special and opportune art of the modern world results from two important facts about the latter: first, the chaotic variety and complexity of its interests, making the intellectual issue, the really master currents of the present time incalculable — a condition of mind little susceptible of the restraint proper to verse form, so that the most characteristic verse of the nineteenth century has been lawless verse; and secondly, an all-pervading naturalism, a curiosity about everything whatever as it really is, involving a certain humility of attitude, cognate to what must, after all, be the less ambitious form of literature. And prose thus asserting itself as the special and privileged artistic faculty of the present day, will be, however critics may try to narrow its scope, as varied in its excellence as humanity itself reflecting on the facts of its latest experience — an instrument of many stops, meditative, observant, descriptive, eloquent, analytic, plaintive, fervid. Its beauties will be not exclusively “pedestrian”: it will exert,

in due measure, all the varied charms of poetry, down to the rhythm which, as in Cicero, or Michelet, or Newman, at their best, gives its musical value to every syllable.

5 The literary artist is of necessity a scholar, and in what he proposes to do will have in mind, first of all, the scholar and the scholarly conscience — the male conscience in this matter, as we must think it, under a system of education which still to so
10 large an extent limits real scholarship to men. In his self-criticism, he supposes always that sort of reader who will go (full of eyes) warily, considerably, though without consideration for him, over the ground which the female conscience traverses
15 so lightly, so amiably. For the material in which he works is no more a creation of his own than the sculptor's marble. Product of a myriad various minds and contending tongues, compact of obscure and minute association, a language has its own
20 abundant and often recondite laws, in the habitual and summary recognition of which scholarship consists. A writer, full of a matter he is before all things anxious to express, may think of those laws, the limitations of vocabulary, structure, and the
25 like, as a restriction, but if a real artist will find in them an opportunity. His punctilious observance of the proprieties of his medium will diffuse through all he writes a general air of sensibility, of refined usage. *Exclusiones debitæ naturæ* — the exclu-
30 sions, or rejections, which nature demands — we know how large a part these play, according to Bacon, in the science of nature. In a somewhat changed sense, we might say that the art of the

scholar is summed up in the observance of those rejections demanded by the nature of his medium, the material he must use. Alive to the value of an atmosphere in which every term finds its utmost degree of expression, and with all the jealousy of a lover of words, he will resist a constant tendency on the part of the majority of those who use them to efface the distinctions of language, the facility of writers often reinforcing in this respect the work of the vulgar. He will feel the obligation not of the laws only, but of those affinities, avoidances, those mere preferences, of his language, which through the associations of literary history have become a part of its nature, prescribing the rejection of many a neology, many a license, many a gipsy phrase which might present itself as actually expressive. His appeal, again, is to the scholar, who has great experience in literature, and will show no favour to short-cuts, or hackneyed illustration, or an affectation of learning designed for the unlearned. Hence a contention, a sense of self-restraint and renunciation, having for the susceptible reader the effect of a challenge for minute consideration; the attention of the writer, in every minutest detail, being a pledge that it is worth the reader's while to be attentive to, that the writer is dealing scrupulously with his instrument, and, therefore, indirectly, with the reader himself also, that he has the science of the instrument he plays on, perhaps, after all, with a freedom which in such case will be the freedom of a master.

For meanwhile, braced only by those restraints, he is really vindicating his liberty in the making of

a vocabulary, an entire system of composition, for himself, his own true manner; and when we speak of the manner of a true master we mean what is essential in his art. Pedantry being only the
5 scholarship of *le cuistre* (we have no English equivalent) he is no pedant, and does but show his intelligence of the rules of language in his freedoms with it, addition or expansion, which like the spontaneities of manner in a well-bred person will still further
10 illustrate good taste.—The right vocabulary! Translators have not invariably seen how all-important that is in the work of translation, driving for the most part at idiom or construction; whereas, if the original be first-rate, one's first care should be with
15 its elementary particles, Plato, for instance, being often reproducible by an exact following, with no variation in structure, of word after word, as the pencil follows a drawing under tracing-paper, so only each word or syllable be not of false colour,
20 to change my illustration a little.

Well! that is because any writer worth translating at all has winnowed and searched through his vocabulary, is conscious of the words he would select in systematic reading of a dictionary, and still more
25 of the words he would reject were the dictionary other than Johnson's; and doing this with his peculiar sense of the world ever in view, in search of an instrument for the adequate expression of that, he begets a vocabulary faithful to the colour-
30 ing of his own spirit, and in the strictest sense original. That living authority which language needs lies, in truth, in its scholars, who recognising always that every language possesses a genius, a

very fastidious genius, of its own, expand at once and purify its very elements, which must needs change along with the changing thoughts of living people. Ninety years ago, for instance, great mental force, certainly, was needed by Wordsworth, to break through the consecrated poetic associations of a century, and speak the language that was his, that was to become in a measure the language of the next generation. But he did it with the tact of a scholar also. English, for a quarter of a century past, has been assimilating the phraseology of pictorial art; for half a century, the phraseology of the great German metaphysical movement of eighty years ago; in part also the language of mystical theology: and none but pedants will regret a great consequent increase of its resources. For many years to come its enterprise may well lie in the naturalisation of the vocabulary of science, so only it be under the eye of a sensitive scholarship — in a liberal naturalisation of the ideas of science too, for after all the chief stimulus of good style is to possess a full, rich, complex matter to grapple with. The literary artist, therefore, will be well aware of physical science; science also attaining, in its turn, its true literary ideal. And then, as the scholar is nothing without the historic sense, he will be apt to restore not really obsolete or really worn-out words, but the finer edge of words still in use: *ascertain*, *communicate*, *discover* — words like these it has been part of our “business” to misuse. And still, as language was made for man, he will be no authority for correctnesses which, limiting freedom of utterance, were yet but accidents in their origin;

as if one vowed not to say "*its*," which ought to have been in Shakespeare; "*his*" and "*hers*," for inanimate objects, being but a barbarous and really inexpressive survival. Yet we have known many things like this. Racy Saxon monosyllables, close to us as touch and sight, he will intermix readily with those long, savoursome, Latin words, rich in "second intention." In this late day certainly, no critical process can be conducted reasonably without eclecticism. Of such eclecticism we have a justifying example in one of the first poets of our time. How illustrative of monosyllabic effect, of sonorous Latin, of the phraseology of science, of metaphysic, of colloquialism even, are the writings of Tennyson; yet with what a fine, fastidious scholarship throughout!

A scholar writing for the scholarly, he will of course leave something to the willing intelligence of his reader. "To go preach to the first passer-by," says Montaigne, "to become tutor to the ignorance of the first I meet, is a thing I abhor;" a thing, in fact, naturally distressing to the scholar, who will therefore ever be shy of offering uncomplimentary assistance to the reader's wit. To really strenuous minds there is a pleasurable stimulus in the challenge for a continuous effort on their part, to be rewarded by securer and more intimate grasp of the author's sense. Self-restraint, a skilful economy of means, *ascêsis*, that too has a beauty of its own; and for the reader supposed there will be an æsthetic satisfaction in that frugal closeness of style which makes the most of a word, in the exaction from every sentence of a precise relief, in the just

spacing out of word to thought, in the logically filled space connected always with the delightful sense of difficulty overcome.

Different classes of persons, at different times, make, of course, very various demands upon literature. Still, scholars, I suppose, and not only scholars, but all disinterested lovers of books, will always look to it, as to all other fine art, for a refuge, a sort of cloistral refuge, from a certain vulgarity in the actual world. A perfect poem like *Lycidas*,¹⁰ a perfect fiction like *Esmond*, the perfect handling of a theory like Newman's *Idea of a University*, has for them something of the uses of a religious "retreat." Here, then, with a view to the central need of a select few, those "men of a finer thread"¹⁵ who have formed and maintain the literary ideal, everything, every component element, will have undergone exact trial, and, above all, there will be no uncharacteristic or tarnished or vulgar decoration, permissible ornament being for the most part²⁰ structural, or necessary. As the painter in his picture, so the artist in his book, aims at the production by honourable artifice of a peculiar atmosphere. "The artist," says Schiller, "may be known rather by what he *omits*"; and in literature, too, the true²⁵ artist may be best recognised by his tact of omission. For to the grave reader words too are grave; and the ornamental word, the figure, the accessory form or colour or reference, is rarely content to die to thought precisely at the right moment, but³⁰ will inevitably linger awhile, stirring a long "brain-wave" behind it of perhaps quite alien associations. Just there, it may be, is the detrimental tendency

of the sort of scholarly attentiveness of mind I am recommending. But the true artist allows for it. He will remember that, as the very word ornament indicates what is in itself non-essential, so the "one beauty" of all literary style is of its very essence, and independent, in prose and verse alike, of all removable decoration; that it may exist in its fullest lustre, as in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, for instance, or in Stendhal's *Le Rouge et Le Noir*, in a composition utterly unadorned, with hardly a single suggestion of visibly beautiful things. Parallel, allusion, the allusive way generally, the flowers in the garden:—he knows the narcotic force of these upon the negligent intelligence to which any diversion, literally, is welcome, any vagrant intruder, because one can go wandering away with it from the immediate subject. Jealous, if he have a really quickening motive within, of all that does not hold directly to that, of the facile, the otiose, he will never depart from the strictly pedestrian process, unless he gains a ponderable something thereby. Even assured of its congruity, he will still question its serviceableness. Is it worth while, can we afford, to attend to just that, to just that figure or literary reference, just then?—Surplusage! he will dread that, as the runner on his muscles. For in truth all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage, from the last finish of the gem-engraver blowing away the last particle of invisible dust, back to the earliest divination of the finished work to be, lying somewhere, according to Michelangelo's fancy, in the rough-hewn block of stone. And what applies to figure or flower must be

understood of all other accidental or removable ornaments of writing whatever; and not of specific ornament only, but of all that latent colour and imagery which language as such carries in it. A lover of words for their own sake, to whom nothing about them is unimportant, a minute and constant observer of their physiognomy, he will be on the alert not only for obviously mixed metaphors of course, but for the metaphor that is mixed in all our speech, though a rapid use may involve no cognition of it. Currently recognising the incident, the colour, the physical elements or particles in words like *absorb*, *consider*, *extract*, to take the first that occur, he will avail himself of them, as further adding to the resources of expression. The elementary particles of language will be realised as colour and light and shade through his scholarly living in the full sense of them. Still opposing the constant degradation of language by those who use it carelessly, he will not treat coloured glass as if it were clear; and while half the world is using figure unconsciously, will be fully aware not only of all that latent figurative texture in speech, but of the vague, lazy, half-formed personification — a rhetoric, depressing, and worse than nothing because it has no really rhetorical motive — which plays so large a part there, and, as in the case of more ostentatious ornament, scrupulously exact of it, from syllable to syllable, its precise value.

So far I have been speaking of certain conditions of the literary art arising out of the medium or material in or upon which it works, the essential qualities of language and its aptitudes for contingent

ornamentation, matters which define scholarship as science and good taste respectively. They are both subservient to a more intimate quality of good style: more intimate, as coming nearer to the artist himself. The otiose, the facile, surplusage: why are these abhorrent to the true literary artist, except because, in literary as in all other art, structure is all-important, felt, or painfully missed, everywhere? — that architectural conception of work, which foresees the end in the beginning and never loses sight of it, and in every part is conscious of all the rest, till the last sentence does but, with undiminished vigour, unfold and justify the first — a condition of literary art, which, in contradistinction to another quality of the artist himself, to be spoken of later, I shall call the necessity of *mind* in style.

An acute philosophical writer, the late Dean Mansel (a writer whose works illustrate the literary beauty there may be in closeness, and with obvious repression or economy of a fine rhetorical gift) wrote a book, of fascinating precision in a very obscure subject, to show that all the technical laws of logic are but means of securing, in each and all of its apprehensions, the unity, the strict identity with itself, of the apprehending mind. All the laws of good writing aim at a similar unity or identity of the mind in all the processes by which the word is associated to its import. The term is right, and has its essential beauty, when it becomes, in a manner, what it signifies, as with the names of simple sensations. To give the phrase, the sentence, the structural member, the entire composition, song, or essay, a similar unity with its subject and with it-

self:—style is in the right way when it tends towards that. All depends upon the original unity, the vital wholeness and identity, of the initiatory apprehension or view. So much is true of all art, which therefore requires always its logic, its comprehensive reason—insight, foresight, retrospect, in simultaneous action—true, most of all, of the literary art, as being of all the arts most closely cognate to the abstract intelligence. Such logical coherency may be evidenced not merely in the lines of composition as a whole, but in the choice of a single word, while it by no means interferes with, but may even prescribe, much variety, in the building of the sentence for instance, or in the manner, argumentative, descriptive, discursive, of this or that part or member of the entire design. The blithe, crisp sentence, decisive as a child's expression of its needs, may alternate with the long-contending, victoriously intricate sentence; the sentence, born with the integrity of a single word, relieving the sort of sentence in which, if you look closely, you can see much contrivance, much adjustment, to bring a highly qualified matter into compass at one view. For the literary architecture, if it is to be rich and expressive, involves not only foresight of the end in the beginning, but also development or growth of design, in the process of execution, with many irregularities, surprises, and afterthoughts; the contingent as well as the necessary being subsumed under the unity of the whole. As truly, to the lack of such architectural design, of a single, almost visual, image, vigorously informing an entire, perhaps very intricate, composi-

tion, which shall be austere, ornate, argumentative, fanciful, yet true from first to last to that vision within, may be attributed those weaknesses of conscious or unconscious repetition of word, phrase, motive, or member of the whole matter, indicating, as Flaubert was aware, an original structure in thought not organically complete. With such foresight, the actual conclusion will most often get itself written out of hand, before, in the most obvious sense, the work is finished. With some strong and leading sense of the world, the tight hold of which secures true *composition* and not mere loose accretion, the literary artist, I suppose, goes on considerably, setting joint to joint, sustained by yet restraining the productive ardour, retracing the negligences of his first sketch, repeating his steps only that he may give the reader a sense of secure and restful progress, readjusting mere assonances even, that they may soothe the reader, or at least not interrupt him on his way; and then, somewhere before the end comes, is burdened, inspired, with his conclusion, and betimes delivered of it, leaving off, not in weariness and because he finds *himself* at an end, but in all the freshness of volition. His work now structurally complete, with all the accumulating effect of secondary shades of meaning, he finished the whole up to the just proportion of that ante-penultimate conclusion, and all becomes expressive. The house he has built is rather a body he has informed. And so it happens, to its greater credit, that the better interest even of a narrative to be recounted, a story to be told, will often be in its second reading. And though there are instances

of great writers who have been no artists, an unconscious tact sometimes directing work in which we may detect, very pleasurably, many of the effects of conscious art, yet one of the greatest pleasures of really good prose literature is in the critical tracing out of that conscious artistic structure, and the pervading sense of it as we read. Yet of poetic literature too; for, in truth, the kind of constructive intelligence here supposed is one of the forms of the imagination.

10

That is the special function of mind, in style. Mind and soul:—hard to ascertain philosophically, the distinction is real enough practically, for they often interfere, are sometimes in conflict, with each other. Blake, in the last century, is an instance of preponderating soul, embarrassed, at a loss, in an era of preponderating mind. As a quality of style, at all events, soul is a fact, in certain writers—the way they have of absorbing language, of attracting it into the peculiar spirit they are of, with a subtlety which makes the actual result seem like some inexplicable inspiration. By mind, the literary artist reaches us, through static and objective indications of design in his work, legible to all. By soul, he reaches us, somewhat cautiously perhaps, one and not another, through vagrant sympathy and a kind of immediate contact. Mind we cannot choose but approve where we recognise it; soul may repel us, not because we misunderstand it. The way in which theological interests sometimes avail themselves of language is perhaps the best illustration of the force I mean to indicate generally in literature, by the word *soul*.

30

Ardent religious persuasion may exist, may make its way, without finding any equivalent heat in language: or, again, it may enkindle words to various degrees, and when it really takes hold of them
5 doubles its force. Religious history presents many remarkable instances in which, through no mere phrase-worship, an unconscious literary tact has, for the sensitive, laid open a privileged pathway from one to another. "The altar-fire," people say,
10 "has touched those lips!" The Vulgate, the English Bible, the English Prayer-Book, the writings of Swedenborg, the Tracts for the Times:—there, we have instances of widely different and largely diffused phases of religious feeling in operation as
15 soul in style. But something of the same kind acts with similar power in certain writers of quite other than theological literature, on behalf of some wholly personal and peculiar sense of theirs. Most easily illustrated by theological literature, this qual-
20 ity lends to profane writers a kind of religious influence. At their best, these writers become, as we say sometimes, "prophets"; such character depending on the effect not merely of their matter, but of their matter as allied to, in "electric affinity"
25 with, peculiar form, and working in all cases by an immediate sympathetic contact, on which account it is that it may be called soul, as opposed to mind, in style. And this too is a faculty of choosing and rejecting what is congruous or otherwise, with a
30 drift towards unity—unity of atmosphere here, as there of design—soul securing colour (or perfume, might we say?) as mind secures form, the latter being essentially finite, the former vague or infi-

nite, as the influence of a living person is practically infinite. There are some to whom nothing has any real interest, or real meaning, except as operative in a given person; and it is they who best appreciate the quality of soul in literary art. They seem to know a *person*, in a book, and make way by intuition: yet, although they thus enjoy the completeness of a personal information, it is still a characteristic of soul, in this sense of the word, that it does but suggest what can never be uttered, not as being different from, or more obscure than, what actually gets said, but as containing that plenary substance of which there is only one phase or facet in what is there expressed.

If all high things have their martyrs, Gustave Flaubert might perhaps rank as the martyr of literary style. In his printed correspondence, a curious series of letters, written in his twenty-fifth year, records what seems to have been his one other passion — a series of letters which, with its fine casuistics, its firmly repressed anguish, its tone of harmonious gray, and the sense of disillusion in which the whole matter ends, might have been, a few slight changes supposed, one of his own fictions. Writing to Madame X. certainly he does display, by “taking thought” mainly, by constant and delicate pondering, as in his love for literature, a heart really moved, but still more, and as the pledge of that emotion, a loyalty to his work. Madame X., too, is a literary artist, and the best gifts he can send her are precepts of perfection in art, counsels for the effectual pursuit of that better love. In his love-letters it is the pains and pleasures of art he

insists on, its solaces: he communicates secrets, reproves, encourages, with a view to that. Whether the lady was dissatisfied with such divided or indirect service, the reader is not enabled to see; but
5 sees that, on Flaubert's part at least, a living person could be no rival of what was, from first to last, his leading passion, a somewhat solitary and exclusive one.

"I must scold you," he writes, "for one thing, which shocks, scandalises me, the small concern, namely, you show for art just now. As regards glory be it so: there, I approve. But for art!—the one thing in life that is good and real—can you compare with it an earthly love?—prefer the adoration of a relative beauty to the *cultus* of the true beauty? Well! I tell you the truth. That is the one thing good in me: the one thing I have, to me estimable. For yourself, you blend with the beautiful a heap of alien things, the useful, the agreeable, what not?—

"The only way not to be unhappy is to shut yourself up in art, and count everything else as nothing. Pride takes the place of all beside when it is established on a large basis. Work! God wills it. That, it seems to me, is clear.—

"I am reading over again the *Æneid*, certain verses of which I repeat to myself to satiety: There are phrases there which stay in one's head, by which I find myself beset, as with those musical airs which are for ever returning, and cause you pain, you love them so much. I observe that I no longer laugh much, and am no longer depressed. I am ripe. You talk of my serenity, and envy me. It may well surprise you. Sick, irritated, the prey a thousand times a day of cruel pain, I continue my labour like a true working-man, who, with sleeves turned up, in the sweat of his brow, beats away at his anvil, never troubling himself whether it rains or blows, for hail or thunder. I was not like that formerly. The change has taken place naturally, though my will has counted for something in the matter.—

"Those who write in good style are sometimes accused of a neglect of ideas, and of the moral end, as if the end of the physician were something else than healing, of the painter than painting—as if the end of art were not, before all else, the beautiful."

What, then, did Flaubert understand by beauty, in the art he pursued with so much fervour, with so much self-command? Let us hear a sympathetic commentator:—

"Possessed of an absolute belief that there exists but one way of expressing one thing, one word to call it by, one adjective to qualify, one verb to animate it, he gave himself to superhuman labour for the discovery, in every phrase, of that word, that verb, that epithet. In this way, he believed in some mysterious harmony of expression, and when a true word seemed to him to lack euphony still went on seeking another, with invincible patience, certain that he had not yet got hold of the *unique* word. . . . A thousand preoccupations would beset him at the same moment, always with this desperate certitude fixed in his spirit: Among all the expressions in the world, all forms and turns of expression, there is but *one*—one form, one mode—to express what I want to say."

The one word for the one thing, the one thought,⁵ amid the multitude of words, terms, that might just do: the problem of style was there!—the unique word, phrase, sentence, paragraph, essay, or song, absolutely proper to the single mental presentation or vision within. In that perfect justice,¹⁰ over and above the many contingent and removable beauties with which beautiful style may charm us, but which it can exist without, independent of them yet dexterously availing itself of them, omni-

present in good work, in function at every point, from single epithets to the rhythm of a whole book, lay the specific, indispensable, very intellectual, beauty of literature, the possibility of which constitutes it a fine art.

One seems to detect the influence of a philosophic idea there, the idea of a natural economy, of some pre-existent adaptation, between a relative, somewhere in the world of thought, and its correlative, somewhere in the world of language—both alike, rather, somewhere in the mind of the artist, desiderative, expectant, inventive—meeting each other with the readiness of “soul and body reunited,” in Blake’s rapturous design; and, in fact, Flaubert was fond of giving his theory philosophical expression.—

“There are no beautiful thoughts,” he would say, “without beautiful forms, and conversely. As it is impossible to extract from physical body the qualities which really constitute it—colour, extension, and the like—without reducing it to a hollow abstraction, in a word, without destroying it; just so it is impossible to detach the form from the idea, for the idea only exists by virtue of the form.”

All the recognised flowers, the removable ornaments of literature (including harmony and ease in reading aloud, very carefully considered by him) counted certainly; for these too are part of the actual value of what one says. But still, after all, with Flaubert, the search, the unwearied research, was not for the smooth, or winsome, or forcible word, as such, as with false Ciceronians, but quite

simply and honestly, for the word's adjustment to its meaning. The first condition of this must be, of course, to know yourself, to have ascertained your own sense exactly. Then, if we suppose an artist, he says to the reader,—I want you to see⁵ precisely what I see. Into the mind sensitive to “form,” a flood of random sounds, colours, incidents, is ever penetrating from the world without, to become, by sympathetic selection, a part of its very structure, and, in turn, the visible vesture and¹⁰ expression of that other world it sees so steadily within, nay, already with a partial conformity thereto, to be refined, enlarged, corrected, at a hundred points; and it is just there, just at those doubtful points that the function of style, as tact or taste,¹⁵ intervenes. The unique term will come more quickly to one than another, at one time than another, according also to the kind of matter in question. Quickness and slowness, ease and closeness alike, have nothing to do with the artistic character²⁰ of the true word found at last. As there is a charm of ease, so there is also a special charm in the signs of discovery, of effort and contention towards a due end, as so often with Flaubert himself—in the style which has been pliant, as only obstinate, dur-²⁵able metal can be, to the inherent perplexities and recusancy of a certain difficult thought.

If Flaubert had not told us, perhaps we should never have guessed how tardy and painful his own procedure really was, and after reading his confes-³⁰sion may think that his almost endless hesitation had much to do with diseased nerves. Often, perhaps, the felicity supposed will be the product of

a happier, a more exuberant nature than Flaubert's. Aggravated, certainly, by a morbid physical condition, that anxiety in "seeking the phrase," which gathered all the other small *ennuis* of a really quiet existence into a kind of battle, was connected with his lifelong contention against facile poetry, facile art—art, facile and flimsy; and what constitutes the true artist is not the slowness or quickness of the process, but the absolute success of the result. As with those labourers in the parable, the prize is independent of the mere length of the actual day's work. "You talk," he writes, odd, trying lover, to Madame X.—

"You talk of the exclusiveness of my literary tastes. That might have enabled you to divine what kind of a person I am in the matter of love. I grow so hard to please as a literary artist, that I am driven to despair. I shall end by not writing another line."

"Happy," he cries, in a moment of discouragement at that patient labour, which for him, certainly, was the condition of a great success —

"Happy those who have no doubts of themselves! who lengthen out, as the pen runs on, all that flows forth from their brains. As for me, I hesitate, I disappoint myself, turn round upon myself in despite: my taste is augmented in proportion as my natural vigour decreases, and I afflict my soul over some dubious word out of all proportion to the pleasure I get from a whole page of good writing. One would have to live two centuries to attain a true idea of any matter whatever. What Buffon said is a big blasphemy: genius is not long-continued patience. Still, there is some truth in the statement, and more than people think, especially as regards our own day. Art!

art! art! bitter deception! phantom that glows with light, only to lead one on to destruction."

Again —

"I am growing so peevish about my writing. I am like a man whose ear is true but who plays falsely on the violin: his fingers refuse to reproduce precisely those sounds of which he has the inward sense. Then the tears come rolling down from the poor scraper's eyes and the bow falls from his hand."

Coming slowly or quickly, when it comes, as it came with so much labour of mind, but also with so much lustre, to Gustave Flaubert, this discovery of the word will be, like all artistic success and⁵ felicity, incapable of strict analysis: effect of an intuitive condition of mind, it must be recognised by like intuition on the part of the reader, and a sort of immediate sense. In every one of those masterly sentences of Flaubert there was, below all¹⁰ mere contrivance, shaping and afterthought, by some happy instantaneous concourse of the various faculties of the mind with each other, the exact apprehension of what was *needed* to carry the meaning. And that it fits with absolute justice will be¹⁵ a judgment of immediate sense in the appreciative reader. We all feel this in what may be called inspired translation. Well! all language involves translation from inward to outward. In literature, as in all forms of art, there are the absolute and²⁰ the merely relative or accessory beauties; and precisely in that exact proportion of the term to its purpose is the absolute beauty of style, prose or

verse. All the good qualities, the beauties, of verse also, are such, only as precise expression.

In the highest as in the lowliest literature, then, the one indispensable beauty is, after all, truth:—
5 truth to bare fact in the latter, as to some personal sense of fact, diverted somewhat from men's ordinary sense of it, in the former; truth there as accuracy, truth here as expression, that finest and most intimate form of truth, the *vraie vérité*. And
10 what an eclectic principle this really is! employing for its one sole purpose — that absolute accordance of expression to idea — all other literary beauties and excellences whatever: how many kinds of style it covers, explains, justifies, and at the same time
15 safeguards! Scott's facility, Flaubert's deeply pondered evocation of "the phrase," are equally good art. Say what you have to say, what you have a will to say, in the simplest, the most direct and exact manner possible, with no surplusage:—
20 there, is the justification of the sentence so fortunately born, "entire, smooth, and round," that it needs no punctuation, and also (that is the point!) of the most elaborate period, if it be right in its elaboration. Here is the office of ornament: here
25 also the purpose of restraint in ornament. As the exponent of truth, that austerity (the beauty, the function, of which in literature Flaubert understood so well) becomes not the correctness or purism of the mere scholar, but a security against the otiose,
30 a jealous exclusion of what does not really tell towards the pursuit of relief, of life and vigour in the portraiture of one's sense. License again, the making free with rule, if it be indeed, as people

fancy, a habit of genius, flinging aside or transforming all that opposes the liberty of beautiful production, will be but faith to one's own meaning. The seeming baldness of *Le Rouge et Le Noir* is nothing in itself; the wild ornament of *Les Misérables* is nothing in itself; and the restraint of Flaubert, amid a real natural opulence, only redoubled beauty — the phrase so large and so precise at the same time, hard as bronze, in service to the more perfect adaptation of words to their matter. After-10 thoughts, retouchings, finish, will be of profit only so far as they too really serve to bring out the original, initiative, generative, sense in them.

In this way, according to the well-known saying, "The style is the man," complex or simple,15 in his individuality, his plenary sense of what he really has to say, his sense of the world; all cautions regarding style arising out of so many natural scruples as to the medium through which alone he can expose that inward sense of things, the purity20 of this medium, its laws or tricks of refraction: nothing is to be left there which might give conveyance to any matter save that. Style in all its varieties, reserved or opulent, terse, abundant, musical, stimulant, academic, so long as each is really25 characteristic or expressive, finds thus its justification, the sumptuous good taste of Cicero being as truly the man himself, and not another, justified, yet insured inalienably to him, thereby, as would have been his portrait by Raphael, in full consular30 splendor, on his ivory chair.

A relegation, you may say perhaps — a relegation of style to the subjectivity, the mere caprice,

of the individual, which must soon transform it into mannerism. Not so! since there is, under the conditions supposed, for those elements of the man, for every lineament of the vision within, the one word, the one acceptable word, recognisable by the sensitive, by others "who have intelligence" in the matter, as absolutely as ever anything can be in the evanescent and delicate region of human language. The style, the manner, would be the man, not in his unreasoned and really uncharacteristic caprices, involuntary or affected, but in absolutely sincere apprehension of what is most real to him. But let us hear our French guide again.—

"Styles," says Flaubert's commentator, "*Styles*, as so many peculiar moulds, each of which bears the mark of a particular writer, who is to pour into it the whole content of his ideas, were no part of his theory. What he believed in was *Style*: that is to say, a certain absolute and unique manner of expressing a thing, in all its intensity and colour. For him the *form* was the work itself. As in living creatures, the blood, nourishing the body, determines its very contour and external aspect, just so, to his mind, the *matter*, the basis, in a work of art, imposed, necessarily, the unique, the just expression, the measure, the rhythm—the *form* in all its characteristics."

If the style be the man, in all the colour and intensity of a veritable apprehension, it will be in a real sense "impersonal."

I said, thinking of books like Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, that prose literature was the characteristic art of the nineteenth century, as others, thinking of its triumphs since the youth of Bach, have assigned that place to music. Music and prose literature are, in one sense, the opposite terms of art; the art of literature presenting to the imagination,

through the intelligence, a range of interests, as free and various as those which music presents to it through sense. And certainly the tendency of what has been here said is to bring literature too under those conditions, by conformity to which music⁵ takes rank as the typically perfect art. If music be the ideal of all art whatever, precisely because in music it is impossible to distinguish the form from the substance or matter, the subject from the expression, then, literature, by finding its specific ex-¹⁰cellence in the absolute correspondence of the term to its import, will be but fulfilling the condition of all artistic quality in things everywhere, of all good art.

Good art, but not necessarily great art; the dis-¹⁵tinction between great art and good art depending immediately, as regards literature at all events, not on its form, but on the matter. Thackeray's *Esmond*, surely, is greater art than *Vanity Fair*, by the greater dignity of its interests. It is on the²⁰ quality of the matter it informs or controls, its compass, its variety, its alliance to great ends, or the depth of the note of revolt, or the largeness of hope in it, that the greatness of literary art depends, as *The Divine Comedy*, *Paradise Lost*, *Les*²⁵ *Misérables*, *The English Bible*, are great art. Given the conditions I have tried to explain as constituting good art;—then, if it be devoted further to the increase of men's happiness, to the redemption of the oppressed, or the enlargement of our sym-³⁰pathies with each other, or to such presentment of new or old truth about ourselves and our relation to the world as may ennoble and fortify us in our

sojourn here, or immediately, as with Dante, to the glory of God, it will be also great art; if, over and above those qualities I summed up as mind and soul — that colour and mystic perfume, and that
5 reasonable structure, it has something of the soul of humanity in it, and finds its logical, its architectural place, in the great structure of human life.

(From the *Fortnightly Review*, December, 1888. *Appreciations*, 1889.)

The Genius of Plato

ALL true criticism of philosophic doctrine, as of every other product of human mind, must begin with an historic estimate of the conditions, antecedent and contemporary, which helped to make it precisely what it was. But a complete criticism does not end there. In the evolution of abstract doctrine as we find it written in the history of philosophy, if there is always, on one side, the fatal, irresistible, mechanic, play of circumstance — the circumstances of a particular age, which may be analysed and explained; there is always also, as if acting from the opposite side, the comparatively inexplicable force of a personality, resistant to, while it is moulded by, them. It might even be said that the trial-task of criticism, in regard to literature and art no less than to philosophy, begins exactly where the estimate of general conditions, of the conditions common to all the products of this or that particular age — of the “environment” — leaves off, and we touch what is unique in the individual genius which contrived after all, by force of will, to have its own masterful way with that environment. If in reading Plato, for instance, the philosophic student has to re-construct for himself, as far as possible, the general character of an age, he must also, so far as he may, re-produce the portrait of a *person*. The Sophists, the Sophistical world, around him; his master, Socrates;

the Pre-Socratic philosophies; the mechanic influence, that is to say, of past and present:—of course we can know nothing at all of the Platonic doctrine except so far as we see it in well-ascertained contact with all that; but there is also Plato himself in it.

— A personality, we may notice at the outset, of a certain complication. The great masters of philosophy have been for the most part its noticeably single-minded servants. As if in emulation of Aristotle's simplicity of character, his absorbing intellectualism—impressive, certainly, heroic enough, in its way—they have served science, science *in vacuo*, as if nothing beside, faith, imagination, love, the bodily sense, could detach them from it for an hour. It is not merely that we know little of their lives (there was so little to tell!) but that we know nothing at all of their *temperaments*; of which, that one leading abstract or scientific force in them was in fact strictly exclusive. Little more than intellectual abstractions themselves, in them philosophy was wholly faithful to its colours, or its colourlessness; rendering not gray only, as Hegel said of it, but all colours alike, in gray.

With Plato it was otherwise. In him, the passion for truth did but bend, or take the bent of, certain ineradicable predispositions of his nature, in themselves perhaps somewhat opposed to that. It is however in the blending of diverse elements in the mental constitution of Plato that the peculiar Platonic quality resides. Platonism is in one sense an emphatic witness to the unseen, the transcen-

dental, the non-experienced, the beauty, for instance, which is not for the bodily eye. Yet the author of this philosophy of the unseen was,—Who can doubt it who has read but a page of him? this, in fact, is what has led and kept to his pages many 5 who have little or no turn for the sort of questions Plato actually discusses:—The author of this philosophy of the unseen was one, for whom, as was said of a very different French writer, “the *visible* world really existed.” Austere as he seems, and 10 on well-considered principle really is, his temperance or austerity, æsthetically so winning, is attained only by the chastisement, the control, of a variously interested, a richly sensuous nature. Yes, the visible world, so pre-eminently worth eye- 15 sight at Athens just then, really existed for him: exists still—there’s the point!—is active still everywhere, when he seems to have turned away from it to invisible things. To the somewhat sad-coloured school of Socrates, and its discipline to- 20 wards apathy or contempt in such matters, he had brought capacities of bodily sense with the making in them of an *Odyssey*; or (shall we say?) of a poet after the order of Sappho or Catullus; as indeed also a practical intelligence, a popular man- 25 agement of his own powers, a skill in philosophic yet talkable Greek prose, which might have constituted him the most successful of “Sophists.” You cannot help seeing that his mind is a storehouse of all the liveliest imageries of men and 30 things. Nothing, if it really arrests eye or ear at all, is too trivial to note. Passing through the **crowd** of human beings, he notes the sounds alike

of their solemn hymns and of their pettiest handicraft. A conventional philosopher might speak of "dumb matter," for instance; but Plato has lingered too long in braziers' workshops to lapse into
 5 so stupid an epithet. And if the persistent hold of sensible things upon him thus reveals itself in trifles, it is manifest no less in the way in which he can tell a long story,—no one more effectively! and again, in his graphic presentment of whole
 10 scenes from actual life, like that with which *The Republic* opens. His Socrates, like other people, is curious to witness a new religious function: how they will do it. As in modern times, it would be a pleasant occasion also for meeting the acquaint-
 15 ance one likes best:—*Ἐυνεσόμεθα πολλοῖς τῶν νέων αὐτόθι*. "We shall meet a number of our youth there: we shall have a dialogue: there will be a torchlight procession in honour of the goddess, an equestrian procession: a novel feature!—What?
 20 Torches in their hands, passed on as they race? Aye, and an illumination, through the entire night. It will be worth seeing!"—that old midnight hour, as Carlyle says of another vivid scene, "shining yet on us, ruddy-bright through the centuries."
 25 Put alongside of that, and, for life-like charm, side by side with Murillo's Beggar-boys (you catch them, if you look at his canvas on the sudden, actually moving their mouths, to laugh and speak and munch their crusts, all at once) the scene
 30 in the *Lysis* of the dice-players. There the boys are! in full dress, to take part in a religious ceremony. It is scarcely over; but they are already busy with the knuckle-bones, some just outside

the door, others in a corner. Though Plato never tells one without due motive, yet he loves a story for its own sake, can make one of fact or fancy at a moment's notice, or re-tell other people's better: how those dear skinny grasshoppers of Attica, for 5 instance, had once been human creatures, who, when the Muses first came on earth, were so absorbed by their music that they forgot even to eat and drink, till they died of it. And then the story of Gyges in *The Republic*, and the ring that can 10 make its wearer invisible:—it goes as easily, as the ring itself round the finger.

Like all masters of literature, Plato has of course varied excellences; but perhaps none of them has won for him a larger number of friendly readers 15 than this impress of visible reality. For him, truly (as he supposed the highest sort of knowledge must of necessity be) all knowledge was like knowing a *person*; and the Dialogue itself, being, as it is, the special creation of his literary art, be- 20 comes in his hands, and by his masterly conduct of it, like a single living person; so comprehensive a sense does he bring to bear upon it of the slowly-developing physiognomy of the thing—its organic structure, its symmetry and expression— 25 combining all the various, disparate, subjects, of *The Republic*, for example, into a manageable whole, so entirely that, looking back, one fancies this long dialogue of at least three hundred pages might have occupied—perhaps an afternoon. 30

And those who take part in it!—If Plato did not create the “Socrates” of his Dialogues, he has created other characters perhaps as life-like. The

young Charmides, the incarnation of natural, as the aged Cephalus of acquired, temperance; his Sophoclean amenity as he sits there pontifically at the altar, in the court of his peaceful house; the large company, of varied character and of every age, which moves in those Dialogues, though still oftenest the young in all their youthful liveliness: — who that knows them at all can doubt Plato's hold on persons, that of persons on him? Sometimes, even when they are not formally introduced into his work, characters that had interested, impressed, or touched him, inform and colour it, as if with their personal influence, showing through what purports to be the wholly abstract analysis of some wholly abstract moral situation. Thus, the form of the dying Socrates himself is visible pathetically in the description of the suffering righteous man, actually put into his own mouth in the second book of *The Republic*; as the winning brilliancy of the lost spirit of Alcibiades infuses those pages of the sixth, which discuss the nature of one by birth and endowments an aristocrat, amid the dangers to which it is exposed in the Athens of that day; the qualities which must make him, if not the saviour, the destroyer, of a society which cannot remain unaffected by his shadowy presence. *Corruptio optimi pessima!* Yet even here, when Plato is dealing with the inmost elements of personality, his eye is still on its object, on *character* as seen in *characteristics*, through those details, the changes of colour in the face as of tone in the voice, the gestures,—the really physiognomic value, or the mere tricks, of gesture

or glance or speech,—which make character a sensible fact. What is visibly expressive in, or upon, persons; those flashes of temper which check yet give renewed interest to the course of a conversation; the delicate touches of intercourse, 5 which convey to the very senses all the subtleties of the heart or of the intelligence:—it is always more than worth his while to make note of these.

We see, for instance, the sharp little pygmy bit of a soul that catches sight of any little thing so 10 keenly, and makes a very proper lawyer. We see, as well as hear, the ‘rhapsodist,’ whose sensitive performance of his part is nothing less than an “interpretation” of it, artist and critic at once: the personal vanities of the various speakers in 15 his dialogues, as though Plato had observed, or overheard them, alone; and the inevitable prominence of youth wherever it is present at all, notwithstanding the real sweetness of manner and modesty of soul he records of it so affectionately. 20 It is this he loves best to linger by; to feel himself in contact with a condition of life, which translates all it is, so immediately, into delightful colour, and movement, and sound. The eighth and ninth books of *The Republic* are a grave contribution, 25 as you know, to abstract moral and political theory, a generalisation of weighty changes of character in men and states. But his observations on the concrete traits of individuals, young or old, which enliven us on the way; the difference in sameness 30 of sons and fathers, for instance; the influence of servants on their masters; how the minute ambiguities of rank, as a family becomes impoverished,

tell on manners, on temper; all the play of moral colour in the reflex of mere circumstance on what men really are:—the characterisation of all this has with Plato a touch of the peculiar fineness of
 5 Thackeray, one might say: Plato enjoys it for its own sake, and would have been an excellent writer of fiction.

There is plenty of humour in him also of course, and something of irony,—salt, to keep the exceeding
 10 richness and sweetness of his discourse from cloying the palate. The affectations of sophists, or professors, their staginess or their inelegance; the harsh laugh, the swaggering ways, of Thrasy-
 machus, whose determination to make the general
 15 company share in a private conversation, is significant of his whole character:—he notes with a finely-pointed pencil, with something of the fineness of malice,—*malin*, as the French say. Once Thrasy-
 machus had been actually seen to blush. It
 20 is with a very different sort of fineness Plato notes the blushes of the young; of Hippocrates, for instance, in the *Protagoras*. The great Sophist was said to be in Athens, at the house of Callicles, and the diligent young scholar is up betimes, eager
 25 to hear him: rouses Socrates before daylight. As they linger in the court, the lad speaks of his own intellectual aspirations; blushes at his confidence. It was just then that the morning sun
 30 blushed with his first beam, as if to reveal the lad's blushing face: — καὶ ὃς εἶπεν ἐρυθρίασας, ἤδη γὰρ ὑπέφαινε τι ἡμέρας ὥστε καταφανῇ αὐτὸν γενέσθαι.
 He who noted that so precisely had, surely, the

delicacy of the artist, a fastidious eye for the subtleties of colour as soul made visibly expressive. "Poor creature as I am," says the Platonic Socrates, in the *Lysis*, concerning another youthful blush, "Poor creature as I am, I have one talent; I can 5 recognize, at first sight, the lover and the beloved."

So it is with the audible world also. The exquisite monotony of the voice of the great sophist, for example, "once set in motion, goes ringing on like a brazen pot, which if you strike it continues 10 to sound till some one lays his hand upon it." And if the delicacy of eye and ear, so also the keenness and constancy of his observation, are manifest in those elaborately wrought images for which the careful reader lies in wait: the mutiny of the sailors 15 in the ship,— ship of the state, or of one's own soul: the echoes and beams and shadows of that half-illuminated cavern, the human mind; the caged birds in the *Theatetus*, that are like the flighty, half-contained notions of an imperfectly educated 20 understanding. *Real* notions are to be ingrained by persistent thoroughness of the "dialectic" method, as if by conscientious dyers. He makes us stay to watch such dyers, as he had done, busy with their purple stuff; adding as it were ethic 25 colour to what he sees with the eye, and painting while he goes, as if on the margin of his high philosophical discourse, himself scarcely aware; as the monkish scribe set bird or flower, with so much truth of earth, in the blank spaces of his heavenly 30 meditation.

Now Plato is one for whom the visible world thus "really exists" because he is by nature and

before all things, from first to last, unalterably a lover. In that, precisely, lies the secret of the susceptible and diligent eye, the so sensitive ear. The central interest of his own youth — of his
5 profoundly impressible youth — as happens always with natures of real capacity, gives law and pattern to all that succeeds it. *Tὰ ἐρωτικά*, as he says, — the experience, the discipline, of love, had been that for Plato; and, as love must of necessity deal above
10 all with visible persons, this discipline involved an exquisite culture of the senses. It is “as lovers use,” that he is ever on the watch for those dainty messages, those finer intimations, from eye and ear. If in the later development of his philosophy the
15 highest sort of knowledge comes to seem like the knowledge of a person, the relation of the reason to truth like the commerce of one person with another, the peculiarities of personal relationship thus moulding his conception of the properly invisible
20 world of ideas, — this is partly because, for a lover, the entire visible world, its hues and outline, its attractiveness, its power and bloom, must have associated themselves pre-eminently with the power and bloom of visible living persons. With these,
25 as they **made** themselves known by word and glance and touch, through the medium of the senses, lay the forces, which, in that inexplicable tyranny of one person over another, shaped the soul.

30 Just there, then, is the secret of Plato’s intimate concern with, his power over, the sensible world, the apprehensions of the sensuous faculty; he is a lover, a great lover, somewhat after the manner

of Dante. For him, as for Dante, in the impassioned glow of his conceptions, the material and the spiritual are blent and fused together. While, in that fire and heat, what is spiritual attains the definite visibility of a crystal, what is material, on the other hand, will lose its earthiness and impurity. It is of the amorous temper, therefore, you must think in connexion with Plato's youth,—of this, amid all the strength of the genius in which it is so large a constituent,—indulging, develop-¹⁰ ing, refining, the sensuous capacities, the powers of eye and ear, of the fancy also which can refashion, of the speech which can best respond to and reproduce, their liveliest presentments. That is why when Plato speaks of visible things it's as¹⁵ if you saw them. He who in the *Symposium* describes so vividly the pathway, the ladder, of love, its joyful ascent towards a more perfect beauty than we have ever yet actually seen, by way of a parallel to the gradual elevation of mind towards²⁰ perfect knowledge, knew all that, we may be sure — τὰ ἐρωτικά — all the ways of lovers, in the literal sense. He speaks of them retrospectively indeed, but knows well what he is talking about. Plato himself had not been always a mere Platonic lover; ²⁵ was rather, naturally, as he makes Socrates say of himself, ἡττων τῶν καλῶν, subject to the influence of fair persons. A certain penitential colour amid that glow of fancy and expression, hints that the final harmony of his nature had been but gradually³⁰ beaten out, and invests the temperance, actually so conspicuous in his own nature, with the charms of a patiently elaborated effect of art.

For we must remind ourselves just here, that, quite naturally also, instinctively, and apart from the austere influences which claimed and kept his allegiance later, Plato, with a kind of unimpassioned passion, was a lover in particular of Temperance; of Temperance too, as it may be *seen*, as a visible thing,—seen in Charmides, say! in that subdued and gray-eyed loveliness, “clad in sober gray”; or in those youthful athletes which, in ancient marble, reproduce him and the like of him with sound, firm outlines, such as Temperance secures. Still, that some more luxurious sense of physical beauty had at one time greatly disturbed him, divided him against himself, we may judge from his own words in a famous passage of the *Phædrus* concerning the management, the so difficult management, of those winged steeds of the body, which is the chariot of the soul.

Puzzled, in some degree, Plato seems to remain, not merely in regard to the higher love and the lower, Aphrodite Urania and Aphrodite Pandemus, as he distinguishes them in the *Symposium*; nor merely with the difficulty of arbitrating between some inward beauty, and that which is outward;—with the odd mixture everywhere, save in its still unapprehended but eternal essence, of the beautiful with what is otherwise; but he is yet more harassed by the experience (it is in this shape that the world-old puzzle of the existence of evil comes to him) that even to the truest eyesight, to the best trained faculty of soul, the Beautiful would never come to seem strictly concentric with the Good. That seems to have taxed his understanding as gravely

as it had tried his will, and he was glad when in the mere natural course of years he was become at all events less ardent a lover. 'Tis he is the authority for what Sophocles had said on the happy decay of the passions as age advanced: it was "like 5 being set free from service to a band of madmen"; as his own distinguishing note is tranquil afterthought upon this conflict, with a kind of envy of the almost disembodied old age of Cephalus, who quotes that saying of Sophocles amid his placid 10 sacrificial doings. Connect with this quiet scene, and contrast with the luxuriant power of the *Phædrus* and the *Symposium*, what, for a certain touch of later mysticism in it, we might call Plato's evening prayer, in the ninth book of *The Republic*.— 15

"When any one, being healthfully and temperately disposed towards himself, turns to sleep, having stirred the reasonable part of him with a feast of fair thoughts and high problems, being come to full consciousness, himself with himself; and has, on the other hand, committed the element of desire neither to appetite, nor to surfeiting, to the end that this may slumber well, and, by its pain or pleasure, cause no trouble to that part which is best in him, but may suffer it, alone by itself, in its pure essence, to behold and aspire towards some object, and apprehend what it knows not, — some event, of the past, it may be, or something that now is, or will be hereafter; and in like manner has soothed hostile impulse, so that, falling to no angry thoughts against any, he goes not to rest with a troubled spirit, but with those two parts at peace within, and with that third part, wherein reason is engendered, on the move: — you know, I think, that in sleep of this sort he lays special hold on truth, and then least of all is there lawlessness in the visions of his dreams."

For Plato, being then about twenty-eight years old, had listened to the "Apology" of Socrates; had heard from them all that others had heard or

seen of his last hours; himself perhaps actually witnessed those last hours. "Justice itself" — the "absolute" Justice — had then become almost a visible object, and had greatly solemnised him.

5 The rich young man, rich also in intellectual gifts, who might have become (we see this in the adroit management of his written work) the most brilliant and effective of Sophists; who might have developed dialogues into plays, tragedy, perhaps

10 comedy, as he cared; whose sensuous or graphic capacity might have made him the poet of an *Odyssey*, a Sappho, or a Catullus, or, say! just such a poet as, just because he was so attractive, would have been disfranchised in the Perfect City; was

15 become the creature of an immense seriousness, of a fully adult sense, unusual in Greek perhaps even more than in Roman writers, "of the weightiness of the matters concerning which he has to discourse, and of the frailty of man." He inherits,

20 alien as they might be to certain powerful influences in his own temper, alike the sympathies and the antipathies of that strange, delightful teacher, who had given him (most precious of gifts!) an inexhaustible interest in himself: he in-

25 herits, in this way, a preference for those trying severities of thought which are characteristic of the Eleatic school; an antagonism to the successful Sophists of the day, in whom the old sceptical "philosophy of motion" seemed to be renewed as

30 a theory of morals; and henceforth, in short, this master of visible things, this so ardent lover, will be a lover of the invisible, with,— Yes! there it is constantly, in the Platonic dialogues, not to be ex-

plained away — with a certain asceticism, amid all the varied opulence, of sense, of speech and fancy, natural to Plato's genius.

The lover, who is become a lover of the invisible, but still a lover, and therefore, literally, a seer, of 5 it, carrying an elaborate cultivation of the bodily senses, of eye and ear, their natural force and acquired fineness — gifts akin properly to τὰ ἐρωτικά as he says, to the discipline of sensuous love — into the world of intellectual abstractions; seeing and 10 hearing there too, associating for ever all the imagery of things seen with the conditions of what primarily exists only for the mind, filling that "hollow land" with delightful colour and form, as if now at last the mind were veritably dealing with 15 living people there, living people who play upon us through the affinities, the repulsion and attraction, of *persons* towards one another, all the magnetism, as we call it, of actual human friendship or love:—There, is the *formula* of Plato's 20 genius, the essential condition of the specially Platonic temper, of Platonism. And his style, because it really is Plato's style, conforms to, and in its turn promotes in others, that mental situation. He breaks as it were visible colour into the very 25 texture of his work: his vocabulary, the very stuff he manipulates, has its delightful æsthetic qualities; almost every word, one might say, its figurative value. And yet no one perhaps has with equal power literally sounded the unseen depths of 30 thought, and, with what may be truly called "substantial" word and phrase, given locality there to the mere adumbrations, the dim hints and surmise,

of the speculative mind. For him, all gifts of sense and intelligence converge in one supreme faculty of theoretic vision, *θεωρία*, the imaginative reason.

5 To trace that thread of physical colour, entwined throughout, and multiplied sometimes into large tapestried figures, is the business, the enjoyment, of the student of the Dialogues, as he reads them. For this or that special literary quality indeed we
 10 may go safely by preference to this or that particular Dialogue; to the *Gorgias*, for instance, for the readiest Attic wit, and a manly practical sense in the handling of philosophy; to the *Charmides*, for something like the effect of sculpture in modelling
 15 a person; to the *Timæus*, for certain brilliant chromatic effects. Yet who that reads the *Theætetus*, or the *Phædrus*, or the seventh book of *The Republic*, can doubt Plato's gift in precisely the opposite direction; that gift of sounding by words the depths
 20 of thought, a plastic power literally, moulding to term and phrase what might have seemed in its very nature too impalpable and abstruse to lend itself, in any case, to language? He gives names to the invisible acts, processes, creations, of abstract mind,
 25 as masterly, as efficiently, as Adam himself to the visible living creations of old. As Plato speaks of them, we might say, those abstractions too become visible living creatures. We read the speculative poetry of Wordsworth, or Tennyson; and we may
 30 observe that a great metaphysical force has come into language which is by no means purely technical or scholastic; what a help such language is to the understanding, to a real hold over the things,

the thoughts, the mental processes, those words denote; a vocabulary to which thought freely commits itself, trained, stimulated, raised, thereby, towards a high level of abstract conception, surely to the increase of our general intellectual powers. That, of course, is largely due to Plato's successor, to Aristotle's life-long labour of analysis and definition, and to his successors the Schoolmen, with their systematic culture of a precise instrument for the registration, by the analytic intellect, of its own subtlest movements. But then, Aristotle, himself the first of the Schoolmen, had succeeded Plato, and did but formulate, as a terminology "of art," as technical language, what for Plato is still vernacular, original, personal, the product in him of an instinctive imaginative power,—a sort of *visual* power, but causing others also to see what is matter of original intuition for him.

From the first, in fact, our faculty of thinking is limited by our command of speech. Now it is straight from Plato's lips, as if in natural conversation, that the language came, in which the mind has ever since been discoursing with itself concerning itself, in that inward dialogue, which is the "active principle" of the dialectic method as an instrument for the attainment of truth. For, the essential, or dynamic, dialogue, is ever that dialogue of the mind with itself, which any converse with Socrates or Plato does but promote. The very words of Plato, then, challenge us straightway to larger and finer apprehension of the processes of our own minds; are themselves a discovery in the sphere of mind. It was he made us freemen of those solitary places,

so trying yet so attractive : so remote and high, they seem, yet are naturally so close to us ; he peopled them with intelligible forms. Nay, more ! By his peculiar gift of verbal articulation he anticipated the
5 mere hollow spaces which a knowledge, then merely potential, and an experience still to come, would one day occupy. And so, those who cannot admit his actual speculative results, precisely *his* report on the invisible theoretic world, have been to the
10 point sometimes, in their objection, that by sheer effectiveness of abstract language, he gave an illusive air of reality or substance to the mere nonentities of metaphysic hypothesis,— of a mind trying to feed itself on its own emptiness.

15 Just there,— in the situation of one, shaped, by combining nature and circumstance, into a seer who has a sort of sensuous love of the un-seen — is the paradox of Plato's genius, and therefore, always, of Platonism, of the Platonic temper. His aptitude
20 for things visible, his gift of words, empower him to express, as if for the eyes, what except to the eye of the mind is strictly invisible,— what an acquired asceticism induces him to rank above, and sometimes, in terms of harshest dualism, oppose to,
25 the sensible world. Plato is to be interpreted not merely by his antecedents, by the influence upon him of those who preceded him, but by his successors, by the temper, the intellectual alliances, of those who directly or indirectly have been sympathetic with him. Now it is noticeable that, at first
30 sight somewhat incongruously, a certain number of Manicheans have always been of his company ; people who held that matter was evil. Pointing sig-

nificantly to an unmistakable vein of Manichean, or Puritan sentiment actually there in the Platonic Dialogues, these rude companions or successors of his, carry us back to his great predecessor, to Socrates, whose personal influence had so strongly enforced on Plato the severities, moral and intellectual, alike of Parmenides and of the Pythagoreans. The cold breath of a harshly abstract, a too incorporeal philosophy, had blown, like an east wind, on that last depressing day in the prison-cell of Socrates; and the venerable commonplaces then put forth, in which an overstrained pagan sensuality seems to be reacting, to be taking vengeance, on itself, turned now sick and suicidal, will lose none of their weight with Plato:—That “all who rightly touch philosophy, study nothing else than to *die*, and to be *dead*,”—That “the soul reasons best, when, as much as possible, it comes to be alone with itself, bidding good-bye to the body, and, to the utmost of its power, rejecting communion with it, with the very touch of it, aiming at what *is*.” It was, in short, as if for the soul to have come into a human body at all, had been the seed of disease in it, the beginning of its own proper death.

As for any adornments or provision for this body, the master had declared that a true philosopher as such would make as little of them as possible. To those young hearers, the words of Socrates may well have seemed to anticipate, not the visible world he had then delineated in glowing colour as if for the bodily eye, but only the chilling influence of the hemlock; and it was because Plato was only half convinced of the Manichean or Puritan element

in his master's doctrine, or rather was in contact with it on one side only of his complex and genial nature, that Platonism became possible, as a temper for which, in strictness, the opposition of matter to spirit has no ultimate or real existence. Not to be "pure" from the body, but to identify it, in its utmost fairness, with the fair soul, by a gymnastic "fused in music," became, from first to last, the aim of education as he conceived it. That the body is but "a hindrance to the attainment of philosophy, if one takes it along with one as a companion in one's search"—a notion which Christianity, at least in its later though wholly legitimate developments, will correct—can hardly have been the last thought of Plato himself on quitting it. He opens his door indeed to those austere monitors. They correct the sensuous richness of his genius, but could not suppress it. The sensuous lover becomes a lover of the invisible, but still a lover, after his earlier pattern, carrying into the world of intellectual vision, of *θεωρία*, all the associations of the actual world of sight. Some of its invisible realities he can all but see with the bodily eye; the absolute Temperance, in the person of the youthful Charmides; the absolute Righteousness, in the person of the dying Socrates. Yes, truly! all true knowledge will be like the knowledge of a person, of living persons, and truth, for Plato, in spite of his Socratic asceticism, to the last, something to look at. The eyes which had noted physical things, so finely, vividly, continuously, would be still at work; and, Plato thus qualifying the Manichean or Puritan element in Socrates by his own capacity for

the world of sense, Platonism has contributed largely, has been an immense encouragement towards, the redemption of matter, of the world of sense, by art, by all right education, by the creeds and worship of the Christian Church,—towards the vindication of the dignity of the body.

It was doubtless because Plato was an excellent scholar that he did not begin to teach others till he was more than forty years old,—one of the great scholars of the world, with Virgil and Milton: by which is implied that, possessed of the inborn genius, of those natural powers, which sometimes bring with them a certain defiance of rule, of the intellectual habits of others, he acquires, by way of habit and rule, all that can be taught and learned; and what is thus derived from others by docility and discipline, what is *rangé*, comes to have in him, and in his work, an equivalent weight with what is unique, impulsive, underivable. Raphael — Raphael, as you see him in the *Blenheim Madonna*, is a supreme example of such scholarship in the sphere of art. Born of a romantically ancient family, understood to be the descendant of Solon himself, Plato had been in early youth a writer of verse. That he turned to a more vigorous, though pedestrian mode of writing, was perhaps an effect of his corrective intercourse with Socrates, through some of the most important years of his life,—from twenty to twenty-eight.

He belonged to what was just then the discontented class, and might well have taken refuge from active political life in political ideals, or in a kind of self-imposed exile. A traveller, adventurous for

that age, he certainly became. After the *Lehrjahre*, the *Wander-jahre*! — all round the Mediterranean coasts as far west as Sicily. Think of what all that must have meant just then, for eyes which
5 could see! If those journeys had begun in angry flight from home, it was for purposes of self-improvement they were continued: the delightful fruit of them is evident in what he writes; and finding him in friendly intercourse with Dionysius the elder,
10 with Dio, and Dionysius the younger, at the polished court of Syracuse, we may understand they were a search also for “the philosophic king,” perhaps for the opportune moment of realising “the ideal state.” In that case, his quarrels with those
15 capricious tyrants show that he was disappointed. For the future he sought no more to pass beyond the charmed theoretic circle, “speaking wisdom,” as was said of Pythagoras, only “among the perfect.” He returns finally to Athens; and there, in
20 the quiet precincts of the *Acadèmus*, which has left a somewhat dubious name to places where people come to be taught or to teach, founds, not a state, nor even a brotherhood, but only the first college, with something of a common life, of communism
25 on that small scale, with Aristotle for one of its scholars, with its chapel, its gardens, its library with the authentic text of his *Dialogues* upon the shelves: we may just discern the sort of place, through the scantiest notices. His reign was after
30 all to be in his writings. Plato himself does nothing in them to retard the effacement which mere time brings to persons and their abodes; and there had been that, moreover, in his own temper, which

promotes self-effacement. Yet as he left it, the place remained for centuries, according to his will, to its original use. What he taught through the remaining forty years of his life, the method of that teaching, whether it was less or more esoteric than 5 the teaching of the extant *Dialogues*, is but matter of surmise. Writers, who in their day might still have said much we should have liked to hear, give us little but old, quasi-supernatural stories, told as if they had been new ones, about him. The year of 10 his birth fell, according to some, in the very year of the death of Pericles (a significant date!) but is not precisely ascertainable: nor is the year of his death, nor its manner. *Scribens est mortuus*, says Cicero: after the manner of a true scholar, "he died 15 pen in hand."

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The Age of Athletic Prizemen

A CHAPTER IN GREEK ART

IT is pleasant when, looking at medieval sculpture, we are reminded of that of Greece; pleasant likewise, conversely, in the study of Greek work to be put on thoughts of the Middle Age. To the refined intelligence, it would seem, there is something attractive in complex expression as such. The *Marbles of Ægina*, then, may remind us of the Middle Age where it passes into the early Renaissance, of its most tenderly finished warrior-tombs of Westminster or in Florence. A less mature phase of medieval art is recalled to our fancy by a primitive Greek work in the Museum of Athens, Hermes, bearing a ram, a little one, upon its shoulders. He bears it thus, had borne it around the walls of Tanagra, as its citizens told, by way of purifying that place from the plague, and brings to mind, of course, later images of the "Good Shepherd." It is not the subject of the work, however, but its style, that sets us down in thought before some Gothic cathedral front. Suppose the *Hermes Kriophorus* lifted into one of those empty niches, and the archæologist will inform you rightly, as at Auxerre, or Wells, of Italian influence, perhaps of Italian workmen, and along with them indirect old Greek influence coming northwards; while the connoisseur assures us that all good art, at its respective stages of development, is in essential qualities

everywhere alike. It is observed, as a note of imperfect skill, that in that carved block of stone the animal is insufficiently detached from the shoulders of its bearer. Again, how precisely Gothic is the effect! Its very limitation as sculpture emphasises the function of the thing as an architectural ornament. And the student of the Middle Age, if it came within his range, would be right in so esteeming it. Hieratic, stiff and formal, if you will, there is a knowledge of the human body in it nevertheless, of the body, and of the purely animal soul therein, full of the promise of what is coming in the chapter of Greek art which may properly be entitled, "The Age of Athletic Prizemen."

That rude image, a work perhaps of Calamis of shadowy fame, belongs to a phase of art still in grave-clothes or swaddling-bands, still strictly subordinate to religious or other purposes not immediately its own. It had scarcely to wait for the next generation to be superseded, and we need not wonder that but little of it remains. But that it was a widely active phase of art, with all the vigour of local varieties, is attested by another famous archaic monument, too full of a kind of sacred poetry to be passed by. The reader does not need to be reminded that the Greeks, vivid as was their consciousness of this life, cared much always for the graves of the dead; that to be cared for, to be honoured, in one's grave, to have *τύμβος ἀμείπολος*, a frequented tomb, as Pindar says, was a considerable motive with them, even among the young. In the study of its funeral monuments we might indeed follow closely enough the general develop-

ment of art in Greece from beginning to end. The carved slab of the ancient shepherd of Orchomenus, with his dog and rustic staff, the *stélé* of the ancient man-at-arms signed "Aristocles," rich originally
 5 with colour and gold and fittings of bronze, are among the few still visible pictures, or portraits, it may be, of the earliest Greek life. Compare them, compare their expression, for a moment, with the deeply incised tombstones of the Brethren of St.
 10 Francis and their clients, which still roughen the pavement of Santa Croce at Florence, and recall the varnished polychrome decoration of those Greek monuments in connexion with the worn-out blazonry of the funeral brasses of England and Fland-
 15 ers. The Shepherd, the Hoplite, begin a series continuous to the era of full Attic mastery in its gentlest mood, with a large and varied store of memorials of the dead, which, not so strangely as it may seem at first sight, are like selected pages from
 20 daily domestic life. See, for instance, at the British Museum, Trypho, "the son of Eutyclus," one of the very pleasantest human likenesses there, though it came from a cemetery—a son it was hard to leave in it at nineteen or twenty. With
 25 all the suppleness, the delicate muscularity, of the flower of his youth, his handsome face sweetened by a kind and simple heart, in motion, surely, he steps forth from some shadowy chamber, *strigil* in hand, as of old, and with his coarse towel or cloak
 30 of monumental drapery over one shoulder. But whither precisely, you may ask, and as what, is he moving there in the doorway? Well! in effect, certainly, it is the memory of the dead lad, emerging

thus from his tomb,—the still active soul, or permanent thought, of him, as he most liked to be.

The *Harpy Tomb*, so called from its mysterious winged creatures with human faces, carrying the little shrouded souls of the dead, is a work many⁵ generations earlier than that graceful monument of Trypho. It was from an ancient cemetery at Xanthus in Lycia that it came to the British Museum. The Lycians were not a Greek people; but, as happened even with “barbarians” dwelling on¹⁰ the coast of Asia Minor, they became lovers of the Hellenic culture, and Xanthus, their capital, as may be judged from the beauty of its ruins, managed to have a considerable portion in Greek art, though infusing it with a certain Asiatic colour. The fru-¹⁵gally designed frieze of the *Harpy Tomb*, in the lowest possible relief, might fairly be placed between the monuments of Assyria and those primitive Greek works among which it now actually stands. The stiffly ranged figures in any other than²⁰ strictly archaic work would seem affected. But what an undercurrent of refined sentiment, presumably not Asiatic, not “barbaric,” lifting those who felt thus about death so early into the main stream of Greek humanity, and to a level of visible refine-²⁵ment in execution duly expressive of it!

In that old burial-place of Xanthus, then, a now nameless family, or a single bereaved member of it, represented there as a diminutive figure crouching on the earth in sorrow, erected this monument, so³⁰ full of family sentiment, and of so much value as illustrating what is for us a somewhat empty period in the history of Greek art, strictly so called. Like

the less conspicuously adorned tombs around it, like the tombs in Homer, it had the form of a tower—a square tower about twenty-four feet high, hollowed at the top into a small chamber, for the reception, through a little doorway, of the urned ashes of the dead. Four sculptured slabs were placed at this level on the four sides of the tower in the manner of a frieze. I said that the winged creatures with human faces carry the little souls of the dead.

10 The interpretation of these mystic imageries is, in truth, debated. But in the face of them, and remembering how the sculptors and glass-painters of the Middle Age constantly represented the souls of the dead as tiny bodies, one can hardly doubt as to the

15 meaning of these particular details which, repeated on every side, seem to give the key-note of the whole composition. Those infernal, or celestial, birds, indeed, are not true to what is understood to be the harpy form. Call them sirens, rather. People,

20 and not only old people, as you know, appear sometimes to have been quite charmed away by what dismays most of us. The tiny shrouded figures which the sirens carry are carried very tenderly, and seem to yearn in their turn towards those

25 kindly nurses as they pass on their way to a new world. Their small stature, as I said, does not prove them infants, but only new-born into that other life, and contrasts their helplessness with the powers, the great presences, now around them.

30 A cow, far enough from Myron's famous illusive animal, suckles her calf. She is one of almost any number of artistic symbols of new-birth, of the renewal of life, drawn from a world which is, after all,

so full of it. On one side sits enthroned, as some have thought, the Goddess of Death; on the opposite side the Goddess of Life, with her flowers and fruit. Towards her three young maidens are advancing — were they still alive thus, graceful, virginal, with their long, plaited hair, and long, delicately-folded tunics, looking forward to carry on their race into the future? — and presented severally, on the other sides of the dark hollow within, three male persons — a young man, an old man, and a boy — seem to be bringing home, somewhat wearily, to their “long home,” the young man, his armour, the boy, and the old man, like old Socrates, the mortuary cock, as they approach some shadowy, ancient deity of the tomb, or it may be the throned impersonation of their “fathers of old.” The marble surface was coloured, at least in part, with fixtures of metal here and there. The designer, whoever he may have been, was possessed certainly of some tranquillising second thoughts concerning death, which may well have had their value for mourners; and he has expressed those thoughts, if lispingly, yet with no faults of commission, with a befitting grace, and, in truth, at some points, with something already of a really Hellenic definition and vigour. He really speaks to us in his work, through his symbolic and imitative figures,— speaks to our intelligence persuasively.

The surviving thought of the lad Trypho, returning from his tomb to the living, was of athletic character; how he was and looked when in the flower of his strength. And it is not of the dead but of the living, who look and are as he, that the artistic

genius of this period is full. It is a period, truly, not of battles, such as those commemorated in the *Marbles of Ægina*, but of more peaceful contests — at Olympia, at the Isthmus, at Delphi — the glories of which Pindar sang in language suggestive of a sort of metallic beauty, firmly cut and embossed, like crowns of wild olive, of parsley and bay, in crisp gold. First, however, it had been necessary that Greece should win its liberty, political standing-ground, and a really social air to breathe in, with development of the youthful limbs. Of this process Athens was the chief scene; and the earliest notable presentment of humanity by Athenian art was in celebration of those who had vindicated liberty with their lives — two youths again, in a real incident, which had, however, the quality of a poetic invention, turning, as it did, on that ideal or romantic friendship which was characteristic of the Greeks.

With something, perhaps, of hieratic convention, yet presented as they really were, as friends and admirers loved to think of them, Harmodius and Aristogeiton stood, then, soon after their heroic death, side by side in bronze, the work of Antenor, in a way not to be forgotten, when, thirty years afterwards, a foreign tyrant, Xerxes, carried them away to Persia. Kritios and Nesiotes were, therefore, employed for a reproduction of them, which would naturally be somewhat more advanced in style. In its turn this also disappeared. The more curious student, however, would still fancy he saw the trace of it — of that copy, or of the original, afterwards restored to Athens — here or there, on vase or coin.

But in fact the very images of the heroic youths were become but ghosts, haunting the story of Greek art, till they found or seemed to find a body once more when, not many years since, an acute observer detected, as he thought, in a remarkable pair of statues in the Museum of Naples, if freed from incorrect restorations and rightly set together, veritable descendant from the original work of Antenor. With all their truth to physical form and movement, with a conscious mastery of delineation, they were, nevertheless, in certain details, in the hair, for instance, archaic, or rather archaistic — designedly archaic, as from the hand of a workman, for whom, in this subject, archaism, the very touch of the ancient master, had a sentimental or even a religious value. And unmistakeably they were young assassins, moving, with more than fraternal unity, the younger in advance of and covering the elder, according to the account given by Herodotus, straight to their purpose; — against two wicked brothers, as you remember, two good friends, on behalf of the dishonoured sister of one of them.

Archæologists have loved to adjust them tentatively, with various hypotheses as to the precise manner in which they thus went together. Mean- time they have figured plausibly as representative of Attic sculpture at the end of its first period, still immature indeed, but with a just claim to take breath, so to speak, having now accomplished some stades of the journey. Those young heroes of Athenian democracy, then, indicate already what place Athens and Attica will occupy in the supreme age of art soon to come; indicate also the subject from

which that age will draw the main stream of its inspiration — living youth, “iconic” in its exact portraiture, or “heroic” as idealised in various degrees under the influence of great thoughts about it — youth in its self-denying contention towards great effects; great intrinsically, as at Marathon or when Hermodius and Aristogeiton fell, or magnified by the force and splendour of Greek imagination with the stimulus of the national games. For the most part, indeed, it is not with youth taxed spasmodically, like that of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, and the “necessity” that was upon it, that the Athenian mind and heart are now busied; but with youth in its voluntary labours, its habitual and measured discipline, labour for its own sake, or in wholly friendly contest for prizes which in reality borrow all their value from the quality of the receiver.

We are with Pindar, you see, in this athletic age of Greek sculpture. It is the period no longer of battle against a foreign foe, recalling the Homeric ideal, nor against the tyrant at home, fixing a dubious ideal for the future, but of peaceful combat as a fine art — *pulvis Olympicus*. Anticipating the arts, poetry, a generation before Myron and Polycleitus, had drawn already from the youthful combatants in the great national games the motives of those Odes, the bracing words of which, as I said, are like work in fine bronze, or, as Pindar himself suggests, in ivory and gold. Sung in the victor’s supper-room, or at the door of his abode, or with the lyre and the pipe as they took him home in procession through the streets, or commemorated

the happy day, or in a temple where he laid up his crown, Pindar's songs bear witness to the pride of family or township in the physical perfection of son or citizen, and his consequent success in the long or the short foot-race, or the foot-race in⁵ armour, or the *pentathlon*, or any part of it. "Now on one, now on another," as the poet tells, "doth the grace that quickeneth (quickeneth, literally, on the race-course) look favourably." *Ἀριστον ὕδωρ* he declares indeed, and the actual prize, as we know,¹⁰ was in itself of little or no worth — a cloak, in the Athenian games, but at the greater games a mere handful of parsley, a few sprigs of pine or wild olive. The prize has, so to say, only an intellectual or moral value. Yet actually Pindar's own verse¹⁵ is all of gold and wine and flowers, is itself avowedly a flower, or "liquid nectar," or "the sweet fruit of his soul to men that are winners in the games." "As when from a wealthy hand one lifting a cup, made glad within with the dew of the²⁰ vine, maketh gift thereof to a youth:" — the keynote of Pindar's verse is there! This brilliant living youth of his day, of the actual time, for whom, as he says, he "awakes the clear-toned gale of song" — *ἐπέων ὀλμον λιγύν* — that song mingles²⁵ sometimes with the splendours of a recorded ancient lineage, or with the legendary greatness of a remoter past, its gods and heroes, patrons or ancestors, it might be, of the famous young man of the hour, or with the glory and solemnity of the³⁰ immortals themselves taking a share in mortal contests. On such pretext he will tell a new story, or bring to its last perfection by his manner of telling

it, his pregnancy and studied beauty of expression, an old one. The tale of Castor and Polydeukes, the appropriate patrons of virginal yet virile youth, starred and mounted, he tells in all its human
5 interest.

“Ample is the glory stored up for Olympian winners.” And what Pindar’s contemporaries asked of him for the due appreciation, the consciousness, of it, by way of song, that the next generation
10 sought, by way of sculptural memorial in marble, and above all, as it seems, in bronze. The keen demand for athletic statuary, the honour attached to the artist employed to make his statue at Olympia, or at home, bear witness again to the pride
15 with which a Greek town, the pathos, it might be, with which a family, looked back to the victory of one of its members. In the courts of Olympia a whole population in marble and bronze gathered quickly,—a world of portraits, out of which, as
20 the purged and perfected essence, the ideal soul, of them, emerged the *Diadumenus*, for instance, the *Discobolus*, the so-called *Jason* of the Louvre. Olympia was in truth, as Pindar says again, a
mother of gold-crowned contests, the mother of a
25 large offspring. All over Greece the enthusiasm for gymnastic, for the life of the *gymnasia*, prevailed. It was a gymnastic which, under the happy conditions of that time, was already surely what Plato pleads for, already one half music, *μουσική*,
30 a matter, partly, of character and of the soul, of the fair proportion between soul and body, of the soul with itself. Who can doubt it who sees and considers the still irresistible grace, the contagious

pleasantness, of the *Discobolus*, the *Diadumenus*, and a few other precious survivals from the athletic age which immediately preceded the manhood of Pheidias, between the Persian and the Peloponnesian wars? 5

Now, this predominance of youth, of the youthful form, in art, of bodily gymnastic promoting natural advantages to the utmost, of the physical perfection developed thereby, is a sign that essential mastery has been achieved by the artist — the power, that is to say, of a full and free realisation. For such youth, in its very essence, is a matter properly within the limits of the visible, the empirical, world; and in the presentment of it there will be no place for symbolic hint, none of that reliance on 15 the helpful imagination of the spectator, the legitimate scope of which is a large one, when art is dealing with religious objects, with what in the fullness of its own nature is not really expressible at all. In any passable representation of the Greek 20 *discobolus*, as in any passable representation of an English cricketer, there can be no successful evasion of the natural difficulties of the thing to be done — the difficulties of competing with nature itself, or its maker, in that marvellous combination 25 of motion and rest, of inward mechanism with the so smoothly finished surface and outline — finished *ad unguem* — which enfold it.

Of the gradual development of such mastery of natural detail, a veritable counterfeit of nature, the 30 veritable *rhythmus* of the runner, for example — twinkling heel and ivory shoulder — we have hints and traces in the historians of art. One had at-

tained the very turn and texture of the crisp locks, another the very feel of the tense nerve and full-flushed vein, while with another you saw the bosom of Ladas expand, the lips part, as if for a last breath ere he reached the goal. It was like a child finding little by little the use of its limbs, the testimony of its senses, at a definite moment. With all its poetic impulse, it is an age clearly of faithful observation, of what we call realism, alike in its iconic and heroic work; alike in portraiture, that is to say, and in the presentment of divine or abstract types. Its workmen are close students now of the living form as such; aim with success at an ever larger and more various expression of its details; or replace a conventional statement of them by a real and lively one. That it was thus is attested indirectly by the fact that they busied themselves, seemingly by way of a *tour de force*, and with no essential interest in such subject, alien as it was from the pride of health which is characteristic of the gymnastic life, with the expression of physical pain, in Philoctetes, for instance. The adroit, the swift, the strong, in full and free exercise of their gifts, to the delight of others and of themselves, though their sculptural record has for the most part perished, are specified in ancient literary notices as the sculptor's favourite subjects, repeated, remodelled, over and over again, for the adornment of the actual scene of athletic success, or the market-place at home of the distant Northern or Sicilian town whence the prizeman had come.—A countless series of popular illustrations to Pindar's Odes! And if art was still to minister to the religious

sense, it could only be by clothing celestial spirits also as nearly as possible in the bodily semblance of the various athletic combatants, whose patrons respectively they were supposed to be.

The age to which we are come in the story of Greek art presents to us indeed only a chapter of scattered fragments, of names that are little more, with but surmise of their original significance, and mere reasonings as to the sort of art that may have occupied what are really empty spaces. Two names, however, connect themselves gloriously with certain extant works of art; copies, it is true, at various removes, yet copies of what is still found delightful through them, and by copyists who for the most part were themselves masters. Through the variations of the copyist, the restorer, the mere imitator, these works are reducible to two famous original types—the *Discobolus* or quoit-player, of Myron, the *beau idéal* (we may use that term for once justly) of athletic motion; and the *Diadumenus* of Polycleitus. Binding the fillet or crown of victory upon his head, he presents the *beau idéal* of athletic repose. He almost begins to think.

Myron was a native of Eleutheræ, and a pupil of Ageladas of Argos. There is nothing more to tell by way of positive detail of this so famous artist, save that the main scene of his activity was Athens, now become the centre of the artistic as of all other modes of life in Greece. *Multiplicasse veritatem videtur*, says Pliny. He was in fact an earnest realist or naturalist, and rose to central perfection in the portraiture, the idealised portraiture, of athletic youth, from a mastery first of all in the delineation

of inferior objects, of little lifeless or living things. Think, however, for a moment, how winning such objects are still, as presented on Greek coins;—the ear of corn, for instance, on those of Metapontum; the microscopic cockle-shell, the dolphins, on the coins of Syracuse. Myron, then, passes from pleasant truth of that kind to the delineation of the worthier sorts of animal life,—the ox, the dog—to nothing short of illusion in the treatment of them, as ancient connoisseurs would have you understand. It is said that there are thirty-six extant epigrams on his brazen cow. That animal has her gentle place in Greek art, from the Siren tomb, suckling her young there, as the type of eternal rejuvenescence, onwards to the procession of the Elgin frieze, where, still breathing deliciously of the distant pastures, she is led to the altar. We feel sorry for her, as we look, so lifelike is the carved marble. The sculptor who worked there, whoever he may have been, had profited doubtless by the study of Myron's famous work. For what purpose he made it, does not appear;—as an architectural ornament; or a votive offering; perhaps only because he liked making it. In hyperbolic epigram, at any rate, the animal breathes, explaining sufficiently the point of Pliny's phrase regarding Myron:—*Corporum curiosus*. And when he came to his main business with the quoit-player, the wrestler, the runner, he did not for a moment forget that they too were animals, young animals, delighting in natural motion, in free course through the yielding air, over uninterrupted space, according to Aristotle's definition of pleasure:—"the unhindered

exercise of one's natural force." *Corporum tenus curiosus*:—he was a "curious workman" as far as the living body is concerned. Pliny goes on to qualify that phrase by saying that he did not express the sensations of the mind — *animi sensus*.⁵ But just there, in fact, precisely in such limitation, we find what authenticates Myron's peculiar value in the evolution of Greek art. It is of the essence of the athletic prizeman, involved in the very ideal of the quoit-player, the cricketer, not to give expression to mind, in any antagonism to, or invasion of, the body; to mind as anything more than a function of the body, whose healthful balance of functions it may so easily perturb;—to disavow that insidious enemy of the fairness of the bodily soul as such.¹⁵

Yet if the art of Myron was but little occupied with the reasonable soul (*animus*), with those mental situations the expression of which, though it may have pathos and a beauty of its own, is for the most part²⁰ adverse to the proper expression of youth, to the beauty of youth, by causing it to be no longer youthful, he was certainly a master of the animal or physical soul there (*anima*); how it is, how it displays itself, as illustrated, for instance, in the²⁵ *Discobolus*. Of voluntary animal motion the very soul is undoubtedly there. We have but translations into marble of the original bronze. In that, it was as if a blast of cool wind had congealed the metal, or the living youth, fixed him imperishably³⁰ in that moment of rest which lies between two opposed motions, the *backward* swing of the right arm, the movement *forwards* on which the left foot

is in the very act of starting. The matter of the thing, the stately bronze or marble, thus rests indeed; but the artistic form of it, in truth, scarcely more, even to the eye, than the rolling ball or disk, 5 may be said to rest, at every moment of its course, — just metaphysically, you know.

This mystery of combined motion and rest, of rest in motion, had involved, of course, on the part of the sculptor who had mastered its secret, long and 10 intricate consideration. Archaic as it is, primitive still in some respects, full of the primitive youth it celebrates, it is, in fact, a learned work, and suggested to a great analyst of literary style, singular as it may seem, the “elaborate” or “contorted” 15 manner in literature of the later Latin writers, which, however, he finds “laudable” for its purpose. Yet with all its learned involution, thus so oddly characterised by Quintilian, so entirely is this quality subordinated to the proper purpose of the 20 *Discobolus* as a work of art, a thing to be looked at rather than to think about, that it makes one exclaim still, with the poet of athletes, “The natural is ever best!” — τὸ δὲ φύξ ἄπαν κράτιστον. Perhaps that triumphant, unimpeachable naturalness is after 25 all the reason why, on seeing it for the first time, it suggests no new view of the beauty of human form, or point of view for the regarding of it; is acceptable rather as embodying (say, in one perfect flower) all one has ever fancied or seen, in old 30 Greece or on Thames’ side, of the unspoiled body of youth, thus delighting itself and others, at that perfect, because unconscious, point of good-fortune, as it moves or rests just there for a moment.

between the animal and spiritual worlds. "Grant them," you pray in Pindar's own words, "grant them with feet so light to pass through life!"

The face of the young man, as you see him in the British Museum for instance, with fittingly inexpressive expression, (look into, look at the curves of, the blossomlike cavity of the opened mouth) is beautiful, but not altogether virile. The eyes, the facial lines which they gather into one, seem ready to follow the coming motion of the *discus* as those of an onlooker might be; but that head does not really belong to the *discobolus*. To be assured of this you have but to compare with that version in the British Museum the most authentic of all derivations from the original, preserved till lately at the Palazzo Massimi in Rome. Here, the vigorous head also, with the face, smooth enough, but spare, and tightly drawn over muscle and bone, is sympathetic with, yields itself to, the concentration, in the most literal sense, of all beside; — is itself, in very truth, the steady centre of the *discus*, which begins to spin; as the source of will, the source of the motion with which the *discus* is already on the wing,—that, and the entire form. The *Discobolus* of the Massimi Palace presents, moreover, in the hair, for instance, those survivals of primitive manner which would mark legitimately Myron's actual Pre-Pheidias stand-point; as they are congruous also with a certain archaic, a more than merely athletic, sparseness of form generally — delightful touches of unreality in this realist of a great time, and of a sort of conventionalism that has an attraction in itself.

Was it a portrait? That one can so much as ask the question is a proof how far the master, in spite of his lingering archaism, is come already from the antique marbles of Ægina. Was it the portrait of one much-admired youth, or rather the type, the rectified essence, of many such, at the most pregnant, the essential, moment, of the exercise of their natural powers, of what they really were? Have we here, in short, the sculptor Myron's reasoned memory of many a quoit-player, of a long flight of quoit-players; as, were he here, he might have given us the cricketer, the passing generation of cricketers, *sub specie eternitatis*, under the eternal form of art?

Was it in that case a commemorative or votive statue, such as Pausanias found scattered throughout Greece? Was it, again, designed to be part only of some larger decorative scheme, as some have supposed of the Venus of Melos, or a work of *genre* as we say, a thing intended merely to interest, to gratify the taste, with no further purpose? In either case it may have represented some legendary quoit-player—Perseus at play with Acrisius fatally, as one has suggested; or Apollo with Hyacinthus, as Ovid describes him in a work of poetic *genre*.

And if the *Discobolus* is, after all, a work of *genre*—a work merely imitative of the detail of actual life—for the adornment of a room in a private house, it would be only one of many such produced in Myron's day. It would be, in fact, one of the *pristæ* directly attributed to him by Pliny, little congruous as they may seem with the grandiose motions of his more characteristic work. The *pristæ*, the saw-

yers,—a celebrated creation of the kind,—is supposed to have given its name to the whole class of like things. No age, indeed, since the rudiments of art were mastered, can have been without such reproductions of the pedestrian incidents of every day, for the mere pleasant exercise at once of the curiosity of the spectator and the imitative instinct of the producer. The *Terra-Cotta* Rooms or the Louvre and the British Museum are a proof of it. One such work indeed there is, delightful in itself,¹⁴ technically exquisite, most interesting by its history, which properly finds its place beside the larger, the full-grown, physical perfection of the *Discobolus*, one of whose alert younger brethren he may be,—the *Spinario* namely, the boy drawing a thorn¹⁵ from his foot, preserved in the so rare, veritable antique bronze at Rome, in the Museum of the Capitol, and well known in a host of ancient and modern reproductions.

There, or elsewhere in Rome, tolerated in the²⁰ general destruction of ancient sculpture—like the “Wolf of the Capitol,” allowed by way of heraldic sign, as in modern Siena, or like the equestrian figure of Marcus Aurelius doing duty as Charlemagne,—like those, but like very few other works²⁵ of the kind, the *Spinario* remained, well-known and in honour, throughout the Middle Age. Stories like that of Ladas the famous runner, who died as he reached the goal in a glorious foot-race of boys, the subject of a famous work by Myron himself,³⁰ (the “last breath,” as you saw, was on the boy’s lips) were told of the half-grown bronze lad at the Capitol. Of necessity, but fatally, he must pause

for a few moments in his course; or the course is at length over, or the breathless journey with some all-important tidings; and now, not till now, he thinks of resting to draw from the sole of his foot
 5 the cruel thorn, driven into it as he ran. In any case, there he still sits for a moment, for ever, amid the smiling admiration of centuries, in the agility, in the perfect *naïveté* also as thus occupied, of his sixteenth year, to which the somewhat
 10 lengthy or attenuated structure of the limbs is conformable. And then, in this attenuation, in the almost Egyptian proportions, in the shallowness of the chest and shoulders especially, in the Phœnician or old Greek sharpness and length of profile,
 15 and the long, conventional, wire-drawn hair of the boy, arching formally over the forehead and round the neck, there is something of archaism, of that archaism which survives, truly, in Myron's own work, blending with the grace and power of well-
 20 nigh the maturity of Greek art. The blending of interests, of artistic alliances, is certainly delightful.

Polycleitus, the other famous name of this period, and with a fame justified by work we may still study, at least in its immediate derivatives, had also
 25 tried his hand with success in such subjects. In the *Astragalizontes*, for instance, well-known to antiquity in countless reproductions, he had treated an incident of the every-day life of every age, which Plato sketches by the way.

30 Myron, by patience of genius, had mastered the secret of the expression of movement, had plucked out the very heart of its mystery. Polycleitus, on the other hand, is above all the master of rest, of the

expression of rest after toil, in the victorious and crowned athlete, *Diadumenus*. In many slightly varying forms, marble versions of the original in bronze of Delos, the *Diadumenus*, indifferently, mechanically, is binding round his head a ribbon or fillet. In the Vaison copy at the British Museum it was of silver. That simple fillet is, in fact, a *diadem*, a crown, and he assumes it as a victor; but, as I said, mechanically, and, prize in hand, might be asking himself whether after all it had been worth¹⁰ while. For the active beauty of the *Agonistes* of which Myron's art is full, we have here, then, the passive beauty of the victor. But the later incident, the realisation of rest, is actually in affinity with a certain earliness, so to call it, in the temper and¹⁵ work of Polycleitus. He is already something of a reactionary; or pauses, rather, to enjoy, to convey enjoyably to others, the full savour of a particular moment in the development of his craft, the moment of the perfecting of restful form, before the mere²⁰ consciousness of technical mastery in delineation urges forward the art of sculpture to a bewildering infinitude of motion. In opposition to the ease, the freedom, of others, his aim is, by a voluntary restraint in the exercise of such technical mastery, to²⁵ achieve nothing less than the impeccable, within certain narrow limits. He still hesitates, is self-exacting, seems even to have checked a growing readiness of hand in the artists about him. He was renowned as a grayer, found much to do with the³⁰ chisel, introducing many a fine after-thought, when the rough-casting of his work was over. He studied human form under such conditions as would bring

out its natural features, its static laws, in their entirety, their harmony; and in an *academic* work, so to speak, no longer to be clearly identified in what may be derivations from it, he claimed to have fixed
 5 the *canon*, the common measure, of perfect man. Yet with Polycleitus certainly the measure of man was not yet "the measure of an angel," but still only that of mortal youth; of youth, however, in that scrupulous and uncontaminate purity of form
 10 which recommended itself even to the Greeks as befitting messengers from the gods, if such messengers should come.

And yet a large part of Polycleitus' contemporary fame depended on his religious work — on his
 15 statue of Here, for instance, in ivory and gold — that too, doubtless, expressive, as appropriately to its subject as to himself, of a passive beauty. We see it still, perhaps, in the coins of Argos. And has not the crowned victor, too, in that mechanic ac-
 20 tion, in his demure attitude, something which reminds us of the religious significance of the Greek athletic service? It was a sort of worship, you know — that department of public life; such worship as Greece, still in its superficial youth, found
 25 itself best capable of. At least those solemn contests began and ended with prayer and sacrifice. Their most honoured prizes were a kind of religiously symbolical objects. The athletic life certainly breathes of abstinence, of rule, and the keep-
 30 ing under of one's self. And here in the *Diadumenus* we have one of its priests, a priest of the religion whose central motive was what has been called "the worship of the body," — its modest priest.

The so-called *Jason* at the Louvre, the *Apoxyomenus*, and a certain number of others you will meet with from time to time — whatever be the age and derivation of the actual marble which reproduced for Rome, for Africa, or Gaul, types that can have had their first origin in one only time and place — belong, at least æsthetically, to this group, together with the *Adorante* of Berlin, Winckelmann's antique favourite, who with uplifted face and hands seems to be indeed in prayer, looks immaculate enough to be interceding for others. As to the *Jason* of the Louvre, one asks at first sight of him, as he stoops to make fast the sandal on his foot, whether the young man can be already so marked a personage. Is he already the approved hero, bent on some great act of his famous *epopœe*; or mere youth only, again, arraying itself mechanically, but alert in eye and soul, prompt to be roused to any great action whatever? The vaguely opened lips certainly suggest the latter view; if indeed the body and the head (in a different sort of marble) really belong to one another. Ah! the more closely you consider the fragments of antiquity, those stray letters of the old Greek æsthetic alphabet, the less positive will your conclusions become, because less conclusive the data regarding artistic origin and purpose. Set here also, however, to the end that in a congruous atmosphere, in a real perspective, they may assume their full moral and æsthetic expression, whatever of like spirit you may come upon in Greek or any other work, remembering that in England also, in Oxford, we have still, for any master of such art that may be given us, subjects truly "made to his hand."

As with these, so with their prototypes at Olympia, or at the Isthmus, above all perhaps in the *Diadumenus* of Polycleitus, a certain melancholy (a *pagan* melancholy, it may be rightly called, even
 5 when we detect it in our English youth) is blent with the final impression we retain of them. They are at play indeed, in the sun; but a little cloud passes over it now and then; and just because of them, because they are there, the whole aspect of
 10 the place is chilled suddenly, beyond what one could have thought possible, into what seems, nevertheless, to be the proper and permanent light of day. For though they pass on from age to age the type of what is pleasantest to look on, which, as type, is
 15 indeed eternal, it is, of course, but for an hour that it rests with any one of them individually. Assuredly they have no maladies of soul any more than of the body — *Animi sensus non expressit*. But if they are not yet thinking, there is the capacity of
 20 thought, of painful thought, in them, as they seem to be aware wistfully. In the *Diadumenus* of Polycleitus this expression allies itself to the long-drawn facial type of his preference, to be found also in another very different subject, the ideal of which
 25 he fixed in Greek sculpture — the would-be virile Amazon, in exquisite pain, alike of body and soul — the “Wounded Amazon.” We may be reminded that in the first mention of athletic contests in Greek literature — in the twenty-third book of the
 30 *Iliad* — they form part of the funeral rites of the hero Patroclus.

It is thus, though but in the faintest degree, even with the veritable prince of that world of antique

bronze and marble, the *Discobolus at Rest* of the Vatican, which might well be set where Winckelmann set the *Adorante*, representing as it probably does, the original of Alcamenes, in whom a generation after Pheidias, an earlier and more earnest spirit still survived. Although the crisply trimmed head may seem a little too small to our, perhaps not quite rightful, eyes, we might accept him for that *canon*, or measure, of the perfect human form, which Polycleitus had proposed. He is neither the victor at rest, as with Polycleitus, nor the combatant already in motion, as with Myron; but, as if stepping backward from Myron's precise point of interest, and with the heavy *discus* still in the left hand, he is preparing for his venture, taking stand carefully on the right foot. Eye and mind centre, loyally, entirely, upon the business in hand. The very finger is reckoning while he watches, intent upon the cast of another, as the metal glides to the goal. Take him, to lead you forth quite out of the narrow limits of the Greek world. You have pure humanity there, with a glowing, yet restrained joy and delight in itself, but without vanity; and it is pure. There is nothing certainly supersensual in that fair, round head, any more than in the long, agile limbs; but also no impediment, natural or acquired.. To have achieved just that, was the Greek's truest claim for furtherance in the main line of human development. He had been faithful, we cannot help saying, as we pass from that youthful company, in what comparatively is perhaps little — in the culture, the administration, of the visible world; and he merited, so we might

go on to say — he merited Revelation, something which should solace his heart in the inevitable fading of that. We are reminded of those strange prophetic words of the Wisdom, the *Logos*, by whom
 5 God made the world, in one of the *sapiential*, half-Platonic books of the Hebrew Scriptures: — “I was by him, as one brought up with him; rejoicing in the habitable parts of the earth. My delights were with the sons of men.”

¹⁰ (From the *Contemporary Review*, February, 1894. *Greek Studies*, 1895.)

Notre-Dame d'Amiens

THE greatest and purest of Gothic churches, Notre-Dame d'Amiens, illustrates, by its fine qualities, a characteristic secular movement of the beginning of the thirteenth century. Philosophic writers of French history have explained how, in that and in the two preceding centuries, a great number of the more important towns in eastern and northern France rose against the feudal establishment, and developed severally the local and municipal life of the commune. To guarantee their independence therein they obtained charters from their formal superiors. The Charter of Amiens served as the model for many other communes. Notre-Dame d'Amiens is the church of a commune. In that century of Saint Francis, of Saint Louis, they were still religious. But over against monastic interests, as identified with a central authority — king, emperor, or pope — they pushed forward the local, and, so to call it, secular authority of their bishops, the flower of the "secular clergy" in all its mundane astuteness, ready enough to make their way as the natural protectors of such townships. The people of Amiens, for instance, under a powerful episcopal patron, invested their civic pride in a vast cathedral, outrivalling neighbours, as being in effect their parochial church, and promoted there the new, revolutionary, Gothic manner, at the expense of the derivative and tra-

ditional, Roman or Romanesque, style, the imperial style, of the great monastic churches. Nay, those grand and beautiful *people's* churches of the thirteenth century, churches pre-eminently of "Our Lady," concurred also with certain novel humanistic movements of religion itself at that period, above all with the expansion of what is reassuring and popular in the worship of Mary, as a tender and accessible, though almost irresistible, intercessor with her severe and awful Son.

Hence the splendour, the space, the novelty, of the great French cathedrals in the first Pointed style, monuments for the most part of the artistic genius of laymen, significant pre-eminently of that Queen of Gothic churches at Amiens. In most cases those early Pointed churches are entangled, here or there, by the constructions of the old round-arched style, the heavy, Norman or other, Romanesque chapel or aisle, side by side, though in strong contrast with, the soaring new Gothic of nave or transept. But of that older manner of the round arch, the *plein-cintre*, Amiens has nowhere, or almost nowhere, a trace. The Pointed style, fully pronounced, but in all the purity of its first period, found here its completest expression. And while those venerable, Romanesque, profoundly characteristic, monastic churches, the gregarious product of long centuries, are for the most part anonymous, as if to illustrate from the first a certain personal tendency which came in with the Gothic manner, we know the name of the architect under whom, in the year A. D. 1220, the building of the church of Amiens began — a layman, Robert de Luzarches.

Light and space — floods of light, space for a vast congregation, for all the people of Amiens, for their movements, with something like the height and width of heaven itself enclosed above them to breathe in: — you see at a glance that this is what the ingenuity of the Pointed method of building has here secured. For breadth, for the easy flow of a processional torrent, there is nothing like the “ambulatory,” the aisle of the choir and transepts. And the entire area is on one level. There are here 10 no flights of steps upward, as at Canterbury, no descending to dark crypts, as in so many Italian churches — a few low, broad steps to gain the choir, two or three to the high altar. To a large extent the old pavement remains, though almost worn-out 15 by the footsteps of centuries. Priceless, though not composed of precious material, it gains its effect by ingenuity and variety in the patterning, zig-zag, chequers, mazes, prevailing, respectively, in white and gray, in great square, alternate spaces — 20 the original floor of a medieval church for once untouched. The massive square bases of the pillars of a Romanesque church, harshly angular, obstruct, sometimes cruelly, the standing, the movements, of a multitude of persons. To carry such a multi-25 tude conveniently round them is the matter-of-fact motive of the gradual chiselling away, the softening of the angles, the graceful compassing, of the Gothic base, till in our own Perpendicular period it all but disappears. You may study that tendency 30 appropriately in the one church of Amiens; for such in effect Notre-Dame has always been. That circumstance is illustrated by the great font, the old-

est thing here, an oblong trough, perhaps an ancient saintly coffin, with four quaint prophetic figures at the angles, carved from a single block of stone. To it, as to the baptistery of an Italian town, 5 not so long since all the babes of Amiens used to come for christening.

Strange as it may seem, in this "queen" of Gothic churches, *l'église ogivale par excellence*, there is nothing of mystery in the vision, which yet surprises, over and over again, the eye of the visitor who enters at the western doorway. From the flagstone at one's foot to the distant keystone of the *chevet*, noblest of its species—reminding you of how many largely graceful things, sails of a ship 15 in the wind, and the like!—at one view the whole is visible, intelligible;—the integrity of the first design; how later additions affixed themselves thereto; how the rich ornament gathered upon it; the increasing richness of the choir; its glazed triforium; the realms of light which expand in the 20 chapels beyond; the astonishing boldness of the vault, the astonishing lightness of what keeps it above one; the unity, yet the variety of perspective. There is no mystery here, and indeed no repose. 25 Like the age which projected it, like the impulsive communal movement which was here its motive, the Pointed style in Amiens is full of excitement. Go, for repose, to classic work, with the simple vertical law of pressure downwards, or to its Lombard, 30 Rhenish, or Norman derivatives. Here, rather, you are conscious restlessly of that sustained equilibrium of oblique pressure on all sides, which is the essence of the hazardous Gothic construction, a

construction of which the "flying buttress" is the most significant feature. Across the clear glass of the great windows of the triforium you see it, feel it, at its Atlas-work audaciously. "A pleasant thing it is to behold the sun" those first Gothic builders would seem to have said to themselves; and at Amiens, for instance, the walls have disappeared; the entire building is composed of its windows. Those who built it might have had for their one and only purpose to enclose as large a space as possible with the given material.

No; the peculiar Gothic buttress, with its double, triple, fourfold flights, while it makes such marvels possible, securing light and space and graceful effect, relieving the pillars within of their massiveness, is not a restful architectural feature. Consolidation of matter naturally on the move, security for settlement in a very complex system of construction—that is avowedly a part of the Gothic situation, the Gothic problem. With the genius which contended, though not always quite successfully, with this difficult problem, came also novel æsthetic effect, a whole volume of delightful æsthetic effects. For the mere *melody* of Greek architecture, for the sense as it were of music in the opposition of successive sounds, you got *harmony*, the richer music generated by opposition of sounds in one and the same moment; and were gainers. And then, in contrast with the classic manner, and the Romanesque survivals from it, the vast complexity of the Gothic style seemed, as if consciously, to correspond to the richness, the expressiveness, the thousand-fold influence of the Catholic religion,

in the thirteenth century still in natural movement in every direction. The later Gothic of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries tended to conceal, as it now took for granted, the structural use of the buttress, 5 for example; seemed to turn it into a mere occasion for ornament, not always pleasantly:—while the ornament was out of place, the structure failed. Such falsity is far enough away from what at Amiens is really of the thirteenth century. In this 10 pre-eminently “secular” church, the execution, in all the defiance of its method, is direct, frank, clearly apparent, with the result not only of reassuring the intelligence, but of keeping one’s curiosity also continually on the alert, as we linger in these restless 15 aisles.

The integrity of the edifice, together with its volume of light, has indeed been diminished by the addition of a range of chapels, beyond the proper limits of the aisles, north and south. Not a part 20 of the original design, these chapels were formed for private uses in the fourteenth century, by the device of walling in and vaulting the open spaces between the great buttresses of the nave. Under the broad but subdued sunshine which falls through 25 range upon range of windows, reflected from white wall and roof and gallery, soothing to the eye, while it allows you to see the delicate carved work in all its refinement of touch, it is only as an after-thought, an artificial after-thought, that you regret the lost stained glass, or the vanished mural 30 colour, if such to any large extent there ever were. The best stained glass is often that stained by weather, by centuries of weather,

and we may well be grateful for the amazing cheerfulness of the interior of Amiens, as we actually find it. Windows of the richest remain, indeed, in the apsidal chapels; and the rose-windows of the transepts are known, from the prevailing tones of their stained glass, as Fire and Water, the western rose symbolising in like manner Earth and Air, as respectively green and blue. But there is no reason to suppose that the interior was ever so darkened as to prevent one's seeing, really and clearly, the dainty ornament, which from the first abounded here; the floriated architectural detail; the broad band of flowers and foliage, thick and deep and purely sculptured, above the arches of nave and choir and transepts, and wreathing itself continuously round the embedded piers which support the roof; with the woodwork, the illuminated metal, the magnificent tombs, the jewellers' work in the chapels. One precious, early thirteenth-century window of *grisaille* remains, exquisite in itself, interesting as evidence of the sort of decoration which originally filled the larger number of the windows. *Grisaille*, with its lace-work of transparent gray, set here and there with a ruby, a sapphire, a gemmed medallion, interrupts the clear light on things hardly more than the plain glass, of which indeed such windows are mainly composed. The finely designed frames of iron for the support of the glass, in the windows from which even this decoration is gone, still remain, to the delight of those who are knowing in the matter.

Very ancient light, this seems, at any rate, as if it had been lying imprisoned thus for long centu-

ries; were in fact the light over which the great vault originally closed, now become almost substance of thought, one might fancy,—a mental object or medium. We are reminded that after
5 we must of necessity look on the great churches of the Middle Age with other eyes than those who built or first worshipped in them; that there is something verily worth having, and a just equivalent for something else lost, in the mere effect of
10 time, and that the salt of all æsthetic study is in the question,—What, precisely what, is this to *me*? You and I, perhaps, should not care much for the mural colouring of a medieval church, could we see it as it was; might think it crude, and in the
15 way. What little remains of it at Amiens has parted, indeed, in the course of ages, with its shrillness and its coarse grain. And in this matter certainly in view of Gothic polychrome, our difference from the people of the thirteenth century is radical. We have, as it was very unlikely they should
20 have, a curiosity, a very pleasurable curiosity, in the mere working of the stone they built with, and in the minute facts of their construction, which their colouring, and the layer of plaster it involved, disguised or hid. We may think that in architecture
25 stone is the most beautiful of all things. Modern hands have replaced the colour on some of the tombs here — the effigies, the tabernacles above — skilfully as may be, and have but deprived them of
30 their dignity. Medieval colouring, in fact, must have improved steadily, as it decayed, almost till there came to be no question of colour at all. In architecture, close as it is to men's lives and the

history, the visible result of time is a large factor in the realised æsthetic value, and what a true architect will in due measure always trust to. A false restoration only frustrates the proper ripening of his work.

If we may credit our modern eyes, then, those old, very secular builders aimed at, they achieved, an immense cheerfulness in their great church, with a purpose which still pursued them into their minuter decoration. The conventional vegetation of the Romanesque, its blendings of human or animal with vegetable form, in cornice or capital, have given way here, in the first Pointed style, to a pleasanter, because more natural, mode of fancy; to veritable forms of vegetable life, flower or leaf, from meadow and woodside, though still indeed with a certain survival of the grotesque in a confusion of the leaf with the flower, which the subsequent Decorated period will wholly purge away in its perfect garden-borders. It was not with monastic artists and artisans that the sheds and workshops around Amiens Cathedral were filled, as it rose from its foundations through fifty years; and those lay schools of art, with their communistic sentiment, to which in the thirteenth century the great episcopal builders must needs resort, would in the natural course of things tend toward naturalism. The subordinate arts also were no longer at the monastic stage, borrowing inspiration exclusively from the experiences of the cloister, but belonged to guilds of laymen — smiths, painters, sculptors. The great confederation of the “city,” the commune, subdivided itself into confederations of citizens.

In the natural objects of the first Pointed style there is the freshness as of nature itself, seen and felt for the first time; as if, in contrast, those older cloistral workmen had but fed their imagination 5 in an embarrassed, imprisoned, and really decadent manner, on mere reminiscence of, or prescriptions about, things visible.

Congruous again with the popularity of the builders of Amiens, of their motives, is the wealth, the 10 freedom and abundance, of popular, almost secular, teaching, here afforded, in the carving especially, within and without; an open Bible, in place of later legend, as at monastic Vézelay,—the Bible treated as a book about men and women, and other 15 persons equally real, but blent with lessons, with the liveliest observations, on the lives of men as they were then and now, what they do, and how they do it, or did it then, and on the doings of nature which so greatly influence what man does; together with certain impressive metaphysical and 20 moral ideas, a sort of popular scholastic philosophy, or as if it were the virtues and vices Aristotle defines, or the characters of Theophrastus, translated into stone. Above all, it is to be observed that as 25 a result of this spirit, this “free” spirit, in it, art has at last become personal. The artist, as such, appears at Amiens, as elsewhere, in the thirteenth century; and, by making his personal way of conception and execution prevail there, renders his own 30 work vivid and organic, and apt to catch the interest of other people. He is no longer a Byzantine, but a Greek—an unconscious Greek. Proof of this is in the famous *Beau-Dieu* of Amiens, as they

call that benign, almost classically proportioned figure, on the central pillar of the great west doorway; though in fact neither that, nor anything else on the west front of Amiens, is quite the best work here. For that we must look rather to the sculpture of the portal of the south transept, called, from a certain image there, *Portail de la Vierge dorée*, gilded at the expense of some unknown devout person at the beginning of the last century. A presentation of the mystic, the delicately miraculous, story of Saint Honoré, eighth Bishop of Amiens, and his companions, with its voices, its intuitions, and celestial intimations, it has evoked a correspondent method of work at once naïve and nicely expressive. The *rose*, or *roue*, above it, carries on the outer rim seventeen personages, ascending and descending — another piece of popular philosophy — the wheel of fortune, or of human life.

And they were great brass-founders, surely, who at that early day modelled and cast the tombs of the Bishops Evrard and Geoffrey, vast plates of massive black bronze in half-relief, like abstract thoughts of those grand old prelatie persons. The tomb of Evrard, who laid the foundations (*qui fundamenta hujus basilicæ locavit*), is not quite as it was. Formerly it was sunk in the pavement, while the tomb of Bishop Geoffrey opposite (it was he closed in the mighty vault of the nave: *hanc basilicam culmen usque perduxit*), itself vaulted-over the space of the grave beneath. The supreme excellence of those original workmen, the journeymen of Robert de Luzarches and his successor, would seem indeed to have inspired others, who have been at their

best here, down to the days of Louis the Fourteenth. It prompted, we may think, a high level of execution, through many revolutions of taste in such matters; in the marvellous furniture of the
5 choir, for instance, like a whole wood, say a thicket of old hawthorn, with its curved topmost branches spared, slowly transformed by the labour of a whole family of artists, during fourteen years, into the stalls, in number one hundred and ten, with nearly
10 four thousand figures. Yet they are but on a level with the Flamboyant carved and coloured enclosures of the choir, with the histories of John the Baptist, whose face-bones are here preserved, and of Saint Firmin — popular saint, who protects the
15 houses of Amiens from fire. Even the screens of forged iron around the sanctuary, work of the seventeenth century, appear actually to soar, in their way, in concert with the airy Gothic structure; to let the daylight pass as it will; to have come, they
20 too, from smiths, odd as it may seem at just that time, with some touch of inspiration in them. In the beginning of the fifteenth century they had reared against a certain bald space of wall, between the great portal and the western “rose,” an organ,
25 a lofty, many-chambered, veritable house of church-music, rich in azure and gold, finished above at a later day, not incongruously, in the quaint, pretty manner of Henri-Deux. And those who are interested in the curiosities of ritual, of the old provincial Gallican “uses,” will be surprised to find one
30 where they might least have expected it. The reserved Eucharist still *hangs* suspended in a pyx, formed like a dove, in the midst of that lamentable

"glory" of the eighteenth century in the central bay of the sanctuary, all the poor, gaudy, gilt rays converging towards it. There are days in the year in which the great church is still literally filled with reverent worshippers, and if you come late to service you push the doors in vain against the closely serried shoulders of the good people of Amiens, one and all in black for church-holiday attire. Then, one and all, they intone the *Tantum ergo* (did it ever sound so in the Middle Ages?) as the Eucharist, after a long procession, rises once more into its resting-place.

If the Greeks, as at least one of them says, really believed there could be no true beauty without bigness, that thought certainly is most specious in regard to architecture; and the thirteenth-century church of Amiens is one of the three or four largest buildings in the world, out of all proportion to any Greek building, both in that and in the multitude of its external sculpture. The chapels of the nave are embellished without by a double range of single figures, or groups, commemorative of the persons, the mysteries, to which they are respectively dedicated — the gigantic form of Christopher, the Mystery of the Annunciation.

The builders of the church seem to have projected no very noticeable towers; though it is conventional to regret their absence, especially with visitors from England, where indeed cathedral and other towers are apt to be good, and really make their mark. Robert de Luzarches and his successors aimed rather at the domical outline, with its central point at the centre of the church, in the

spire, or *fleche*. The existing spire is a wonderful mass of carpentry of the beginning of the sixteenth century, at which time the lead that carefully wraps every part of it was heavily gilt. The great western towers are lost in the west front, the grandest, perhaps the earliest, example of its species — three profound, sculptured portals; a double gallery above, the upper gallery carrying colossal images of twenty-two kings of the House of Judah, ancestors of Our Lady; then the great rose; above it the ringers' gallery, half masking the gable of the nave, and uniting at their topmost storys the twin, but not exactly equal or similar, towers, oddly oblong in plan, as if never intended to carry pyramids or spires. They overlook an immense distance in those flat, peat-digging, black and green regions, with rather cheerless rivers, and are the centre of an architectural region wider still — of a group to which Soissons, far beyond the woods of Compiègne, belongs, with St. Quentin, and, towards the west, a too ambitious rival, Beauvais, which has stood however — what we now see of it — for six centuries.

It is a spare, rather sad world at most times that Notre-Dame d'Amiens thus broods over; a country with little else to be proud of; the sort of world, in fact, which makes the range of conceptions embodied in these cliffs of quarried and carved stone all the more welcome as a hopeful complement to the meagreness of most people's present existence, and its apparent ending in a sparely built coffin under the flinty soil, and grey, driving sea-winds. In Notre-Dame, therefore, and her sisters, there

is not only a common method of construction, a single definable type, different from that of other French latitudes, but a correspondent common sentiment also; something which speaks, amid an immense achievement just here of what is beautiful and great, of the necessity of an immense effort in the natural course of things, of what you may see quaintly designed in one of those hieroglyphic carvings — *radix de terra sitiendi*: “a root out of a dry ground.”

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NOTES.

1.—Preface to "The Renaissance." This piece seems to have been actually written as a preface to the volume at first named *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, but subsequently given the shorter title. The *Conclusion* (p. 19) was written independently.

1: 1.—Many attempts . . . to define beauty in the abstract. Such was the aim of the earlier writers on æsthetics, beginning with Baumgarten in 1750. Later writers on the subject have rather given up the purely speculative consideration of the "science of beauty," and are more interested in determining the causes of beauty and the results of it. "Beauty cannot be considered as a semi-transcendental reality," says a modern writer (Yrjö Hirn: *The Origins of Art*, London, 1900, p. 5), "it must be interpreted as an object of human longing and a source of human enjoyment." Pater's own work will be seen to come in great part under this generalization. Those who wish to read something on the history of the matter will find material in Bosanquet: *History of Æsthetic*, London, 1892, and Knight: *The Philosophy of the Beautiful*, New York, 1891, of which vol. I contains *Outlines of the History of Æsthetics*.

1: 16.—in the most concrete terms. To say not what is Beauty but, as in the next selection, what are the beautiful things in the art of Botticelli. See also the essay on "The Genius of Plato," and especially toward the end.

1: 21.—"To see the object, etc." The remark is Matthew Arnold's, and occurs in the lectures *On Translating Homer* which were published in 1861. The lectures were originally delivered by Arnold at Oxford as Professor of Poetry and Pater may have heard them.

2: 2.—in æsthetic criticism. Matthew Arnold had spoken of the critical effort in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science.

2: 2.—the first step. This remark, which certainly seems natural enough, is at the bottom of Pater's theory.

The idea often occurs in the form of interest in oneself. Cf 72: 31, 78: 30, 127: 22, 146: 3, 167: 24

2: 8.—**receptacles.** The word does not seem so appropriate here as in 4: 3. In this place the idea is rather that of giving out than that of receiving, which we should incline to see in the word, following the essay *On Style*, p. 132: 26.

2: 14.—**what sort . . . of pleasure.** It is interesting to note the means which Pater uses to mark the differences in pleasure. It is not easy to distinguish pleasures, except broadly; let anyone try to tell in what way the pleasure he receives from Byron is different from the pleasure he receives from Wordsworth. Pater's method, of presentation at least, in *The Renaissance*, is to discriminate, not between the pleasures received, but between the causes of the pleasures, or, as is said on the next page, the virtues or qualities which produce the pleasures in question.

2: 20.—**experiences . . . strongly.** Cf. 72: 31.

2: 28.—**of no interest to him.** I. e., as an æsthetic critic.

2: 33.—**more or less unique.** Strictly speaking, neither *unique* nor (in this sense) *peculiar* should be so qualified. Cf. *unique*, 3: 8.

3: 2.—**the picture, etc.** The value of this passage lies largely in its indication that not pictures and poems only are worthy of artistic appreciation. See the corresponding passage in the *Conclusion*, 22: 17.

3: 7.—**A unique impression of pleasure.** But Pater rarely tries to analyze these impressions. He translates them into terms of thought.

3: 23.—**de se borner . . . en humanistes accomplis.** "To be at pains to know beautiful things at close range and to feed oneself upon them, as refined amateurs, full-fledged humanists."

3: 32.—**In all ages . . . some excellent work done.** Pater's own range was very broad. In almost every great period of history he found something beautiful.

4: 1.—**In whom did the stir . . . find itself.** Botticelli is interesting because "he has the freshness, the uncertain and diffident promise which belongs to the earlier Renaissance itself, and makes it perhaps the most interesting period in the history of the mind." 18: 17.

4: 8.—not Goethe or Byron even. This mention of Byron is curious. The common opinion of Byron's poetry is that it is rarely poor and rarely perfect. Matthew Arnold felt that his work gained by selection as much as that of Wordsworth's.

4: 12.—Take . . . Wordsworth. This example will be compared with the essay on Wordsworth, which was published the year after *The Renaissance*, and very possibly may have been already written when these lines were composed. The idea of ll. 23-28, at least, is more fully developed in the essay, pp. 28-37. Cf. also 45: 22.

5: 1.—the following studies. As has been noted, the book was at first named *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*. It contained essays on Aucassin and Nicolette, as representative of the earlier Renaissance, on Pico della Mirandola, Botticelli, Lionardo da Vinci, Luca della Robbia, Michael Angelo, as typical of Renaissance philosophy, painting, sculpture, poetry, and on Du Bellay, representing the later Renaissance. To these an earlier essay on Winckelmann is added for reasons given at the end of the *Preface*.

5: 7.—that revival of classical antiquity. This narrower use of the word "Renaissance" is not now common; the phrase Revival of Learning is more usual.

5: 14.—traced far into the Middle Age. The date of Aucassin and Nicolette, alluded to in the next sentence, is in the first half of the thirteenth century. Abelard, whom Pater also has in mind, was a century earlier. Cf. Pater's mention of the "novel, humanistic movements of religion itself at that period" (the thirteenth century) in speaking of the Cathedral of Amiens, 205: 5, and also the story of *Denys l'Auxerrois*, particularly p. 103.

5: 22.—two little compositions. In the first edition the first essay was on *Aucassin and Nicolette*, but in the second and later editions the story of *Amis and Amile* is included under the title *Two Early French Stories*.

6: 1.—the charm of ascêsis. The idea of asceticism is not consistent with the impression made by the *Conclusion* to *The Renaissance*. What Pater understood by *ascêsis* was not precisely the same thing; it was a different conception, which had a fascination for him throughout life, as we can see by comparing this early mention with that in *Plato and Platonism* (e. g., p. 253), which came at the end of his life. There is constant reference to the

same thing almost everywhere, for instance. 27: 23 and note, 199: 28, 168: 1, 133: 29.

7: 21.—by his Hellenism. This was in Pater's mind a most essential characteristic of the Renaissance. Thus the earlier Renaissance just mentioned is prompted to seek after the springs of perfect sweetness in the Hellenic world, and in the essay here reprinted Botticelli's Venus is a more "direct inlet [for us] into the Greek temper than the works of the Greeks themselves, even of the finest period." 13: 20.

8.—Sandro Botticelli. In reading this essay, the student will want to have at hand some authority which will give not only a statement of the main facts about Botticelli, but also an idea of his chief pictures. The volume in Knackfuss' series of *Künstler Monographien* (Leipzig, 1897) is the most useful help—it has just been published in a translation—and the eighty-nine cuts will be extremely illustrative of this essay. A substitute for this volume may be found in *Masters in Art* for May, 1900 (Bates and Gould: Boston), which gives ten of Botticelli's pictures, including the more important of those here mentioned. There will also, presumably, be a volume in the series of *Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture* (Macmillan: New York), but it is not yet announced.

8: 1.—Leonardo's treatise on painting. Pater wrote of it in his essay on Leonardo (*The Renaissance*, p. 110) as "the well-ordered treatise on painting which a Frenchman, Raffaele du Fresne, one hundred years afterwards, compiled from Leonardo's bewildered manuscripts."

8: 5.—people have begun. The history of the discovery by the English of the Pre-Raphaelite painters has never been carefully written. The name of Botticelli does not appear in English art criticism until 1850 at least. Ruskin does not seem to have become well acquainted with Botticelli until 1871. Mr. Collingwood says that "Mr. Ruskin's first mention of Botticelli was in the course on landscape" in the Lent term of that year (*Life of John Ruskin*: ii. 424, note), which was some time after the publication of this essay in the *Fortnightly*. Considering Ruskin's way of speaking of whatever was in his mind, we may infer from his not speaking of Botticelli that he was not much interested in him. Two painters whom he did study during the sixties, Luini and Carpaccio, he immediately mentioned in the same un-

measured terms which he used of Botticelli in the year 1872 (*The Eagle's Nest*: Preface).

8: 8.—**In the middle of the fifteenth century.** 1447-1510. But Botticelli did little toward the end of his life.

8: 11.—**the great imaginative workmen of its close.** Leonardo da Vinci, 1452-1519; Michael Angelo, 1475-1564; Raphael, 1483-1520.

8: 13.—**Giotto.** 1276-1337, and therefore contemporary with Dante.

8: 17.—**Dante.** 1265-1321.

8: 17.—**Boccaccio.** 1313-1375. It is worth noting that long before the time of Botticelli Italy had already three of the greatest names in her literature.

8: 17.—**new readings . . . of classical stories.** Pater may have had in mind the *Mars and Venus* of the National Gallery, London, or the *Primavera*, or the *Birth of Venus* spoken of on p. 15. Another excellent example, which Pater did not have in mind, for it was not discovered until after his death, is the *Pallas and a Centaur*.

8: 22.—**the peculiar sensation.** The *Preface* puts this idea in general form. 3: 7.

9: 4.—**Vasari.** The author of *Lives of Artists*, 1550.

9: 8.—**Sandro is a nickname.** The Renaissance painters often went by names that seem to us curious. Masaccio (11: 8) was named Tomaso; "Hulking Tom," Browning calls him. The name Ghirlandajo (11: 8) means "the garland maker." Many of the names were not so unusual. Il Giorgione was named Giorgio Barbarelli; Pietro Vannucci is called Perugino because he was a citizen of Perugia.

9: 14.—**the influence of Savonarola.** The religious revival of Savonarola was in 1492, when Savonarola was Prior of St. Marks.

9: 23.—**Earlier.** Something of the sort has happened, for the date of Botticelli's death is now set at May 17, 1510.

10: 13.—**three phases of the same scene.** He even goes so far as to represent Dante turning his head to look over his shoulder by giving the poet two heads (Pl. III. of the *Paradiso*). But this was nothing individual to Botticelli; it was an artistic convention a thousand years old and more. Pater alludes to it merely to indicate the painter's imagination.

10: 18.—**not rather chosen . . . the Purgatorio.** In reality, Botticelli did illustrate the *Purgatorio*; in fact,

the whole *Divine Comedy*. There are ninety-six of these plates now known, although Pater was not acquainted with them all. They have been reprinted in *Botticelli's Drawings Illustrative of Dante's Inferno*. Edited by F. Lippman, Director of the Imperial Museum, Berlin.

11: 10.—**dramatic not visionary.** The distinction is not at first sight quite clear. We are apt to think of a thing as dramatic when the spirit of it is made strikingly apparent by what is seen. A dramatic moment is one in which the emotion or sentiment is strongly impressed upon us by what we see of the action and expression. Pater means that the dramatic painter makes that which is seen express its spirit, while the visionary painter makes any particular set of forms express his own spirit. He sees what everybody else sees, but, as in the next sentence but one, he sees in it something that others do not. With this may be compared some of Pater's own criticism, as of Botticelli's Madonnas and of the *Birth of Venus*, as well as the very famous description of *La Gioconda* in the essay on Leonardo, of which Mr. Oscar Wilde and M. Paul Bourget have both remarked that the picture calls up in Pater's mind ideas which it did not call up even in the mind of the painter.

11: 25.—**conventional orthodoxy.** Cf. "simple formula," just below, "facile orthodoxy," 22: 31.

12: 22.—**come and go across him.** He considered it and got from it what appealed to him, or, possibly, merely comprehended it.

12: 26.—**the wistfulness of exiles.** Pater's own characters—Denys l'Auxerrois, Sebastian van Storck, Emerald Uthwart, and the others—have something of this displacement about them.

12: 32.—**Botticelli accepts.** So, it would seem, did Pater himself, more and more as he grew older.

13: 12.—**from which they shrink.** Not necessarily, however, from fear of them.

13: 25.—**depress their heads so naively.** To get them into the picture.

13: 26.—**Perhaps you have sometimes wondered why those peevish-looking Madonnas.** Cf. Pater's remark on unconscious scanning lines. 124: 30.

14: 10.—**always far from her.** Often, but not always, if we may trust to photographs. Cf., among others, the *Virgin and Child with St. John* at the Louvre.

14: 16.—Once indeed. In the picture of the Madonna in the Uffizzi: the picture is sometimes called *The Magnificat*.

15: 6.—the faultless nude studies of Ingres. The classic example is *La Source* in the Louvre.

17: 4.—other episodes. A well-known example is the *Mars and Venus* in the National Gallery, London.

17: 10.—tradition connects it with Simonetta. It is interesting here to read Mr. Maurice Hewlett's imaginative criticism in *Quattrocentisteria* in *Earthwork Out of Tuscany*, p. 74. Also, so far as the picture of Judith is concerned, in pp. 67-71.

18: 9.—a peculiar quality of pleasure. In the preface (3: 8, 8: 22) it is held that this is the characterisitic of all artists. But this essay was the first written, and very possible we see here the first form of an idea which was developed further.

19.—Conclusion. This Conclusion to the *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* was written in 1868, apparently before any of the Studies themselves, except that on Winckelmann. It was omitted in the second edition (1877), as is noted in the introduction (p. xx), and was replaced in the third (1888) with the following note:

"This brief 'Conclusion' was omitted in the second edition of this book, as I conceived it might possibly mislead some of those young men into whose hands it might fall. On the whole, I have thought it best to reprint it here, with some slight changes which bring it closer to my original meaning. I have dealt more fully in *Marius the Epicurean* with the thoughts suggested by it."

For the thoughts suggested by it in *Marius*, see the introduction (p. xxxvi). The changes are noted at the places where they occur. They are about a dozen in number, and are generally substitutions of words or translations of quotations. Three are more significant, namely, those on **21: 24**, **22: 32**, **23: 27**. In the first two the object of the changes is to remove a reference to religion, and the third is of something the same character. Probably Pater did not have these passages in mind when he said that the changes were meant to bring the text closer to his original meaning. It is hard to believe that he had at first the ideas given by the changes; it seems more likely that as time went on Pater felt that it was better

not to suggest the bearing on religion of his opinions. In all probability, too, his view of religion had changed somewhat, as may be gathered from *Marius* some years before the *Conclusion* was restored.

19.—*γίγει πον Ἡράκλειτος*. The phrase occurs in the *Cratylus* of Plato. Heraclitus says, "All things give way: nothing remaineth." This is the translation given by Pater in the first chapter of *Plato and Platonism* (p. 9), which takes quite a different direction from the same starting point. In fact, the ephemerism of the *Conclusion* is not precisely consistent with the later view there presented, nor, of course, need it be. See introduction, p. xxxix.

19: 1.—**To regard . . . modern thought.** Pater probably had in mind here the result of the philosophy of Hegel, a philosopher who had a certain attraction for him, although he does not seem to have been much influenced by him. The passage, "Fix upon it," etc. (l. 5), may be very curiously compared with the statement of Hegel's idea given by Royce in his *Spirit of Modern Philosophy*, p. 204. Later, however, Pater thought rather more of Darwin, as will be seen in the chapter of *Plato and Platonism*.

19: 23.—**gesture.** In the etymological sense, not at all common now, of bearing, behavior, presumably one's general way of passing from birth to death.

19: 24.—**violets.** Suggested by the words of Laertes over the grave of Ophelia. Cf. also 60: 31.

20: 31.—**that thick wall of personality.** The impossibility of real communication was one of the sceptical principles of Gorgias, and doubtless of other sophists. From his day to the present it has every now and then been affirmed and denied by one or another. Pater does not anywhere express his view upon the matter with precision, but his *Imaginary Portraits* are chiefly of young men who in some degree illustrate the position. See introduction, p. xlviii.

21: 5.—**Analysis . . . assures us.** The first edition reads *tells us*, and also *further for farther*.

21: 11.—**all that is actual in it.** Cf. here especially the passage on Hegel in Royce.

21: 18.—**real.** The first edition italicized the word.

21: 18.—**It is . . . impressions.** The first edition reads, "It is with the movement, the passage and dissolution of impressions, etc."

21: 23.—**Philosophiren . . . vivificiren.** "To be a philosopher is to rid oneself of inertia, to come to life." Novalis was the pseudonym of Friedrich von Hardenberg, 1772-1801.

21: 24.—**of speculative culture . . . to startle it.** The first edition reads, "And of religion and culture as well to the human spirit is to startle it."

21: 31.—**Not the fruit . . . is the end.** "Another factor of the distinction is that whereas, in the perception of beauty, our judgment is necessarily intrinsic, and based on the character of the immediate experience, and never consciously on the idea of an eventual utility in the object; judgments about moral worth, on the contrary, are always based, when they are positive, upon the consciousness of benefits involved." Santayana: *The Sense of Beauty*, p. 23. The comment in succeeding pages brings out some interesting ideas.

22: 1.—**How . . . finest senses?** The senses trained to the most delicate discrimination.

22: 8.—**In a sense it might even be said that our.** These words were added in the third edition, as well as *after all* in the next line.

22: 19.—**Not to discriminate.** I. e., to be a critic, as in the *Preface*, 3: 11-20. But it means really to appreciate: for if two differing things are thought or felt by us to be precisely the same, it is only because we do not know or feel what it is that makes each thing itself. If we think of two things which are different as being the same, it is unimportant which we think of. If we see no difference between Scott, say, and the historical novels of our day, it is indifferent to us which we read; we shall, in fact, not know which we are reading except by accident.

22: 32.—**Philosophical theories or ideas.** The first edition read, *Theories, religious or philosophical ideas.*

23: 2.—**"Philosophy is the microscope of thought."** The first edition gave the quotation in French.

23: 8.—**no real claim.** "Some interest into which we cannot enter" would seem to be the key to the sentence. If we really *cannot*, it may have no real claim, but often enough *cannot* stands for "do not wish to."

23: 20.—**we . . . reprieve.** The first edition does not have the translation.

23: 26.—**at least among "the children of this world."** This curious qualification does not appear in the first edition.

23: 28.—**lies.** The first edition reads "is."

23: 30.—**Great.** The first edition reads "High."

23: 32.—**the various forms . . . to many of us.** The first edition reads, "Political or religious enthusiasm, or the 'enthusiasm of humanity.'"

24: 4.—**art for art's sake.** The expression came to a painful currency, often in uses inconsistent with the present context.

25.—**Wordsworth.** This essay should be read with a copy of Wordsworth's poems in hand, for only so will one get an idea of how permeated with Wordsworth is the very language of the essay. The notes generally indicate the sources of quotations or manifest allusions, but there is much more which is Pater's expression of the spirit of Wordsworth. The references are to the page and column of the Globe edition of Wordsworth (Macmillan's).

25: 1.—**Some English critics.** Especially Coleridge, of whom Pater had already written, "His prose works are one long explanation of all that is involved in that famous distinction between the fancy and the imagination," *Appreciations*, p. 88. More particularly, however, see the *Biographia Literaria*, Chap. IV. and following. Leigh Hunt might also be mentioned, who entitled a book *Imagination and Fancy*, which begins with a discussion of the matter in an "Answer to the question, What is Poetry?" Ruskin, too, may be noted, though not of the beginning of the century; he writes on the subject in *Modern Painters*, Pr. III., sec. ii., chap. iii., §7. It does not appear that Hazlitt, De Quincey, Lamb or Jeffries thought much on the matter.

25: 6.—**This metaphysical distinction.** It is not easy to define it, for its sponsors usually contented themselves with illustration. The *Century Dictionary*, s. v. *Imagination*, speaking of synonyms, has a distinction which appears to be much the same. The modern psychologist seems to care little for it, and the modern critic will do well enough if he thinks of serious imagination and trivial imagination, or, as Pater himself says, imagination more intense and concentrated, or less.

25: 6.—**borrowed originally.** Coleridge received many suggestions from the Germans—in this case, perhaps, from Kant and Schelling. He himself says, however, "Repeated meditations led me first to suspect (and a more intimate analysis of the human faculties, their appropriate marks, functions and effects matured my conjecture into

conviction) that Fancy and Imagination were widely differing functions," *Biographia Literaria*, Chap. IV. Afterwards he seems to indicate that Wordsworth thought of the matter first: "On which," he writes, "a poem of his first directed my attention."

25: 16.—it was Wordsworth who made the most of it. Wordsworth's handling of the subject is in his Preface of 1815, Globe edition, pp. 878-885. It is not accurate to say that this distinction was *the* basis for final classification. Wordsworth's basis, so far as he had any real basis, as stated in that Preface, was a combination of "the powers of mind predominant in the production of them [of which Imagination and Fancy constituted in Wordsworth's analysis one out of six divisions], or to the mold in which they are cast, or lastly to the subject to which they relate."

25: 23.—For nowhere . . . character at all. So thought Matthew Arnold, who, some years afterward, made the skillful anthology, spoken of on the next page, on lines different from Pater's, and yet including all the poems that Pater valued most highly.

25: 26.—much conventional sentiment. As an example may be offered "The Blind Highland Boy" (p. 197.) In this poem Wordsworth desires to tell how a Highland boy sailed across a loch in a washtub. In order to be more elegant, he substituted for the washtub a turtle shell. It is proper to add that he did so "in deference to the opinion of a friend."

25: 27.—insincere poetic diction. Examples of a word or two may be readily found, and longer examples in cases where his subject was a little prosaic. Thus when a sick girl liked to look at a stuffed owl, Wordsworth wrote (656²),

"While Anna's peers and early playmates tread,
In freedom, mountain-turf and river's marge;
Or float with music in the festal barge;
Rein the proud steed, or through the dance are led;
Her doom it is to press a weary bed," etc.

26: 1.—the reaction in his political ideas. In youth he had been a Republican strong for the Rights of Man. The French Revolution, as here remarked, made him more conservative, with the result of suggesting an idea to Robert Browning.

26: 18.—Of all poets equally great. Matthew Arnold cried the experiment with Byron, but without success.

26: 24.—ever tending to become. Surely not, unless we feel that everybody is tending to become the best he is capable of.

27: 9.—that old fancy . . . divine possession. Wordsworth, most of modern poets, has so regarded it. He thought of himself as

"A renovated spirit singled out
 . . . for holy services."

The Prelude. 236¹.

27: 17.—an excellent . . . art and poetry. This idea of a rigorous training was one that made a strong appeal to Pater, as has been remarked in the introduction.

27: 23.—a right discipline of the temper. In writing of Emerald Uthwart at school (*Miscellaneous Studies*, p. 182), Pater says: "It would misrepresent Uthwart's wholly unconscious humility to say that he felt the beauty of the ἀσκησις (we need that Greek word) to which he not merely finds himself subject, but as under a fascination submissively yields himself, although another might have been aware of the charm of it, half ethic, half physical, as visibly effective in him."

27: 25.—the promise that he has much. So of Plato. "What he would promote, then, is the art, the literature, of which among other things it may be said that it solicits a certain effort from the reader or spectator, who is promised a great expressiveness on the part of the writer, the artist, if he for his part will bring with him a great attentiveness." *Plato and Platonism*, p. 253. For the same thing from the writer's standpoint, see the essay on *Style*. 130: 17-31.

28: 12.—the electric thread untwined. Pater may have had in mind some process of electrolysis, as, for instance, that by which gold is deposited from cyanide of potassium.

28: 14.—What are the peculiarities of this residue? The determination of these peculiarities is, of course, the function of the critic, as in 3: 14, 8: 22.

28: 14.—What special sense . . . satisfy? This question Pater answers quite directly, the first part in pp. 28-35, and the second in pp. 35-37 and 39, 40.

28: 16.—What are the subjects? This question and the next are rather implied in that preceding.

28: 22.—An intimate consciousness. It is of interest to compare with this remark Ruskin's tracing the feeling

of the classic, the medieval and the modern world for landscape, in *Modern Painters*, Pt. IV., Chap. XIII.-XVI. Cf. also Matthew Arnold on the Celtic Appreciation of Nature, *Celtic Literature*, Lect. VI.

28: 31.—**Senancour.** *Obermann* is a book very typical of the first years of the century. It represents a sort of discontent with life that afterwards became quite conventional. *Obermann* turned constantly from man to nature. The *locus classicus* is the passage on the birch tree in Letter XI., because it is quoted by Matthew Arnold in his essay on Maurice de Guérin. The whole passage is interesting here because it is comparable to the beginning of *The Prelude* or the *Lines on Tintern Abbey*: *Obermann* is recalling his early feeling for nature in visits to the forest of Fontainebleau.

28: 31.—**Theophile Gautier.** Among his poems, *La Source* is a good example; it shows attraction to nature and observation, joined to a cheerful cynicism and a complete absence of anything but personification of the conventional poetic sort.

29: 1.—**traced from Rousseau.** See, for instance, Pellissier: *The Literary Movement in France During the Nineteenth Century* (English Translation), pp. 30, 74.

29: 4.—**those pantheistic theories.** Pater had Goethe and Schelling especially in mind, if we may judge from *Plato and Platonism*, p. 151.

29: 7.—**the graver writings of historians.** I cannot say where, unless it be in some of the applications of the Darwinian theory to the history of institutions, as with those who hold that the State is an organism, etc.

29: 9.—**ancient and modern landscape art.** See the reference to Ruskin, or *Modern Painters*' passim.

29: 11.—**Of this new sense.** The student who desires to follow the course of the interest in nature will find in Palgrave's *Landscape in Poetry* a pleasant and chatty review.

29: 33.—**The cuckoo and its echo.**

"While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear."

To the Cuckoo. 204².

30: 1.—**Resolution and Independence.** To understand this remark, the poem must be re-read or vividly remembered; *imagery*, in the next line, means visible imagery (not figurative), as a little later.

30.—“The pliant harebell.” From the *Prelude*, Bk. X.
p. 310¹.

30.—“The single sheep.” From the *Prelude*, Bk. XII.
p. 324¹.

30.—“And in the meadows.” *The Prelude*, Bk. IV.
261².

30.—“And that green corn.” *The Pet Lamb*, 140¹.

30: 10.—noble sound . . . nobler types.

“And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.”

Three Years She Grew. 115².

30: 12.—“profaned” by . . . image.

“Whate’er there is of power in sound
To breathe an elevated mood, by form
Or image unprofaned.”

The Prelude. Bk. II. 247².

30: 15.—abstract and elementary impressions. The Wordsworthian will think of many examples. Pater seems to have had the *Prelude* particularly in mind in writing this essay. The following citations offer illustration of Wordsworth’s dealing with *silence, darkness, absolute motionlessness*, noted in l. 16.

“And in the sheltered and the sheltering grove
A perfect stillness.”

The Prelude. Int. 236¹.

“And I would stand
If the night blackened with a coming storm.”

The Prelude. Bk. II. 247²

“I was alone
And seemed to be a trouble to the peace
That dwelt among them.”

The Prelude. Bk. I. 239¹.

30: 18.—The long white road.

“The bare white roads
Lengthening in solitude their dreary line.”

The Prelude. Bk. XIII. 328¹.

30: 20.—a special day or hour even.

“There are in our existence spots of time
That with distinct pre-eminence retain
A renovating virtue * * *
This efficacious spirit chiefly lurks
Among those passages of life that give
Profoundest knowledge of what point, and how,
The mind is lord and master.”

The Prelude. Bk. XII. 322².

31: 7.—but lately published. *The Recluse* was first published in 1888. In a note to this essay, Pater gives an account of the relation to the *Prelude* and the *Excursion* of the one book written and published, and gives a quotation from it, the passage beginning: "And thickets full of songsters," p. 336¹.

31: 17.—a moral or spiritual life.

"To every natural form, rock, fruits, or flower,
Even the loose stones that cover the highway,
I gave a moral life."

The Prelude. Bk. III. 251¹.

31: 20.—An emanation. See the first lines of the *Excursion*. Bk. IX.

31: 21.—but to the distant peak.

"When, from behind that craggy steep, till then
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
As if with voluntary power instinct,
Upreared its head."

The Prelude. Bk. I. 240¹.

31: 24.—to the lichened Druidic stone even. I am doubtful of the proper passage here; it may be *Guilt and Sorrow*, St. XIV, 23, or it may be the stones in *The Excursion*, Bk. III, although these last are not Druid stones, but only like them.

31: 27.—"survival." The word is in quotations because used in its biological sense.

31: 29.—that primitive condition . . . many strange aftergrowths. There is a rapid resumé of the appearances of animism in the history of thought in *Plato and Platonism* (p. 151). It is too long to quote wholly, but the mention of Wordsworth is joined to that of Shelley as those "for whom clouds and peaks are kindred spirits." See also later 39: 11.

32: 17.—And it was . . . human life. The idea will be found in *The Prelude*, VIII, 294.

32: 20.—an accidental grace. From *The Prelude*, VIII. 295¹.

33: 5.—The leech-gatherer. *Resolution and Independence*.

33: 6.—the woman "stepping westward." P. 192.

33: 8.—the aged thorn. *The Thorn*.

33: 8.—the lichened rock. *Resolution and Independence*, St. IX.

33: 17.—The poet of Surrey. "As after many wanderings I have come to fancy that some parts of Surrey

and Kent are, for Englishmen, the true landscape, the true home-counties." *The Child in the House*. 53: 25.

33: 19.—write a little about them. As in *Descriptive Sketches*, and so also in *The Prelude*, Bk. VI.

33: 22.—religious sentiment. See *Marius the Epicurean*, Chaps. XXI., XXVI.

34: 3.—the low walls . . . the half obliterated epitaphs. Probably the church in *The Excursion*, Bk. V, 471².

34: 10.—"Grave livers." The words are from *Resolution and Independence*, St. XIV, as are the words *stately speech* in the next line.

34: 30.—that sincerity. Art was nothing without that. Cf. pp. 129: 22, 146: 7, and elsewhere.

35: 2.—"related . . . men." The quotation is from the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* (p. 850²). The next sentence epitomizes Wordsworth's theory of diction.

35: 31.—Michael, Ruth. In the poems named after them. "The great distinguishing passion" is in these cases the same: it is hope which has been deceived and is reconciled.

36: 2.—George Sand. The first of her pastorals is *La Mare au Diable*; the most famous is *La Petite Fadette*.

36: 5.—the sentiment of pity. See *The Child in the House*, especially 55: 5, and *Marius the Epicurean*, Ch. I., XVIII.

36: 5.—Meinhold (1797-1851) was a Pomeranian pastor who wrote several novels, and finally became a Catholic. He is not by any means well known, and such mention of him as is made generally refers to his method of handling historical material in fiction, rather than to his mastery of the sentiment of pity or romance. Pater seems to have been a good deal impressed by his work, for he speaks of him again in the Postscript to *Appreciations* (p. 245), as being more typical of German romanticism than Tieck.

36: 6.—Victor Hugo was very apt to come to Pater's mind in illustration. See 43: 7, 150: 5, *Appreciations*, 260 (twice), 266, etc.

36: 8.—the girl who rung her father's knell. I do not think of the original.

36: 8.—the unborn infant.

"Last Christmas-eve we talked of this,
And grey-haired Wilfred of the glen
Held that the unborn infant wrought
About its mother's heart, and brought
Her senses back again."

The Thorn, St. XIII., 781.

36: 11.—the instinctive touches of children.

"Oh! press me with thy little hand;
It loosens something at my chest."

Her Eyes Are Wild, St. IV., 81².

36: 10.—the sorrows of wild creatures even. I do not remember anything apposite, unless it be *The White Doe of Rylstone*, 368².

36: 12.—the tales of passionate regret . . . ruined farm building. As at the end of the First Book of *The Excursion* (427²).

36: 13.—a heap of stones.

"Beside the brook

Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones."

Michael, 131².

36: 14.—a deserted sheepfold. This allusion would seem to be also to *Michael*.

36: 14.—that gay . . . world. This may refer to tales like those of Margaret or Michael, as well as to tales of betrayal.

36: 17.—"passionate sorrow." Cf. "The sorrow of the passion." *The Prelude*, VII. 286¹.

36: 17.—carelessness for personal beauty even. Cf. *Her Eyes Are Wild*, St. VII.

36: 20.—the sailor. The quotation is from *The Brothers*, 125².

36: 21.—the wild woman. Cf. *Her Eyes Are Wild*, St. VIII.

36: 22.—incidents like . . . the sheepfold. Both would seem to be from *Michael*, although Luke in the poem was eighteen years old.

37: 2.—our best modern fiction. The reference ought to be to Thomas Hardy. I am not sure that *Under the Greenwood Tree* is enough to give ground to such a remark. Hardy's later work, to which the allusion would be singularly apposite, was published after this essay.

37: 18.—a chance expression . . . new connection. So "His body is at rest, his soul in heaven," in *The Excursion*, II and III, pp. 455¹, 443¹.

37: 25.—"the little rock-like pile." *The Prelude*, VII. 285¹.

37: 31.—those strange reminiscences and forebodings. With this passage read Chap. III. of *Plato and Platonism*, especially pp. 60 ff.

38: 24.—"the first . . . world." *The Prelude*, XII. 322².

39: 10.—that old dream of the anima mundi. See the note on 31: 29.

39: 15.—the sign of the macrocosm to Faust. Near the beginning of the play. Pater was less interested in Faust than in the macrocosm of which he had doubtless read in the writings of Pico della Mirandola. He does not mention it in his essay in *The Renaissance*, but he does give a quotation which expresses the relation of which the sign of the macrocosm was one indication.

39: 21.—the narrow glen . . . one universal spirit. *The Excursion*, Bk. VI.

40: 23.—the graves of christened children. Perhaps still suggested by the Sixth Book of *The Excursion*, 492².

42: 5.—its anticipator. "Listen instead to the lines which perhaps suggested Wordsworth's: *The Retreat*, by Henry Vaughan, one of the so-called Platonist poets of about two centuries ago, who was able to blend those Pythagorean doctrines with the Christian belief, amid which, indeed, from the unsanctioned dreams of Origen onwards, those doctrines have shown themselves not otherwise than at home." *Plato and Platonism*, p. 64.

42: 18.—if men must have lessons. That is, if they must always have in intellectual form the ideas that are to affect them. *Marius* and some of the *Imaginary Portraits* and the essay on Lamb, among others, show how foreign this was to Pater's own way.

43: 7.—Grandet, Javert. The old man in Balzac's *Eugenie Grandet* and the police agent in *Les Miserables*. Pater was more familiar with Victor Hugo than with Balzac, who, he thought, had not sufficient admixture of the desire of beauty in his composition.

43: 15.—the House Beautiful. A year or two after the publication of this essay, Pater published one on Romanticism, which was called *Postscript* when it appeared in *Appreciations*. In this essay he speaks of "that *House Beautiful*, which the creative minds of all generations—the artists and those who have treated life in the spirit of art—are always building together, for the refreshment of the human spirit."

44: 5.—"antique Rachel." Dante, *Purgatorio* xxvii, 105. Rachel is the type of the contemplative reason.

44: 16.—by one who had meditated. Pater here called attention in a note to "an interesting paper by Mr. John Morley, on 'The Death of Mr. Mill,' *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1873." Mr. Morley is the author of the *Introduc-*

tion to the Globe Wordsworth, to which references in these notes are made.

45: 8.—with appropriate emotions. Exact, but the words seem tarnished with careless use.

45: 10.—“on the great . . . on fear and sorrow.” These expressions are from the Preface to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, 857¹.

45: 26.—“of man . . . forms and powers.” *The Prelude* VIII, 293.

47.—The Child in the House. This essay was first published in Macmillan's Magazine for August, 1878, where it had the sub-title *An Imaginary Portrait*, a name which Pater subsequently gave to a collection of somewhat similar studies, published in 1887. As to just how imaginary this portrait was there may be some doubt. Pater certainly had some idea of his own youth.

47: 20.—tints more musically blent. Pater wrote nothing directly upon music, but the subject filled a considerable place in his mind. In his speculations on the relation of the various arts to each other, music was included, as in the essay on *The School of Giorgione*, in which he makes some remarks on the distinct characteristics of the different arts. In that essay, published the year before this fragment, he speaks of the specific charm of each art, but goes on to note that in spite of that difference each art tended to pass into “the condition of some other art,” and he further remarked, “Thus some of the most delightful music seems to be always approaching to figure, to pictorial definition,” and having instanced some other tendencies, says that all art constantly aspires to the condition of music, because all art is constantly aiming at such an identification of form and matter as only music attains. And in *Plato and Platonism* he constantly uses the term *music* for the harmonious ideal of art in general. Pater, then, was not using the word loosely here, but with a very clear thought at bottom. He uses some musical figures later in the sketch. Cf. 152: 6, 208: 24 and note.

47: 24.—almost thirty years. Florian left his first home at the age of twelve. In 1878, the date of this essay, Pater was forty-one years of age.

48: 28.—Watteau. A favorite of Pater's, to whom was dedicated the imaginary portrait called *A Prince of Court Painters*. The name of Watteau, however, stands here instead of that of his contemporary, Jean Baptiste Pater, whose pictures are of something the same general

character. Pater was not definitely assured of his own connection with the French painter, but esteemed it probable, and probable or not liked, as here, to think of it. Jean Baptiste, in *A Prince of Court Painters*, the pupil of Watteau, was presumably Jean Baptiste Pater, so we may suppose that, in writing that *Imaginary Portrait*, Pater thought of the diarist as some distant connection of his own.

49: 2.—the great poplar . . . which French people love. See *Denys l'Auxerrois*, 99: 3.

49: 22.—*thrump*. A mass or tuft of silk. The use of the singular in this general way is curious.

51: 30.—*white paper*. The well-known figure by which Locke describes the state of the mind before it has arrived at sensation and reflection. *Essay Concerning the Human Understanding*. Bk. II, Ch. I., § 2. Much the same figure is used by Aristotle, who says *γραμματοῦν*, which means a wax tablet used for writing, whence the figure later in the same line.

51: 31.—“with lead in the rock forever.”

“O that my words were now written! O that they were printed in a book!

That they were engraved with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever.”

Job, XIX. 23, 24.

Verse 24 indicates a more indelible form than verse 23.

55: 17.—the Preacher. Ecclesiastes, although I have missed the passage in question. There are several which are appropriate, as xi: 9.

57: 7.—the cry on the stair. The incident is said to be autobiographic.

59: 24.—In later years . . . vehicle or occasion. A characteristic of Pater's own thinking. Cf. the beginning of the *Preface*, p. 1.

60: 15.—the world . . . with us. A reminiscence of a sonnet by Wordsworth, beginning with almost the same words.

60: 31.—violets in the turf. See 19: 24 and note.

63: 7.—the resurrection of the Just. *Luke* xiv. 14.

63: 12.—Joshua's Vision. *Joshua*, v, 13, 14. “And it came to pass when Joshua was by Jerico, that he lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold, there stood a man over against him with his sword drawn in his hand: and Joshua went unto him and said unto him, Art thou for

us or for our adversaries? And he said, Nay but as captain of the host of the Lord am I now come."

65: 16.—a lively hope. 1 *Peter*, i, 3.

65: 31.—the wrestling angel. *Gen.*, xxxii, 24.

65: 31.—Jacob . . . in his sleep. *Gen.*, xxviii,

11.

65: 32.—bells and pomegranates. *Exod.*, xxviii, 33. "Pomegranates of blue and of purple, and of scarlet * * * round about the hem thereof [*i. e.*, of the priest's garment] and bells between them round about." A good many years before this, Browning had brought the phrase into notice but Pater had here no thought of the possible symbolism. Note his addition to the thought of verse 35.

66: 33.—mere messengers seemed like angels. Angels usually appear in this commonplace way in our best record of them, according to the significance of the Greek name. Notice the account of Jacob's wrestling with the angel: it begins, "And Jacob was left alone and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day," nor is there anything to show that in appearance the man was other than the Bedouin with whom he wrestled.

67: 9.—the sacred stuffs. The linen curtains (with loops and taches), the goat's-hair curtains, the ram's-skin coverings, the door-hanging, the blue and purple veil, are all described in detail in *Exod.*, xxvi.

69.—Euphuism. Pater here uses the word in a general sense, that will become clear as one reads the chapter. Specifically, the word applies to the style of John Lyly and his followers, which, in its details, was something very different from anything Flavian had in mind.

69: 1.—So the famous story. The preceding chapter in *Marius* consists chiefly of the story of Cupid and Psyche from the *Metamorphoses*, "The Golden Book," of Apuleius.

69: 5.—"Lord, of terrible aspect." The quotation is from § III. of Dante's *Vita Nuova*. Love appears to Dante in a cloud of fire, saying many things of which Dante understood only the words *Ego Dominus Tuus*.

69: 7.—the Eros of Praxiteles. The type of the Eros of Praxiteles may be seen in many imitations, although there are no absolute copies. "It seems clear, however, that Praxiteles presented the god as a youth of almost mature proportions, but with a boyish delicacy and grace

in his pose and in the softer modeling of the body." Gardner: *Handbook of Greek Sculpture*, p. 363.

69: 12.—entirely. This use of the word was given currency by Ruskin, and became in time almost a catch word of affectation. It seems rather to offend against some of Pater's own dicta (p. 132: 28), but he never gave it up. In 12: 16, we have the adjective used in the same sense.

70: 19.—saw in it more. See note on 11: 10.

70: 25.—the elder youth. Flavian was one of the older scholars at the school where Marius now was. He was "appointed to help the younger boy in his studies," but the two became close friends.

70: 31.—through which alone. The only way of getting through that wall of personality of the Conclusion. **20: 31.**

71: 14.—born of slaves. Flavian was the son of a freedman.

71: 17.—While . . . classical Latin. The two elements are observable to-day, if we say "scientific" instead of "learned." But the present diffusion of reading makes it impossible that either scientists or men in the street should ever differ very far from the norm of literary language.

72: 2.—the proletariat of speech. The colloquial element.

72: 13.—all that. This use of the demonstrative is rather a mannerism of Pater's; *it all* would seem more usual and more closely connective. Cf. 164: 21, and 143: 2, 155: 29, 203: 3.

72: 16.—He would . . . tarnished images. There is a good deal in this chapter that came to critical expression in the essay on *Style*. Just here cf. pp. 132: 25 ff,

72: 19.—going back . . . of each. Cf. 133: 2.

72: 31.—To be forcibly impressed. Cf. 2: 4.

73: 4.—for the first time. Flavian, as the son of an ill-used slave, felt his duties to society very slightly.

73: 7.—sonantia, etc. The translations precede the Latin.

73: 25.—the literary conscience. The "male conscience" of 129: 7: in the note to that passage is a reference to *Plato and Platonism*.

75: 3.—the Refrain. So had the time in which Pater wrote; at least, so far as it is represented in the revival

of old French forms by Austin Dobson and Andrew Lang, and of the ballad poetry by Swinburne and Rossetti.

75: 23.—how had the burden . . . since then. Here, as in some other places in *Marius*, Pater has in mind the conditions of our own time, or, rather, conditions which we imagine peculiar to our own time. "That age and our own," he wrote, in Chap. XVI, "have much in common, many difficulties and hopes. Let the reader pardon me, if here and there I seem to be passing from *Marius* to his modern representatives—from Rome to Paris or London." The same complaint is heard to-day that Pater puts in the mouth of the young poet seventeen centuries ago—nearer to Homer than we are to him. This particular exclamation may be imagined to be somewhat ironic; we think of beginners, but it is not very probable that they thought of themselves as such.

76: 3.—art casuistries. Pater uses the expression for such æsthetic arguments as, for example, the *Laocoon*. "A true appreciation of these things," he writes, in *The School of Giorgione*, after mention of Lessing, is "possible only in the light of a whole system of such art casuistries."

76: 19.—Homer had said. In the *Iliad*, I, 432, 433, 437.

78: 24.—thus rather than thus. We shall meet the idea again, more at large, in the essay on *Style*, beginning on p. 126.

78: 30.—to know when oneself is interested. The idea that occurs over and over again.

79: 11.—the magnificent exordium of Lucretius. The first forty-four lines of *De Natura Rerum*.

79: 24.—to his later euphuistic kinsmen. Pater may have in mind the mythological similes of John Lyly, and of Guevara before him, or he may have had a more general meaning.

80: 10.—the Ship of Isis. Isis, as the "new rival" of Venus, had begun her career at Rome even in Republican times.

80: 21.—their chorus. To-morrow, let him love who has never loved before, and who has loved, let him to-morrow love.

83: 24.—the Siren Ligeia. The voyage of Æneas had localized the sirens in Italy: the tomb of Parthenope was said to be near Naples. Readers of *Comus* who remember so much, will remember that Milton thought of Ligeia as having a golden comb, like a modern mermaid or lorelei.

84: 31.—the terrible new disease. The plague brought to Italy in the army of Lucius Verus. "For the fantastical colleague of the philosophic emperor, Marcus Aurelius, returning in triumph from the East, had brought in his train, among the enemies of Rome, one by no means a captive." Flavian died, and Marius, much moved at his death, turned to philosophy, to "those writers chiefly who had made it their business to know what might be thought concerning that strange, enigmatic, personal essence which had seemed to go out altogether, along with the funeral pyres." This was the real beginning of that course of thought and life which makes up the novel. A summary of it is offered in the introduction by which the reader can, without much difficulty, appreciate the next extract, which describes one of the later moments.

85: 4.—the Zeus of Olympia. The great work in gold and ivory of Pheidias. Although the type was universally recognized and reproduced (Gardner: *Handbook of Greek Sculpture*, p. 259), no copy exists, and knowledge of the statue must be drawn from coins and descriptions.

85: 4.—the series of frescoes. By Giotto. There are very many frescoes in the church of St. Francis at Assisi, by many painters. "It is no exaggeration," says Symonds (*Renaissance in Italy*, III, 191), "to say that Giotto and his scholars, within the space of little more than half a century, painted out upon the walls of the churches and palaces of Italy, every great conception of the Middle Ages." And, a page or two later, "To give an account of the frescoes of these painters would be to describe how the religious, social and philosophical conceptions of the fourteenth century found complete expression in form and color."

86: 11.—Cornelius. The young knight whom Marius had fallen in with on his first journey to Rome. *Introd.*, p. xliv.

86: 13.—the Cecilian Villa. The house of Cecilia, a "wealthy Roman matron, left early a widow a few years before, by Cecilius, 'Confessor and Saint.'"

86: 15.—the clear light of winter morning. Cf. 61: 3.

87: 4.—an earlier rule . . . relaxed. Otherwise Marius could not have been present, for he was not a Christian.

87: 11.—The Roman ingenuus. Or young man of good birth.

87: 33.—the flaming rampart of the world."

"*Flammantia mœnia mundi*," an expression which occurs several times in earlier chapters: it came to Marius in his study of Aristippus of Cyrene.

88: 24.—**Christe Eleison!** Christ have mercy upon us.

88: 29.—**Kyrie Eleison!** Lord have mercy upon us.

89: 8.—**Cum . . . dicatur.** It is to be said with great feeling and contrition.

89: 21.—**Benedixisti . . . meis.** Lord thou hast blessed thy land. Ps. lxxxv, 1. The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand. Ps. cx. 1.

89: 29.—**in the old pagan worship.** The first chapter in the book is on *The Religion of Numa*, and Pater remarks especially that the Roman worshipers "had never been challenged by those prayers and ceremonies to any ponderings on the divine nature: they conceived them, rather, to be the appointed means of setting such troublesome moments at rest. . . . But in the young Marius the very absence from those venerable usages of all definite history and dogmatic interpretation had already awakened much speculative activity."

90: 26.—**Astiterunt reges.** The kings of the earth have banded together against thy holy child, Jesus. Now, O Lord, give to thy servants to speak thy word and to make the sign in the name of thy holy child, Jesus.

91: 18.—**sicut . . . vestimenti.** As oil on the head descending upon the vestment.

91: 26.—**lavabo.** The ceremony of washing the hands before the administration of the Eucharist; so called, as in some other cases (*dirge*; and *Tantum ergo*, 216: 9), from the first words of the text recited at the time. *Lavabo meas manus in innocentia*; I will wash my hands in innocency. Ps. xxvi, 6.

91: 31.—**rhapsodos.** A professional reciter of poetry. The word is Greek, but such reciters will be found among many other peoples who have no printing.

93.—**Sursum . . . Nostro.** Lift up your hearts. We hold them up to the Lord. Let us give thanks to the Lord our God.

93: 18.—**in the way . . . of imitation.** In the way of "accommodation of the world as it is to the divine pattern of the *Logos* the eternal reason, over against it." although Marius thought that the philosophy of Marcus Aurelius was really inadequate to its method and its aim.

93: 18.—**Adoremus . . . mundum.** We adore thee O Christ, since by thy cross thou hast redeemed the world.

94: 11.—It was the image . . . worship. Pater's note here refers to Ps. xxii, 22-31.

95: 9.—Perducatur . . . æternam! May he lead you unto eternal life.

95: 21.—Ite! Missa est! Go forth! It is dismissed! The word *Mass* is derived from *Missa*.

96: 19.—a denizen of old Greece. The figure of Denys is that of the Greek wine god Dionysus—his name is the French development of the Greek name—and in this respect the story is comparable to that of *Apollo in Picardy*. They are fantasias on the theme *The Gods in Exile*, which Pater borrowed from Heine. On p. 102, l. 20, he gives the motive in a single sentence. To get at Pater's conception of Dionysus, not so definitely limited as the notion one would get from a classical dictionary, but as actually existing in his mind about this time, one should read the essay on the subject in *Greek Studies*.

96: 26.—specific. Not individual, but belonging to the same minor class.

97: 9.—Auxerre, Sens, Troyes. The three towns lie about one hundred miles to the southeast of Paris, in the old province of Champagne.

97: 21.—the pointed style. Or Gothic of which the Cathedral of Amiens, described in a later selection, is one of the best examples.

97: 21.—Flamboyant. The adjectives in 1: 25 are applicable to flamboyant architecture, in which the tendency was for the ornament to hide the structure.

98: 23.—the hard "early English" of Canterbury. A good account of the Cathedral at Canterbury will be found in Mrs. Van Rensselaer's *English Cathedrals*.

99: 17.—to tarry at each. Pater used often to go across the channel for little tours in France.

100: 20.—Jacques Bonhomme. The generic name for the French peasant.

101: 17.—potager. Vegetable garden.

102: 30.—Towards . . . thirteenth century. The period was of great interest to Pater, as we have seen already, 5: 14, note. "Here and there," he writes, in *The Renaissance*, p. 2, "under rare and happy conditions, in Pointed architecture, in the doctrines of romantic love, in the poetry of Provence, the rude strength of the Middle Age turns to sweetness; and the taste for sweetness generated there becomes the seed of the classical revival in it, prompting it constantly to seek after the springs

of sweetness in the Hellenic world. And, coming after a long period in which this instinct had been crushed, that true 'dark age' in which so many sources of intellectual and imaginative enjoyment had actually disappeared, this outbreak is rightly called a Renaissance, a revival."

103: 10.—Tonnerre. About twenty miles east of Auxerre.

103: 18.—that political movement. Cf. 204: 4-10.

105: 4.—the singular being. This introduction of the chief figure in the tale almost as though he were an already-mentioned character may be compared with the first mention of Duke Carl of Rosenmold, Gaston de Latour (pp. 2, 7) and Emerald Uthwart. The curious assumption that the reader knows already what it is all about, is very like Pater's habitual avoidance of any statement of action which is not absolutely necessary.

106: 15.—a beautiful country girl. The story of Semele; "dead by lightning-stroke as it seemed," as he says, a line or so below.

107: 10.—the women. It will be remembered that it was women especially who were fascinated by the cult of Dionysus. "Himself a woman-like god," says Pater, in his essay on *The Bacchanals of Euripides*, "it was on women and feminine souls that his power mainly fell."

107: 31.—of insolence. "Remember that the word *υεοτης*, youth, came to mean rashness, insolence!" *Plato and Platonism*, p. 9.

108: 35.—liberation of the commune. As often alluded to, e.g., 103: 18 and note.

109: 31.—a veritable wolf. A wolf came to be the sacrifice to Dionysus.

110: 6.—the owl. Did he abhor it as the type of the "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control" of Pallas?

112: 22.—the lady Ariadne. Ariadne, deserted by Theseus in the isle of Naxos, was comforted by Dionysus.

112: 29.—two natures. Cf. the last few pages of Pater's essay on Dionysus.

113: 26.—a wine-god who had been in hell. Greek myth in its later ages rather confounded Dionysus with Persephone (*Greek Studies*, p. 40), who, according to the well-known story, spent half the year in Hades.

115: 1.—King Louis the Saint. A favorite with Pater.

117: 19.—Like the wine-god. Cf. *Greek Studies*, p. 10.

118: 13.—**Apollo.** The organ, as a reed instrument, is a development of the pipes originally made by the great god Pan of the reeds by the river. Marsyas was a satyr who had ventured to compete with Apollo, "the lord of strings," and who was flayed alive by him. Marsyas had not played on the pan-pipes, however; he had played upon the flute, which he found when Pallas threw it away in disgust, because people laughed at her funny face when she played upon it. This picture must have been a sort of warning.

121: 27.—**The scul of Denys was already at rest.** The motive of the unfortunate, torn to pieces by infuriated Bacchanals, is most familiar to us in the story of Pentheus, or (rather nearer in this case by the addition of the music) of Orpheus. But Pater, at the end of his essay on Dionysus, turns to the "special development in the Orphic literature and mysteries" which give "a special and esoteric version" of the legend of the god, wherein, as here, it is Dionysus himself who is destroyed.

122: 7.—**So . . . itself.** The precise significance of this story is not easy to discover and state, nor is it wholly necessary to do so. If we desire, however, to find (as Pater himself liked to find in *Lycidas*) "amid the flowers, the allusions, the mixed perspectives . . . the thought," we shall note one or two points. In the essay on Dionysus, published about ten years before this imaginary portrait, we have first the conception of the religion of Dionysus, as "a monument of the ways and thoughts of people whose days go beside the wine-press and under the green and purple shadows, and whose material happiness depends on the crop of grapes," with further developments, as the cult came to the cities, and finally to a place in literature. This representative conception, we may assume, Pater had not infrequently in mind when he thought of Greece, which he never visited, and, with his habit of connecting the ideas of one period with the life of another (177: 1; cf. *The Renaissance*, 2), it was natural that it should mix itself also with the thought of his favorite part of France, famous as Greece had been for its vineyards. But in transferring the legend into the Middle Ages, there were some new elements of which he could not fail to take account, namely, the medieval city life mingled in these towns of Champagne with the life of the vineyard. The purple and gray city—so he thinks of Auxerre—that always

needed a little more sunlight; it gives a richer and a darker side to the legend, which harmonizes with the moral change which had been wrought among the vineyard people, who were no longer the blithe people of sunny Greece. The vine in the Middle Ages was something very different from the vine in antiquity. So the story changes; it becomes richer in color, but its darker elements are more strongly brought out, and, indeed, predominate. Pater was working with old material, according to his custom, but he was clearly guided by his assurance of the impossibility of form being anything else than what the real circumstance might create. How far he has really divined the essential character of the wine god in the Middle Ages it is for deeper students of history to judge. The student of literature who regards the story as a piece of translation will rate it highly. Hawthorne gave the classic mythology a romantic form and so did William Morris, but neither can be said to be so successful in divining both the classic and the romantic spirit.

123: 2.—differentiation. The necessary process in perceiving the unique characteristic. Cf. 3: 12, 22: 11-13, and elsewhere.

123: 7.—poetry. In its formal character as indicated by the use of *verse* later in this sentence and in the next.

123: 15.—a certain means or faculty. Cf. 2: 10.

123: 17.—make the most of things. Cf. 22: 3-5.

123: 17.—Critical efforts . . . of things. The essay on *The School of Giorgione*, which was added to the third edition of *The Renaissance*, gives an idea of how far Pater thought this limitation could usefully be carried. "But although each art," he writes, "has thus its own specific charm, while a just apprehension of the ultimate differences of the arts is the beginning of æsthetic criticism; yet it is noticeable that, in its special mode of handling its given material, each art may be observed to pass into the condition of some other art, by what German critics term an *Andersstreben*—a partial alienation from its own limitations, by which the arts are able, not indeed to supply the place of each other, but reciprocally to lend each other new forces." *The Renaissance*, p. 139.

123: 23.—while. In the temporal meaning, so long as.

124: 10.—the business . . . to estimate. It being always the business of criticism to estimate.

124: 22.—the characteristic . . . his age. The intellectual critical spirit.

124: 29.—vitiated . . . scanning line. Perhaps not quite unconsciously. In the preface to *The Rival Ladies*, Dryden speaks of "that kind of writing which we call blank verse, but the French more properly, *prose mesuré*: into which the English tongue so naturally slides that in writing prose it is hardly to be avoided." What Dryden had in mind was the sort of iambic rhythm which occurs not infrequently in his earlier prose, sometimes for eight, ten or twelve syllables at a time. It is not very often that such snatches constitute a true line. We have such combinations as

"Adorn the borders of their plays."

Preface to *The Tempest*.

"Or in the general notion of a play."

Preface to *The Maiden Queen*.

"The refuge of those hearts which others have despised."

Preface to *The Indian Empress*.

It might be remarked that Pater has scanning lines, too; his are generally hexameters, e. g., 13: 26-29.

124: 30.—Setting up correctness. He was modest about it, however, as in the Preface to *Tyrannic Love*, where he says he cannot pretend that anything of his is really correct.

124: 33.—an imperfect . . . pronoun. Dryden generally uses the relative immediately after a noun as antecedent; with a clause as antecedent; after a period, colon or semi-colon. It is perhaps this latter use that Pater has in mind. "With this advantage of ease to you in your poetry, that you have fortune here at your command; with which wisdom does often unsuccessfully struggle in this world." Preface to *The Rival Ladies*.

125: 8.—The true . . . metrical beauty. So in the preface of 1800. Works of Wordsworth, Globe edition, p. 853, note.

125: 12.—and . . . unimaginative writing. The meaning will be plainer if we insert parentheses to read, "And for him the opposition came to be (between verse and prose, of course but, as essential dichotomy in this matter,) between imaginative and unimaginative writing etc."

125: 15.—De Quincey's distinction. Drawn in his essay on Pope.

125: 20.—Dismissing then. The preceding pages were necessary in order to deal with poetry and prose together.

126: 3.—Pascal. A lecture on Pascal was the last thing published by Pater; it is in the *Contemporary Review*, for December, 1894. It is not quite satisfactory in form—it was republished after his death in *Miscellaneous Studies*—and we cannot be sure that Pater would not have revised it, although he generally made very slight changes in collecting his published articles. It gives, although not very definitely, something of the idea that we get from this sentence. The impression is conveyed more by quotation than is common with Pater, but there are some statements that might be quoted. For instance after a sentence by Pascal, he says, "It is not thought by which that excels, but the convincing force of imagination which sublimates its very triteness."

126: 16.—where the imagination . . . an intruder. The "scientific imagination" Pater evidently regards as something very different from the imagination he is now considering. We must take the term in rather a popular sense.

127: 11.—fine art. We have here one of the distinctions which determine the idea of the essay. Art which has the author's own sense of fact in it is fine art as opposed to servicable art; in proportion as the presentment of this sense of fact is true it is good art; and according to the quality of the matter it is great art (**152: 15**).

127: 18.—fineness of truth. Cf. **22: 12**.

128: 13.—that imaginative prose . . . form of literature. Prose, however, is practically always a later development than poetry. In the free beginnings of any literature poetry comes first, as with the Greeks, the Persians, the Icelanders. Even where there is the influence of some other literature to be considered prose generally comes later. It is not improbable then that one of the causes of the predominance of prose in the last century is that in all the literatures of Europe, definitely formed prose begins later than poetry.

128: 21.—lawless verse. Probably verse unrestrained by the rigidity of the eighteenth century canon. Or it may be that Pater had in mind such free rhythms as those of Coleridge in *Christabel*, of Heine in the *Nord See*, and of Mr. Henley, for instance, in England, the Symbolists in France, and a number of experimenters

in Germany. He may even have thought of Walt Whitman, who was well known by a number of Pater's friends, although Pater himself does not allude to him.

129: 2.—the rhythm. A good consideration of prose rhythm is something much needed in critical literature. Many authors speak of prose rhythm, but such statements as will enable one to recognize it and know it well are far to seek. What may be born in mind—it will serve as a good foundation—is the fact that the rhythm of prose is not poetical rhythm. This fact Aristotle pointed out early in the history of criticism and it has been often forgotten and restated. As Pater himself indicates (124: 30), it is not scanning lines that makes rhythmical prose. For Cicero's own opinion on such poetic rhythm in prose see the *Orator*, XLIV. For Newman's rhythm, consult Gates' *Selections*, xxxv.

129: 4.—every syllable. Here Pater inserted the following note: Mr. Saintsbury, in his *Specimens of English Prose, from Malory to Macaulay*, has succeeded in tracing, through successive English prose writers, the tradition of that severer beauty in them, of which this admirable scholar of our literature is known to be a lover. *English Prose, from Mandeville to Thackeray*, more recently "chosen and edited" by a younger scholar, Mr. Arthur Galton, of New College, Oxford, a lover of our literature at once enthusiastic and discreet, aims at a more various illustration of the eloquent powers of English prose, and is a delightful companion.

129: 7.—the male conscience. Pater is old-fashioned here, but we can get his meaning even if we disagree with his ideas on education. We should compare this passage with one in *Plato and Platonism*, p. 253.

130: 7.—to efface the distinctions. Pater here touches one of the points where there seems to be a real danger to the English—or perhaps only to the American—language. We are apt to use indiscriminately words which come pretty near the meaning we have in mind, and so to lose the possibility of exact expression. It is a common vulgarism to use the word *share* as if it meant precisely the same thing as *part*, to use *to claim*, as if it meant precisely the same thing as *to say*. Suppose that usage continues so far that the words *claim* and *share* actually do have such meanings, how shall we convey the particular idea for which the words are now rightly

used? We shall have practically lost those words and language will be by so much the poorer.

130: 15.—**many a gipsy phrase.** An attractive expression that comes from no one knows where.

130: 23.—**the effect of a challenge.** So with Wordsworth, 27: 25.

131: 15.—**Plato for instance.** The classical student will be interested in comparing with the original Pater's own translations in *Plato and Platonism*.

131: 24.—**systematic reading of a dictionary.** As Lord Chatham and Theophile Gautier (a whimsical couple) are said to have done.

132: 7.—**the language that was his.** Wordsworth's break with "poetic diction" need hardly be mentioned. His own statement of his position may be found in the preface to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*. For one or two allusions to the subject, see 25: 28, 35: 5

132: 29.—**ascertain, communicate, discover.** The obsolete uses of *ascertain*, of which there are many, have, as a rule, the idea of sureness or certainty which in the present use is rather neglected. Still, even at present, one would hardly use the word for the finding out of something which was not to some degree already known. The other words are currently used for *tell* and *find*: for *communicate*, cf. 7: 9.

133: 1.—**Its.** *Its* occurs rarely in Shakespeare, most of the cases being in later plays. The common form is *his*, or sometimes *her*, and now and then occurs *it*.

134: 13.—**a religious "retreat."** That is, they are opportunities where there is no interruption in the performance of duties necessary to one's higher life.

135: 8.—**Flaubert.** Pater has more to say of him later.

135: 9.—**Stendhal.** Of Stendhal Pater had already had something to say in the *Postscript to Appreciations*, so far as concerned his romanticism. As a rule, Stendhal, or Henri Beyle, as his real name was, has been more usually thought of as one of the forerunners of the Realistic movement in France, of the psychological novel. M. Paul Bourget, who writes of Stendhal in his *Psychologie Contemporaine* (i, 254), says, "We speak easily just now of Balzac and Stendhal as we should speak of Hugo and Lamartine." Beyle himself had said—he died in 1842—"I shall be understood about 1880." And M. Bourget, writing in 1882, says that the phrase which seemed insolent had become a prophecy, but goes on, "Who can say

that in forty years this same Stendhal and those who admire him will not be engulfed in deep forgetfulness by a new generation, which will taste life with new savors"? Probably some such thing will take place. Stendhal is interesting, without doubt, but he was not man enough to make the large place in the mind that keeps one immortal. Nor was Flaubert either, in all probability.

135: 27.—the removal of surplusage. It would seem that Pater's remarks would apply to a severely classic style (perhaps like that of Landor), if it were not for the difference allowed in the determination of just what was surplusage and what necessity. See 149: 24.

136: 12.—the physical elements. An example of what Pater has in mind is offered by a passage from Goldsmith, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Chap. XXXI., "'Is it possible, sir,' interrupted his nephew, 'that my uncle should object that as a crime, which his repeated instructions alone could have persuaded me to avoid?'" Prof. Jordan, in her edition, remarks: "This is a thoroughly un-English expression." The use is certainly not common now; but it is archaic rather than un-English. The meaning is quite clear when we keep in mind the full significance of the elements of the word *object*.

137: 21.—wrote a book. *Prolegomena Logica: An Inquiry into the Psychological Character of Logical Processes.* By Henry Longueville Mansel. Oxford and London, 1851.

138: 5.—its logic. The word is here used, not with any argumentative sense, but with the meaning of some consistent system necessitated by the nature of the things in question.

138: 32.—almost visual image. Oscar Wilde (*Intentions*, 112), noting the tendency of literature to appeal more and more to the eye, says of Pater, "the most perfect master of English prose now creating among us," that his work is often "far more like a mosaic than a passage in music."

141: 12.—the tracts for the times. A series of publications during the Oxford movement in which Newman and his associates presented their thoughts in favor of a revival of a *Via Media* or Anglo-Catholic spirit.

142: 15.—Gustave Flaubert. The student who would like to balance the admiration of Pater by another quality will do well to read M. Anatole France on "Les Idées de Gustave Flaubert," in *La Vie Littéraire*, Vol. III.

142: 20.—its fine casuistries. Art casuistries, of course, as in 76: 3.

146: 3.—to know your own sense. Cf. 2: 3, 72: 31.

147: 10.—those laborers in the parable. *Matthew*, xx. 1-16.

148: 4.—this discovery of the word. The modern martyr, however, is Sentimental Tommy in Chap. 36 of Mr. Barrie's work of that name.

150: 15.—"The style is the man." The phrase is Buffon's, and comes from his *Discours*, in which most of the other ideas are, on the whole, contrary to present ways of thought or writing.

152: 6.—music . . . perfect art. See note on 47: 24.

151: 21.—Music and prose literature. This is one of those "art casuistries" of which the beginning of the essay on *The School of Giorgione* gives us another, of which the idea is much the same as this, except that that essay is on painting.

153: 2.—great art. This passage stands alone in all Pater's work. In a thousand years, students will think it an interpolation.

154: 1.—All true criticism . . . what it was. This says over again what Pater had already said in an earlier page of the book of which this selection is a chapter. "There are three different ways," he there wrote, "in which the criticism of philosophy, of all speculative opinion whatever, may be conducted." The first two ways, he further states as the dogmatic and the eclectic, and goes on: "Dogmatic and eclectic criticism alike have, in our own century, under the influence of Hegel and his predominant theory of the ever-changing 'Time-spirit,' or *Zeit-geist*, given way to a third method of criticism, the historic method, which bids us replace the doctrine, or the system we are busy with, or such an ancient monument of philosophic thought as *The Republic*, as far as possible in the group of conditions, intellectual, social, material, amid which it was actually produced, if we would really understand it." *Plato and Platonism*, p. 4. The view is somewhat different from 2: 2 of the *Preface*, which was written twenty years earlier. That was æsthetic criticism, and this is philosophic, but there is more difference than that only, a difference noted in the *Introduction*, p. lvii.

154: 12.—the . . . force of personality. In Plato, as in Pascal, 126: 3-14.

154: 20.—**what is unique.** The familiar idea of 2: 33 from a different standpoint, or, rather, in a more logical light.

154: 27.—**The Sophists . . . Pre-Socratic philosophies.** These are the subjects of the preceding chapters.

156: 13.—**the chastisement, the control.** As in 135: 27.

157: 17.—**we shall have a dialogue.** The dialogues of Plato make into a literary form what was a common amusement at Athens. It was even formalized into a well-understood game, the dialogue in which one contestant asked questions and the other answered, the object being to cause and to avoid contradiction and inconsistency. It was the favorite mode of expression of Socrates as opposed to the orations of the Sophists. Thus at the beginning of the *Gorgias*, Callicles says that the famous Sophist has just been giving them a fine discourse; if Socrates likes, he will speak again. Socrates says, "Thank you, but would he mind conversing with us?" On coming to the company, Chaerephon, the friend of Socrates, says, "Do you, Gorgias, as Callicles says, answer any question put to you?" "I do," answers Gorgias; "I have just offered to do so, and I may add that for many years nobody has asked me any new ones."

157: 4.—**braziers' workshops.** Cf. 162: 9-11.

157: 26.—**Murillo's Beggar boys.** There are three of these well-known pictures in the Munich gallery. The one that Pater had chiefly in mind is called "The Dice Players," although his remark in ll. 28, 29 shows that he was thinking of "The Melon Eaters" as well.

158: 5.—**those dear skinny grasshoppers.** Socrates tells the story in the *Phædrus*.

158: 10.—**the story of Gyges.** It is in the beginning of the second book of *The Republic*.

158: 31.—**If Plato . . . Dialogues.** Socrates is known to us from the accounts of two of his followers, Xenophon and Plato, who give us ideas not inconsistent but rather different. Hence the doubt existing as to Socrates in one or another of Plato's Dialogues; have we the man as he really was, or is the dialogue dramatic?

159: 1.—**the young Charmides.** 165: 7. Cf. the dialogue named for him.

159: 2.—**the aged Cephalus.** 166: 9.

159: 27.—**Corruptio optimi pessima!** The corruption of the best is the worst of all.

160: 9.—The sharp little . . . lawyer. I suppose in the *Theætetus*, 172, 3.

160: 25.—the eighth . . . Republic. They are upon false forms of government and the analogous characters of men.

161: 12.—The affectations of Sophists. Whatever the relative position of Socrates and the Sophists in their own day, the latter have got the worst of it by this time. Even Grote has not been able to rescue them. The Platonic presentation of the Sophist prevails, and Plato, with some exceptions, did give them practically much the character here indicated.

161: 13.—Thrasymachus. In the *Euthydemus*.

162: 16.—ship of the state. As in *The Laws*, 758, or *The Statesman*, 302.

162: 17.—the echoes . . . cavern. This very famous illustration is in the beginning of the seventh book of *The Republic*, mentioned later (169: 17), and does something to give that book the quality there noted.

162: 22.—the "dialectic" method. As opposed to the rhetorical.

162: 24.—dyers busy with their purple stuff. A reminiscence of *The Republic*, IV, 429.

163: 33.—after the manner of Dante. See 69: 5 and note.

164: 28.—A certain . . . art. It is a very subtle mind that will notice it; but since it has been noticed, we see how agreeable it is to Pater's whole philosophy.

165: 9.—those youthful athletes. They and their presentation form the subject of the later essay on the Athletic Prizemen.

165: 15.—a famous passage in the *Phædrus*. 246 ff, especially 254.

167: 8.—who might have become . . . Sophists. The fact that the dialogues of Plato are what they are, that they have endured, won and kept the ear of the world, while the writings of the Sophists have perished, save for a few words here and there—this serves to isolate the idea of a strong difference between the two. They were utterly different in some respects: Plato, with his view of absolute truth, for one thing, and the Sophists, with their various skeptical and relative explanations. Still, we must remember that in their own day Socrates himself, and doubtless Plato too, seemed to the conservative part of the world at large to be Sophists

themselves, as, in the larger sense of professional educators, they were. Aristophanes thinks of Socrates as a Sophist, and so apparently did a number of Socrates' jurymen.

167: 12.—**just such a poet.** Artists were banished from Plato's city. And as for poets, or a poet, "if he came to our city," Pater translates, *Plato and Platonism*, 249, "with his works and poems, wishing to make an exhibition of them, we should certainly do him reverence as an object sacred, wonderful, delightful, but we should not let him stay. We should tell him that there neither is, nor may be, any one like that among us, and so send him on his way to some other city, having anointed his head with myrrh and crowned him with a garland of wool, as something in himself half-divine, and for ourselves should make use of some more austere and less pleasing sort of poet for his practical uses."

167: 24.—**an inexhaustible interest in himself.** Cf. many other references under 2: 2, note, and this new one to *Plato and Platonism*, p. 80. "To make Meno, Polus, Charmides, really interested in himself, to keep him to the discovery of that wonderful new world here at home—in this effort, even more than in making them interested in other people and things, lay and still lies (it is no sophistical paradox!) the central business of education."

167: 27.—**the Eleatic school.** The doctrine of Parmenides is discussed in the second chapter of the book.

167: 29.—**"philosophy of motion."** Of Heraclitus, which gave a motto to the *Conclusion*. It was discussed in Chap. I.

168: 22.—**And his style too.** The whole question of art, as noted in the introduction, p. lviii.

169: 11.—**the Gorgias.** Begins with a discussion of rhetoric and turns to morals.

169: 13.—**the Charmides.** On temperance, and therefore like the art which creates its effect by such simple means.

169: 15.—**the Timæus.** On natural history; but I do not myself get the effects mentioned, probably through being but a poor Grecian.

169: 16.—**the Theætetus.** It is, perhaps, not just what Pater had in mind, but the *Theætetus*, like the seventh book of the *Republic*, carries along an illustrative figure by constant reference.

169: 17.—**the Phædrus.** A very charming personal dialogue.

169: 17.—the seventh book of the Republic. It begins with the figure of the cave, which is in mind throughout, and, with other illustration, helps to give the concrete character.

169: 30.—a great metaphysical force. Cf. **132: 13.**

170: 2.—a vocabulary. Cf. with the passage in the essay on Style, beginning **129: 5.**

170: 11.—Aristotle. At first a student of Plato's.

172: 9.—on that . . . day. The time of the Phædo,

173: 7.—a gymnastic fused in music. The two words are used here in a broader sense than is usual; the first is but slightly extended to cover the whole round of physical culture and development; the second means the round of intellectual and spiritual culture, whatever art or discipline was under the protection of the Muses. Of this latter training Pater speaks often in the course of the book: "All those matters over which the Muses of Greek mythology preside . . . all the productions in which form counts equally with, or is more than, the matter," p. 243. With this cf. the conception of music in *The School of Giorgione*, as shown in the notes to **47: 20** and **208: 24.** But the principle of Form is a wise and harmonious restraint, and so Music stands for true culture. "The proper art of the Perfect City is, in fact, the art of discipline. Music (*μουσική*) all the various forms of fine art will be but the instruments of its one over-mastering social or political purpose," p. 248.

173: 26.—all true knowledge . . . of a person. So with the knowledge of beauty, as in the *Preface*, **1: 16**, which must ever be in the most concrete terms possible, never abstract.

174: 1.—Platonism has contributed largely. A novel idea surely to very many whose conception of Platonism is of a sort of ethereal cult which neglects the actualities and leaves them to be pawed over by the Aristotelian.

174: 9.—one of the great scholars of the world. A most interesting view of scholarship. That Milton was a great scholar as well as a great poet is a commonplace, nor would there be doubt as to Virgil. The addition of Raphael (l. 19)—Pater had more to say of Raphael from this standpoint, in the essay in *Miscellaneous Studies*, see especially p. 26—the addition gives us enough to get a feeling of Pater's meaning without his definition, more especially if we put over against these three, Homer, Shakespeare and Michael Angelo. Not

merely were these latter men of greater genius, but we feel probably that their genius was of a different type. Were it a question of the value of scholarship to the artist only, we might feel that the greatest scholars were not so great as those who had little advantage of "all that can be taught and learned." But philosophy relies more on scholarship than art does, and we should find few men of pure genius to put over against the men, like Plato here, of scholarship.

174: 25.—**pedestrian.** Pater has used the word before in this sense; 128; 33.

175: 5.—**in angry flight.** I. e., in self-exile.

175: 10.—**Dionysius the elder.** He and his son were in turn Tyrants of Syracuse. Dio was a philosopher, but also a politician, so that he, too, became ruler of Syracuse, and met his death by assassination.

175: 12.—**"the philosophic king."** The best examples came later: Pater thinks of Marcus Aurelius and St. Louis. In *Marius the Epicurean*, the idea is often enough in mind, as when it is said of Marcus Aurelius (Chap. XVII) that "he read (and often with self-reproach) in *The Republic* of Plato, those passages which describe the life of the philosopher-kings—like that of hired servants in their own house—who, possessed of the 'gold undefiled' of intellectual vision forgo so cheerfully all other riches." For St. Louis, see *Plato and Platonism*, 239.

175: 21.—**a somewhat dubious name.** Perhaps not more so than the name Lyceum.

176: 3.—**the remaining forty years.** He died in 347 B. C., at the age of eighty.

177.—**The Age of Athletic Prizemen.** In reading this essay the student should have access to a collection of casts from the antique. Failing that, he will need some handbook. There are a number of books on the subject: Gardner's *Handbook of Greek Sculpture* is very convenient, and is chiefly referred to in the following notes; see especially on athletic sculpture in general, pp. 190 ff. I have also cited, a number of times, Robinson's *Catalogue of Casts*, Part III, of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, to emphasize the value of looking at the real things (as near as may be) while reading the essay.

177: 1.—**It is pleasant . . . middle age.** See *Denys l'Auxerrois* and the final note on it. Pater states the general point in *The Renaissance*, p. 3: "Theories which bring into connection with each other modes of thought

and feeling, periods of taste, forms of art and poetry, which the narrowness of men's minds constantly tends to oppose to each other, have a great stimulus for the intellect, and are almost always worth understanding."

177: 5.—**something attractive . . . as such.** Probably because of the analysis it compels.

177: 7.—**The Marbles of Ægina then.** This essay was published in *Greek Studies*, and came after an essay on the Marbles of Ægina. The connection of Antiquity and the Middle Age is remarked toward the end of that essay; hence the word *then*. "There too," he had written, speaking of Greek Sculpture, "is a succession of phases through which the artistic power and purpose grew to maturity, with the enduring charm of an unconventional unsophisticated freshness in that very stage of it illustrated by these marbles of Ægina, not less than in the works of Verroccio and Mino of Fiesole." This remark presumably suggested the reference in l. 9 to the warrior tombs of Florence. Verroccio (1435-1488) was a Florentine brassworker and sculptor, a pupil of Donatello. Mino da Fiesole (1431-1484) was also a sculptor, and of him and some others Symonds writes, "The charm of manner they possess in common can hardly be defined except by similes. The innocence of childhood, the melody of a lute or songbird, as distinguished from the music of an orchestra, the rather tints of early dawn, cheerful light on shallow streams, the serenity of a simple and untainted nature that has never known the world—many such images occur to the mind while thinking of the sculpture of these men." *Renaissance*, II, 152. He also (p. 158) notes the tombs in the Abbey of Florence as having an almost infantine sweetness of style.

177: 10.—**A less mature phase.** Less mature even than that just characterized.

177: 13.—**Hermes bearing a ram.** Gardner (p. 176) gives a picture of a somewhat similar statue of about the same period of a god or man bearing a calf.

177: 24.—**old Greek influence.** Or else unconscious analogy with the old Greeks, as in 213: 32.

178: 15.—**Calamis.** Apparently the great Athenian sculptor of the first half of the fifth century. He is said to be of *shadowy fame* because nothing is really known of him except what may be inferred from some bits of art criticism preserved in Cicero, Pliny and Quintilian, and a few doubtful attributions.

179: 1.—The carved slab . . . Orchomenus. See Gardner, p. 149, and, more fully, p. 122.

179: 3.—the st'le . . . signed "Aristocles." Described and illustrated in Gardner, p. 179.

180: 3.—The Harpy Tomb. See Gardner, pp. 109-110. The cut on p. 110, which gives two sides of the tomb, enables one to follow intelligently the greater part of the description on the next page.

181: 16.—the whole composition. Here Pater added the following note: "In some fine reliefs of the thirteenth century, Jesus himself draws near to the deathbed of his Mother. The soul has already quitted her body, and is seated, a tiny crowned figure, on his left arm (as she had carried Him) to be taken to heaven. In the beautiful early fourteenth century monument of Aymer de Valence at Westminster, the soul of the deceased, 'a small figure wrapped in a mantle,' is supported by two angels at the head of the tomb. Among many similar instances may be mentioned the soul of the beggar, Lazarus, on a carved capital at Vézelay; and the same subject in a colored window at Bourges. The clean, white little creature seems glad to escape from the body, tattooed all over with its sores in a regular pattern."

181: 19.—the harpy form. It was characteristic of the harpy to have cruel talons and a pale, hungry face. These figures have a tenderness of attribute not at all in keeping with the harpy idea.

183: 20.—With something . . . hieratic convention. As may be readily observed by noting the hair and face of Harmodius as contrasted with the later head set on the shoulders of Aristogeiton. See the plate in Gardner, p. 184.

184: 5.—a remarkable pair of statues. For the whole matter, see Gardner, pp. 182-187.

184: 19.—according to . . . Herodotus. In V, 55; Thucydides, VI, 54-56, is rather fuller.

185: 17.—all their value. See the next page.

185: 24.—pulvis Olympicus. A reminiscence of the first ode of Horace: the quotation must have for many a reader a flavor of youth quite in keeping.

185: 25.—poetry . . . those Odes. Pindar was somewhat older than Myron, who is said to have been the master of Polycleitus.

186: 14.—The prize . . . value. Read here the last page or so of the preface to Ruskin's *Crown of Wild Olive*.

187: 21.—Diadumenus, Discobolus, Jason. These statues form the subject of the rest of the essay.

187: 29.—surely what Plato pleads for. "A gymnastic 'fused in music;'" see 173: 7. The use of the singular "a gymnastic" is to be noted; *ethic*, *æsthetic* are sometimes so used after the analogy of *logic*.

188: 13.—within the limits . . . world. That is, it is beauty, not expression. In other cases there may be an evasion of the difficulties (l. 22) of form which we condone for the sake of the expression of thought or feeling that we find. Modern taste tends more and more to find what it deems beauty in such expressiveness, and so, perhaps, is less and less interested in these types of Hellenic empiricism.

188: 33.—the historians of art. The earlier Greek art historians are known to us chiefly by quotations in Latin literature. The first two allusions which follow may be loose reminiscences of Pliny's account (XXXIV, 54-65, especially 59) of the development of sculpture from Phidias to Lysippus, which is held to be taken from the lost work on sculpture of Xenocrates of Sikyon. It is not a close reproduction, which is a matter of the less consequence in that Xenocrates was very inaccurate: these remarks are made by him of Pythagoras of Rhegion. The mention of Ladas (189: 4) refers to a statue by Myron, which, as Pater says afterward, was one of the most famous of antiquity, now lost except for its immortality in epigram.

190: 29.—Multiplicasse veritatem videtur. He seems to have multiplied truth, Pliny, XXXIV, 58. The meaning is not wholly clear: Pater quotes it as referring to his reproduction of actual things. Brunn (*Geschichte der Griechischen Künstler*, p. 151) thinks that it means that Myron showed the possibilities of many things up to his time unnoticed, and Gardner translates (p. 243), "to attain variety in realism."

191: 12.—his brazen cow. See Gardner, p. 240. The epigrams may be found in *Overbeck, Schriftquellen*, 550-588, which means that there are thirty-nine of them.

191: 16.—the Elgin frieze. The frieze of the Parthenon. The greater part of the sculpture on the pediments, metopes and frieze of the Parthenon was removed in 1801 by Lord Elgin, who was the English minister in Constantinople, and sent to England. The frieze is in

low relief, and represents the Panathenaic procession. The cows are on either side near the east end.

193: 14.—“elaborate” or “contorted.” “Quid tam distortum et elaboratum, quam est ille discobolus Mironis?” Quintilian, II, 13, 10.

194: 14.—the most authentic. The *discobolus* is known only by copies, as is the common case with Greek statues; Gardner, p. 237, gives the figure of the one here mentioned, which now goes under the name of *Lanceotti*, from the palazzo where it stands: it was formerly in the palazzo Massimi. We may compare Pater's description of Apollo throwing the discus in “Apollo in Picardy” (*Miscellaneous Studies*, 143): “On the moonlight turf there, crouching, right foot foremost, and with face turned backwards to the disk in his right hand, his whole body, in that moment of rest, full of the circular motion he is about to commit to it . . .”

194: 29.—a certain archaic . . . sparseness. The older statues were almost circular in a cross-section at the waist, which gives an impression of slimness.

195: 22.—some legendary quoit player. Acrisius was the father of Danae, the mother of Perseus. His death had been prophesied at the hand of a son of Danae, and the prophecy came true in spite of his effort to outwit fate. The story of Apollo and Hyacinthus Pater has told in “Apollo in Picardy.”

195: 30.—*pristae*. *Pristas* is the word in Pliny, XXXIV, 57, and the translation, “sawyers,” seems to be generally accepted, although Gardner, p. 242, note, says that “the interpretations are so various and so plausible, that we can only ignore them as evidence for his art.”

196: 5.—pedestrian. See 128: 33, 174: 25, where it is used of prose style.

196: 17.—the Museum of the Capitol. It was put there in 1474 on the founding of the Museum, and Robinson (Catalogue 68) says that “perhaps it was never buried.”

196: 26.—the Spinario. One of the few bronze statues of Greek times which remain, hence the “so rare” of l. 16.

196: 22.—the “Wolf of the Capitol.” Also of bronze, and also, probably, never buried. It was known as early as the tenth century.

196: 24.—doing duty as Charlemagne. Or as Constantine (Gardner, p. 6), which seems a better alias for escaping the melting pots of the Dark Ages.

197: 17.—“something of archaism.” Robinson (p. 69) says that the “combination of a freely developed technique with genuine traces of archaism is an almost certain indication of the middle of the [fifth] century.”

197: 26.—the *Astragalizontes*. The dice-players: the statue is mentioned by Pliny.

197: 28.—which Plato sketches. In the *Lysis*. Cf. 157: 30.

198: 2.—the *Diadumenos*. See Gardner, p. 330, for a cut of the Vaison copy mentioned below.

198: 30.—renowned as a graver. “In the art of finishing a bronze statue (Polycleitus) is said to have surpassed all others, not excepting Pheidias himself.” Gardner, p. 326.

199: 5.—the canon. *The Doryphorus*, or spear bearer. Gardner, 328.

199: 13.—Polycleitus. The name is Myron in all the editions. But it should clearly read as in the text. For the statue of Here, see Gardner, p. 331.

199: 28.—The athletic life . . . one's self. The physical *askesis*. Cf. 6: 1, note.

200: 1.—The so-called Jason. The name was given by Winckelmann, but, as is remarked in 200: 12-22, the statue may be “simply . . . of an athlete tying his sandal.” Robinson, 218.

200: 1.—the *Apoxyomenus*. By Lysippus. See cut in Gardner, p. 407.

200: 7.—belong . . . to this group. These three statues are referred in time to the period of Lysippus, almost a century after Myron and Polycleitus. *Æsthetically* Pater puts them with the earlier statues, for they are all presentations of the athletic life, the names *Jason* and *Adorante* having no connection with the statues so called.

206: 8.—the *Adorante*. Or *Praying Boy*. See Gardner, p. 414, who says that the attitude as well as the proportions suggest a more youthful version of the *Apoxyomenus*—that is to say, the “uplifted . . . hands” and arms are a modern addition, so that the boy is as likely to be rubbing himself down (really scraping himself) as praying.

200: 33.—subjects truly “made to his hand.” Such as may be seen, too, in our own college gymnasiums, boat houses and running tracks. Only an enthusiast would add football fields.

201: 24.—another . . . Amazon. See Gardner, p. 333, for a picture. There is a complicated discussion on the various Amazons, in which one may become involved by reading Furtwängler: *Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture*, pp. 118 ff.

202: 1.—the Discobolus at Rest. Gardner merely notes the statue (p. 338) which he attributes to Nankydes, a scholar of Polycleitus. Robinson, however, describes the statue (p. 85). "The attitude of this youth is not one of repose. His feet firmly planted, and the right hand raised, he is preparing to swing himself into a posture like that of Myron's Discobolus. He still holds the disk in his left hand, from which he will pass it to the right before throwing, and the attitude of the whole figure suggests the muscular laxity which must precede the tension of the moment represented by Myron."

203: 4.—one of the sapiential, half-Platonic books. Proverbs; the passage is viii, 31.

204.—Notre Dame d'Amiens. This essay may be read with Ruskin's treatment of the same subject in Part I, Chap. IV, of *Our Fathers Have Taught Us*. Pater, intent always on the especial impression made upon one by any work of art (211: 11), and desirous of explaining its character and individuality by its origin, is chiefly concerned with the church as a natural and convenient place of worship for the great body of worshippers of a whole commune. Ruskin, with his constant preoccupation for the didactic element, takes up the greater part of his essay on the church proper, in an interpretation of the symbolism and story presented in the sculptured quatrefoils of the western front. Each alludes to the matter most important to the other. Ruskin, when he remarks that among other things the object of the builder "in common with all the sacred builders of his time, was to admit as much light into the building as was consistent with the comfort of it"; Pater, in the passage on p. 213. The student should also read with this essay, the essay that followed it on the monastic church of Vézelay. There were to have been other essays on other great churches of France, and we may well regret the loss of them, turning to *Gaston de Latour*, Chap. II, on "Our Lady's Church" at Chartres for an indication of what he could have written on other subjects.

One ought to have at hand pictures or photographs of

the cathedral, and they are not very hard to come at. If they cannot be readily got, a substitute may be found in the *Century Dictionary*, which gives a small cut of the west front, s. n. *medieval*. It happens, fortunately, that many of the architectural terms given in the *Century* are illustrated from Amiens, so the student will find a number of details by looking up the words *amortisement*, *antic choir*, *credence*, *finial*, *foil*, *gallery*, *quatrefoil*, *quadripartite vault*. The student who is not familiar with Gothic architecture should look up the technical terms concerned in the construction: further cuts illustrating points of medieval church architecture alluded to in the essay will be found in the *Century* under *aisle*, *apse*, *doorway*, *nave*, *pointed*, *tower*, *triforium*.

204: 3.—a characteristic secular movement. Several times referred to by Pater. Cf. 5: 14 and note.

204: 15.—In that century . . . still religious. St. Francis lived 1182-1226, St. Louis 1215-1270.

204: 20.—the "secular clergy." The parish clergy, as opposed to the "regular" clergy, the monks who lived according to some definite "rule," as that of St. Bernard.

205: 3.—people's churches. Opposed to the monastic churches of which Pater took Vézelay as a type. Beside Amiens, the most famous of the "people's churches" are the cathedrals of Notre Dame at Paris and at Chartres. The æsthetic effects of this popular character are discussed pp. 206 ff.

205: 17.—the old round arched style. Called, rather vaguely "romanesque," or specifically, as in the next line, Norman, Lombard, Rhenish, according to the locality. The most obvious mark of Romanesque architecture is the round arch, but the real characteristic of it is that the wall is a wall, and not a series of columns with glass between. Pater puts the matter in another way on the next page. Of Romanesque or monastic architecture he wrote in the essay on Vézelay.

205: 23.—The pointed style. Loosely called Gothic. The *Century Dictionary*, s. n. *pointed* has a cut of a "typical scheme of a fully developed French cathedral of the thirteenth century," taken from Viollet-le-Duc, with a statement of the main necessities which the style meets, namely, spacious and well-lighted interiors and protection against snow and rain. The cut will serve to give

a general idea of the cathedral of Amiens with some unimportant modifications: (1) Amiens has no towers, only a small spire in place of the central tower and spire; (2) it has the rose-window in the west façade above the gallery instead of below it; (3) this gallery is a double one, and entirely hides the lines of the roof from one standing in front.

206: 18.—**ingenuity** . . . **patterning**. See the *Century*, s. n. *labyrinth*, the latter part of the explanation of the word, and Ruskin's essay, §18.

206: 32.—**That circumstance**. I.e., that it was the only church in Amiens.

207: 8.—**l'église** . . . **excellence**. The typical Gothic church: the expression is from Viollet-le-Duc.

207: 13.—**chevet**. The eastern extremity of the apse, the point farthest from the main door.

207: 19.—**its glazed triforium**. See the *Century* under this word, and also under *bay* and *blind-story*, for cuts of unglazed triforia.

207: 29.—**Lombard, Rhenish, or Norman derivatives**. See note, 205: 17.

207: 33.—**hazardous**. As in the Cathedral of Beauvais (217: 21), which was to have been the most daring church in the world and had to be repaired before it was finished.

208: 1.—**flying buttress**. See the *Century* for a cut.

208: 24.—**For the mere melody**. Here, as in 47: 20, the figure is something of a real comparison. Another quotation from the School of Giorgione may be added: "Music, then, and not poetry, as is so often supposed is the true type or measure of perfected art. Therefore, although each art has its incommunicable element, its untranslatable order of impressions, its unique mode of reaching the 'imaginative reason,' yet the arts may be represented as continually struggling after the law or principle of music, to a condition which music alone completely realizes."

209: 17.—**diminished**. Because the chapels fill up the spaces between the buttressed columns which would otherwise be window.

211: 11.—**What** . . . **to me?** The fundamental question, 2: 4, and elsewhere.

213: 11.—**in the carving especially**. This sentence summarizes the subjects of the carvings on the west portals

that led Ruskin to call his essay on the cathedral "The Bible of Amiens." The double row of quatrefoils under the statues of prophets and saints will be observed in any good picture of the west façade: the *Century*, under *quatrefoil*, has a figure of four, that gives some idea of what they really are. The subjects of these four are, perhaps, unfortunately, not biblical, but the Bull and the Twins above, and April and May beneath. The Central Porch and the Madonna's Porch have subjects chiefly scriptural, although it is in the Central Porch that are found also the illustrations of the moral ideas mentioned below. The Northern Porch, however, is more especially devoted to "the lives of men as they were then and now." Its saints are the provincial saints of Amiens and its neighborhood: its quatrefoils present not only the signs of the zodiac but the course of the year; April is a man feeding a hawk, May a man sitting under the trees listening to the birds. Ruskin is very detailed in his description of this carving: it realized his desire that art should be didactic. But this teaching was not Pater's kind of teaching, and we have, therefore, but a slight mention of it here.

214: 20.—the tombs. Ruskin, §23, quotes Viollet-le-Duc "Masterpieces of casting, done at one flow." He speaks in detail of the tombs in the following sections.

215: 4.—the marvelous . . . figures. It is remarkable carving, some of it beautifully simple, some most elaborate. The figures occur in every imaginable place, sometimes singly, sometimes in decorative combination, sometimes in illustration of biblical scenes.

215: 11.—the Flamboyant . . . fire. These choir carvings are extremely curious. If I remember rightly (having at hand only an old lithograph of a part), it is these enclosures chiefly which preserve for us the effect of the Gothic polychrome of 211: 18.

215: 33.—that lamentable "glory." An immense gilded affair of spreading rays of light, which insists upon being seen from the very doors.

216: 9.—Tantum ergo. Two words of the hymn sung while the eucharist is borne around the church.

217: 4.—The great western towers are lost. For towers that are not lost, see the west front of Notre Dame de Paris. The *Century* gives a cut under "tower."

217: 7.—a double gallery . . . our lady. In the *Century*, under "gallery," is a cut of a part of the gallery giving the southern five of the eight kings immediately under the great rose window. Under the word "niche," is a cut which gives a good idea of these statues, although it is not really one of them, but a smaller statue in the central pillar of the central door, directly under the *Beau Dieu* of 213: 33.

217: 21.—a too ambitious rival. 207: 33. Note.

217: 22.—what we now see of it. There is only choir and transepts.

218: 9.—*Radix de terra sitiendi*. Isaiah, liii, 2. I cannot identify the carving. I should like to find it on one of the quatrefoils of the front, but I see nothing that looks like it, and, it may be added, these carvings are not hieroglyphic, but within their limits pleasantly realistic.

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